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My Life with the Redskins



Corinne Griffith and her husband, George Marshall, president of the Washington Redskins (*Art Worden Photo*)

My Life with the
R E D S K I N S

Frances Kiffith

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY
NEW YORK

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*To W. T., to W. K. H., and to the
more normal REDSKIN fans—this book.*

Author's Note

The only reason for writing this book is that the events related are true which in itself makes it stranger than fiction.

Any resemblance of the characters in this book to those same characters in real life is not a coincidence. I love characters—it seems I married one.

I am indebted to RICHARD McCANN for his
invaluable work on the appendix of this book.

FOREWORD

There are a lot of things about Washington that are hard to believe, and not the least of these is the saga of the Washington Redskins. The only thing harder to find in the national capital than a good apartment is a ticket to a Redskin game. When you get out there you find ambassadors, admirals, cabinet members and congressmen transformed into synthetic alumni of a mythical campus and singing "Fight for old D.C." with all the fervor of sophomores at some freshwater college where they still wear highwater pants and horseshoe sized watch fobs.

It is fitting and proper that the story of this fabulous team should be told by Corinne Griffith, who is something of a fabulous person herself. She knows what it is to be a glamourous movie star, she owns and operates a fairsized section of Beverly Hills, she is a connoisseur of aboriginal life in Southwestern United States, can bat the ears off most people in a political debate, and when you—if you're lucky enough to get a seat—cheer for the Redskins you're cheering for her team, if you roar at the between-half monkeybusiness you're enjoying her sense of humor, if you reverently sing "Hail to the Redskins" you're singing the song she wrote so, for the story of the Redskins, there could be no more appropriate author than the lady who got them as a wedding present—in her husband's will!

Bill Henry

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My Life with the Redskins

“Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny”

I WOULDN'T MARRY GEORGE MARSHALL, IF HE WERE THE LAST man on earth," I screamed.

"You'll have to talk louder, Corinne." Dorothy's voice blurred back. "Operator? Operator? This is Mrs. Kelleher, and it's an emergency. Please give me a better connection. Repeat what you said, Corinne, and louder."

"I said something about 'NO!'" I yelled.

"Well, you don't have to blast me out of Virginia, do you?" Dorothy's voice came in clearly.

"No, but it is impossible for me to marry George. He spends twenty-four hours a day in night clubs."

"That isn't true, night clubs close in the day," shrilled back Dorothy, not realizing the telephone connection had cleared up on my end too. "Besides, he has to work for a living. There's his laundry in Washington, he's president of it. He's trying to buy the Boston *Transcript*, he'll be president of that. He's president of the Roosevelt Raceway, and he's president of the Boston Redskins . . ."

"Sounds like he's president of everything but the United States," I broke in. "How did he happen to overlook a little old presidency like that? And right there in his own home town!"

"Don't talk like *that* at a time like *this*."

"Besides, I have to be here early Monday morning."

"You're a perfect idiot." Dorothy is very frank at times. "Why on earth would you have to be in New York *early* Monday morning? It isn't the smart thing to do."

"Well, if you *must* know—I am going to become a mother early Monday morning."

"You *WHAT*?" shrieked Dorothy. And my right ear-drum went—bang!

"What was that? You haven't committed . . . ?"

"No, that was just my ear-drum." I changed the receiver over to my left ear, "I'm having two little girls early Monday."

"Jeepers!" choked Dorothy. "That's all the more reason why you should get married—and *quickly*. Besides, you know the maternal instinct of all children is to have a father."

"You don't understand, Dot, I am *adopting* two little girls, and they are to be here *early Monday morning*. Now will you leave me alone?"

There was a sigh of relief, then, "No, you can leave tomorrow afternoon and be back Sunday night if you fly, and George and I won't take 'No' for an answer. You promised you would come down to the farm and see George under normal conditions, and I expect you to keep your word. After all . . ." Her voice was beginning to trail off again, and I was worn out, so I agreed to go to Virginia, to a farm, and see George under "normal conditions."

The plane left Newark at three Saturday afternoon and arrived in Washington about 4:50. It was an 80-minute flight, but we were late in starting. George was at the airport. When I alighted, he started right in without even a "Hello."

"You're late."

"Well, what did you expect me to do? Get out and walk?" You can see what a beautiful understanding we had—right from the beginning.

We got in his car, and after Welles, the chauffeur, had loaded my bags, we started for the famous Ridge Route, and the Kelleher farm, Mt. Airy.

We crossed the Potomac into Virginia. We drove through Alexandria. On one side was the quaint old customs house of days gone by; on the other, the lovely old Christ’s Church, whose mellow aging brings back memories of the shadowy figures of George and Martha Washington, as they knelt there in its inner quiet a long, long time ago.

When we reached the Ridge Route, I saw the Virginia I had known as a child. The same rounded blue-green mountains; the same little log cabins nestling at their feet, with the same blue spirals of smoke, like pilgrims of prayer, curling out of their chimneys straight up to Heaven. There was the same tangy odor of cedars; the same sky, bright blue—when I was a child the sky was always blue with fleecy, white clouds rolling by. And there it was—the same Virginia I had known a dream or two ago.

We drove through Warrenton, where the “horsey set” live. Though I expected to see a lot of Centaurs and Centaresses galloping around, as they did later in Walt Disney’s “Fantasia,” I was happily surprised. It was a peaceful rolling countryside, and quiet—oh, so beautifully quiet—after New York. Some farmers were ploughing and others cutting, and I can’t say “that ain’t hay” because it *was* hay—and how good it smelled!

We detoured from the tourist-trodden Ridge Route to see a little town named Newmarket. Just outside of it for no reason at all the left rear tire had a puncture. You know how unreasonable left rear tires can be. And while Welles fixed it, we strolled over to a place marked “Sun Briar Court.” It was immaculately clean for a motor court. George said it was where Sun Beau and Sun Briar lived. I thought: “My goodness, can’t we ever be alone? Does he know someone at every turn of the road?” But George explained that they were a couple of horses—and pretty good ones at that.

The stables, undoubtedly servants’ quarters at one time, were low rambling dwellings of gray stone with white mortar and pointed roofs. A white painted post and rail fence

surrounded an inviting stand of blue grass and clover. And there, chiseled against the pale blue sky, was the most beautiful animal I had ever seen—Sun Briar. He was munching blue grass, one foot slightly forward, his long neck stretched to the ground, every muscle of his magnificent body standing out in shiny relief.

I called to him as I would a dog, only to be told that that is the way to make horses go, not come to you. With all the dignity and nonchalance in the world he raised his head, looked our way, shivered his entire skin, waved off a fly with his tail and went back to his eating.

We were shown Sun Beau, for many years the all-time money winner of the American turf, and the immaculate stalls where the horses were kept. Just then a hound-dog arrived. When I called, in the only way I know to call animals, he came to me. I started the usual “nice lil’ doggy” talk. A friend of his heard it, and, gossip that he was, told another and another and another. Suddenly I was surrounded by more dogs than I believed possible. A tinge of loneliness brushed my heart. I knew that back in New York a little red dachshund named Heinie was waiting by a door for the sound of my footsteps—a cue that would send him into hysterical gyrations, so great was his love for me. A small thing, perhaps, but one of which I was very proud because it was one of which I was very sure.

I told the hounds about Heinie. I tried to explain to them what nice manners he had, but never were there so many wagging tails and drooling mouths. In spite of my hint about little Heinie’s good manners, they knocked me down and climbed all over me. One gave me a licking kiss right from my chin straight up to my eyebrows. With that, George thought it was time to go. It seemed wise to get back to my human romance, so we left Sun Beau and Sun Briar and the swarm of overly affectionate hounds.

We were late arriving at Mt. Airy; it was dark, about 8:30, and Dot didn’t know what had happened to us. She and Pat

had already eaten; that's why our cold fried chicken supper, “yo'all,” with hot beaten biscuits and honey, was served out on the porch in the moonlight. Or was it the reason? I have often felt the whole thing was staged from beginning to end. I became suspicious when a group of Negroes accidentally strolled past singing “Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny.” Pat called them to the porch. They did sing beautifully. Mentally I began questioning things. Then my apprehensions came in crowds as the singers went from spirituals to Southern ballads, jive, everything, *anything* we asked for, and without the least protestations. As the time slipped so pleasantly by, I felt increasingly certain they had been imported from a night club in Harlem.

Mint juleps were brought on, but that's where I fooled them. I don't drink. The others settled down to theirs.

I retired first, carrying a candle to light my way upstairs. There was no electricity at Mt. Airy. It was such a very old, Old House; built in 1798 of gray Pennsylvania stone and white mortar by a Pennsylvania Dutchman named Steenberger. Pat's great-grandfather had bought it from Mr. Steenberger in 1840. Recently the papers told of the purchase of Mt. Airy by Harold (Mike) Vanderbilt. I am sorry the Kellehers sold it, but it's good to think of it being owned again by someone with a nice Dutch name like Van-der-Bilt.

I lighted my candle, and suddenly, quiet shadows danced around. It seemed as if lovely, friendly ghosts of the past were all about me. As I ascended the wide, creaky stairs, the magnified shadows danced gayer than ever, and I wondered what lovely ladies had ascended those same winding stairs more than a hundred years ago.

I passed the window on the broad landing half way up and I breathed in the heavy-sweet odor of honeysuckle. It stemmed from the original brought here, according to local legend, by George Washington, who started it in small patches around his Mount Vernon plantation. Now it is growing in a tangled mass all over the state of Virginia.

I was undressing by candlelight, when Dot came in and sat in an old rocker. She was tall, dignified, and beautiful. Her full long skirt fell in lovely soft folds on the old rag rug, as she sat there and talked in nice hushed tones. She described the antiques—the different pieces, including the bed I was to sleep in, that had been in the family for generations, and who had used them. She tucked me in bed and blew out the candle. The moonlight broke in bold white splashes on the polished floor. The heady odor of the honeysuckle drifted in at the open window. From the porch below, the murmur of George and Pat's conversation mingled with the fading voices of the singers, as they strolled back into the pale purple night from whence they had come. Dot whispered, "Isn't it just wonderful seeing George under normal conditions?"

We left early the next afternoon. Dot was sitting in the sitting-room in another rocker, only this time she wore a smart sports dress and the latest in sports shoes. I think she was getting tired of "the act." As the engine of the car started, she called out in her usual cheery voice, "Don't forget, darling, I think it will be wonderful for you to marry George, and live in Washington among all those lovely old antiques." To this day I have never been able to figure out whether she meant furniture or some of George's friends.

On the way up to Washington, and still under the spell of Mt. Airy and the best salesmanship I had ever encountered (including M. G. M.'s) . . . I said "Yes."

It was a three-hour drive to the airport where the plane was already warming up, the propellers making an awful noise. George shouted as he put me on: "Please believe me, I'll do everything I can to make you happy. There's just one thing—I can't talk baby-talk!"

That week George stayed in Philadelphia. It was the week of June 21st, 1936. Philadelphia was host to the Democratic Presidential Convention. George was a delegate, and on the

Rules Committee. It was very important for him to be there, otherwise Roosevelt might not have been nominated. In fact he practically nominated Roosevelt all by himself, or at least that's what he led me to believe.

George is a very loyal Democrat. His whole family are very loyal Democrats. They are very loyal West Virginia Democrats. George's father before him, and George's father's father before that. In fact, the Marshall fathers have been very loyal Democrats ever since the fathers began being fathers.

George explained all this to big Jim Farley, the Democratic National Chairman and Mr. Roosevelt's man Friday; he also explained that he would have to leave the Convention late Friday afternoon. Farley promised him there would be no slip-up. He, Jim, guaranteed that Roosevelt would be renominated before George left on Friday, so George felt relieved and made arrangements to leave the Democratic Convention late Friday afternoon, because early Saturday afternoon he was marrying a Republican.

He arrived in New York Friday in time for dinner. I told him, quite unselfishly I thought, that since this was his last night as a bachelor, he should go out without me. He seemed quite pleased about that, but suggested we go to “21” because he had something to give me, then he would start from there.

At “21” Pat Kelleher and some friends joined us. Burgundy was ordered, George insisting on gold-rimmed glasses. Then with the burgundy and gold of the Redskins in his hand, he rose and in a clear, distinct voice, said he wanted to give me my wedding present. That very afternoon he, with his lawyers, had drawn up a new will and in that will he was leaving me his entire interest in the Boston Redskins football team! It was quite clear that he regarded this as the summum part of the evening. As he stood there waiting for the full effect of his statement to dawn on us, I couldn't help thinking how magnificent he was—and magnanimous too—I

suppose, because everyone in our party congratulated me. Then I was toasted by the nearby tables. This sort of thing was new and confusing to me. I asked Pat, "Does this mean I won't receive my wedding present until he dies of old age?"

"I'm afraid," replied Pat, "it means precisely that." Then Pat added: "Another interesting angle is the fact that the Redskins have lost money every year they have played in Boston."

Well! So that was it. I was actually marrying an old Indian giver.

By midnight the groom-to-be was so sleepy he went home to bed. The rest of us went to Morocco, and I decided since it was my last night to howl, I was going to howl. I danced until four in the morning and had a wonderful time, but gradually the embryo of a terrible idea began taking shape—suppose I should begin liking night clubs and George would turn into a Cinderella man and rush home every night at twelve.

We were married the next day at Armonk, a little town outside New York. After a hurried luncheon with the wedding party at a small hotel, we left.

As Welles opened the door of the car George stopped to say, "Well, Welles, I got married!"

"Yes, sir," beamed Welles, "I suspected as much, sir."

"Yes." I added, as I stepped in the car, "we both got married!"

We headed for Canada. As the car rushed through the tree-lined roads, I leaned back and closed my eyes. The past had eaten up too much already, the present alone was important. And now a new beginning. "I shall never be alone again." That thought was singing in my heart, and that's all that mattered in the whole wide world at that moment . . . never again would I be alone.

George reached over. I put my hand out, thinking he was going to take it, but he was reaching for the radio, which was on my side of the car. As he turned it on, he said, “It’s just time for Roosevelt to make his acceptance speech; you want to hear it, don’t you?”

He didn’t wait for my answer, but tuned in, “Mah Friends,” . . . and I realized I was going to have a political honeymoon. Well . . . at least it’s different!

Chelsea—Not by the Sea

IT WAS HOT! THE MID-SUMMER HEAT HAD SPILLED THROUGH August over into September and stuck there.

George and I were going to Chelsea, Mass. The Boston Redskins, training at Framingham, Mass., were to play their first 1936 inter-squad game at Chelsea, just outside of Boston. It was to be our first train trip together, and my first glimpse of the football team.

My train left Washington at nine in the evening. George was to join me in New York, where he had gone the night before to pick up a football player named Don Irwin from Colgate. I was looking forward to the meeting with my "violent young man" as Alice Longworth calls George.

Around one in the morning the train pulled into New York. Except for a few separate sounds the station was quiet. After awhile I heard George's voice. Then suddenly the door of the drawing-room flew open. "I found him all right," George said happily, thinking of Don Irwin. "But, gosh, I am tired."

The porter brought in his bags. I disappeared into the washroom while the porter and George discussed what time he should wake us. I put on a lacy-looking negligee. "A bit frivolous for the train," I thought. But after all, this was our first train trip together.

When I came out of the wash-room, with a mouth full of

tooth brush, to ask some perfectly unimportant question, there he was—sound asleep—and in the lower berth!

I was stunned! I started raving and ranting and tried to remember the best third-act speeches I had had to memorize for talking pictures. I read them all in the most perfect pearl-shaped tones I knew. Then there was my training in ballet . . . I wondered if that would have any effect . . . it is so helpful toward graceful gestures. After delivering all the speeches I could remember, my exit speech began crystallizing. I started up the ladder to the upper berth; half way up I turned. Then with my best Dalsart posture (my right hand extended, thumb and third finger curled, almost touching) I delivered the climax speech.

“After all,” I spoke from my diaphragm, “I am the ‘Orchid of the Screen,’ and not, *definitely* not, the type to sleep in an upper berth.” George answered with a deep guttural snore.

The next morning, as soon as I had dressed, I sneaked out of the drawing-room to sit where I couldn’t be seen. I wanted George to think how awful it would be if I had left. Everyone was off the train. I heard him in the drawing-room and hoped he was worried at not finding me. It was a bit cruel, but I felt he had to be punished.

He coughed and coughed, and seemed very nervous. I began being sorry for what I was doing. Finally he opened the door, and seeing the main part of the car empty, he started, “Porter? . . . oh, Porter? Have you seen . . .” He stopped because there was no porter. I began thinking how frivolous, waspish and obstinate women can be. After all, he had enough to worry about trying to round up a football squad, and there I was acting very feminine about it all, and I was learning rapidly that “femininity” is one thing totally unnecessary on a football team.

He started again, “Porter? Porter?” (I was really ashamed.) “Have you seen . . .” And from nowhere the porter appeared.

"Yes, sir! Only five more minutes to get off, sir."

"What are you waiting for? Get the bags and hurry," countered George. He rushed past where I was sitting. "Say, Porter, have you seen anything of a good-looking," (I felt *awful* and he was going to be complimentary, too) "... football type of fellow? I don't want to lose that Don Irwin, I've gone to a lot of trouble to get him." He rushed off the train.

Well! What *could* I do? I trotted right along after him. The train was going to Canada and after all, I had seen Canada!

We drove out to the little town of Chelsea where the team was to play its first inter-squad game, a contest between two squads chosen from one professional team. It is the first time the rookies are given a chance to make good. It is played about two weeks before the football season starts—a weeding out process. There are about ten extra men on the team at that time, and the boys trying to make the team practically murder each other. If anyone should ask me, and of course no one ever will, it's the toughest game of the season for veterans and rookies alike.

At the end of and almost beyond the town, between wooden houses long since faded gray, lay the high school stadium.

Behind the wooden fence, in the humid atmosphere, there arose a confused noise. . . . The idleness of Sunday, as well as the sluggishness of the heat, caused a lethargic languor almost hypnotizing in its effect.

Men were entering the stadium with hats pushed back, waistcoats unbuttoned, coats off and cravats in hand. As we entered under the white heat of the sun, the Boy Scout Band was playing "Fair Harvard"; the small crowd was cheering, and the Redskins glowed dazzlingly in their Burgundy and Gold.

"What a day for football!" It was my favorite Democrat who said that.

The Redskins had a very imposing list of prospects that year—1936. Not a bad list in retrospect either. The first string line-up read like this:

Wayne Millner	L. E.	Notre Dame
Turk Edwards	L. T.	Washington State
Jim Karcher	L. G.	Ohio State
Pete Bausch	Center	Kansas
Swede Olsson	R. G.	Mercer College
Jim Barber	R. T.	U. of San Francisco
Charlie Malone	R. E.	Texas A. & M.
Erny Pinckert	R. H. B.	U. S. C.
Cliff Battles	L. H. B.	West Virginia Wesleyan
Pug Rentner	F. B.	Northwestern
Riley Smith	Q. B.	Alabama Yea Man!

The coach was Ray (Red) Flaherty from Gonzaga, and the assistant coach, Roy Baker from U. S. C. Yea Southern California!

The only player on the team I had even remotely heard of was Erny Pinckert, one of the greatest blocking backs of all time. The last time I had seen him was on the lush green sod of the Los Angeles Coliseum, with the ever burning flame of the Unknown Soldier at one end and the cool breeze of the Pacific at the other. The excited crowd of 100,000, to put it in very round figures, filled every available seat of the stadium. U. S. C. was playing Notre Dame. It seemed they were always playing Notre Dame in those days, either in Los Angeles, or South Bend, Indiana, where the Notre Dames lived when they were not playing the U. S. C.'s in Los Angeles. And U. S. C. was always getting wrong decisions, especially in South Bend, Indiana. Which reminds me of a wrong decision I saw in New York in the Polo Grounds one day. But more of that later.

The game in Chelsea started my kindergarten lessons in pro-football. I learned there are two divisions in the National Professional League—the Eastern and the Western. The

Eastern division had five teams and the Western only four that year. Cleveland joined the league the next year—1937.

One of the teams in the Eastern division was the Philadelphia Eagles, whose owner, the well known Mr. de Benneville Bell, otherwise known as Bert Bell, scion of one of Philadelphia's old line families, had worked hard to build a bang-up football team.

Another eastern club was the Pittsburgh team. I knew no one on it but the owner, Art Rooney, a little man with a big cigar—but always—a big cigar.

Our house in Washington is without (and purposely so) a guest room. When I am out of town and George has someone stay with him, he gives them my room and I don't mind, though I feel he is overdoing it when he insists on having my pink silk sheets put on the bed.

I was out in California in 1940 when Pittsburgh played the Redskins and Art Rooney stayed at the house. I received a telegram which you shall have in all its purity: "Rooney staying at house for game stop in your room in the pink stop but have made him remove cigar stop love George."

A great team in the Eastern division is the New York Giants. It is a gem of a team, if for no other reason than their chief rooter is Mr. Jules Gleanzer, Vice-President of Cartier, Inc. He has been rooting for them since way back *when*.

The other team in the east was Brooklyn, owned by the wealthy Topping boys. It was then called the Brooklyn Dodgers.

In 1936, the year I joined the league, the favorite sport, next to winning a football game, was picking a new name for the Brooklyn team. I thought they should be called the "Brooklyn Blondes."

It looks good in print, besides, I've never seen so many blondes on one team in my life. I don't mean on the squad. I mean those blonde babies in the upper-boxes, cunning babies—you know, the kind the Stork Club leaves.

It seems these blondes were imported from New York,

which lies somewhere beyond the choppy waters of the East River. They were brought over to Brooklyn originally by Shipwreck Kelly and the Topping boys. Of course, that was long before these bon vivants of sportsmen were so happily married and settled down in their upper-boxes.

With the Boston Redskins you have the Eastern division of the National Professional Football League, 1936, A.D.

The Western division had the Chicago Cardinals, the Detroit Lions, for some unknown reason pronounced *Detroit* in sports, the Green Bay Packers, and the Chicago Bears.

Mr. Harry Romanoff, my favorite editor, describes the Green Bay Packers and the Chicago Bears as the *Sodium* and *Gomorrah* of the Western division.

The eastern team winning the Eastern Division Championship plays the western team winning the Western Division Championship in what is called the World's Championship. In that game the owners are allowed only the actual expenses, the bulk of the money is divided among the players—the winning players getting the larger percentage of the receipts.

Most of the boys are married and have mothers-in-law, babies, automobiles and mortgages. Naturally the championship game is a tough, hard fought climax to the football season. Thus endeth my first lesson in pro-football.

The Boston Redskins

TOWARD THE END OF THE 1936 SEASON I BEGAN TO REALIZE the seriousness of the situation. Don't let anyone tell you that owning a pro-football team is the hobby of playboys. It's a gruelling, tough test from beginning to end, no matter what position you play, even if it is that of owner sitting in an upper box.

The Redskins were losing money. The Boston sportswriters were loud in their dislike of pro-football. It was too far a cry from Harvard. They didn't like the foreign ownership and they didn't like George. At least that's what Mr. Austen Lake and Mr. Dave Egan of the Boston *American* said. Bill Cunningham liked everything about them—their professionalism, their ability, their good sportsmanship and their owner. He put up a brave fight for the team, but a losing one. Boston wasn't ready for pro-football. It wasn't until 1945 that Boston took pro-football, in the form of Ted Collins, Kate Smith, and the Boston Yanks, to its bosom and its pocketbook.

Toward the end of the 1936 season, Pittsburgh pulled out in front to lead the Eastern division. They needed only to win this game with the 3rd place Redskins to become the Eastern champions... then on to the World's Championship.

The Redskins had two more games to play, one with Pittsburgh and one with New York.

We arrived in Boston at the South Station on a cold, snowy,

gray day. The same cold, snowy, gray day followed us out to Fenway Park.

It followed us into the stadium and spread itself over the field like a thick, gray soup. Occasional snowflakes, large, gray and wet, emerged from the fog, slithered to the ground and slid against our faces making it difficult to see across the field to the bleachers, where about twenty-five people huddled together to keep warm. It was gray and cold in Boston's Fenway Park.

Behind us sat a handful of people, at least they seemed loyal and very interested. They kept yelling, "There he goes . . . there he goes!" But nothing happened. George was hopping up and down most of the time, so I couldn't ask him, but undoubtedly they had paid admission to see some favorite perform, and they were not going to be disappointed if they could help it and . . . "THERE HE GOES!!!" Suddenly everything went black. I couldn't see—then I realized it was George's coat-tail slapping me in the face. He had leaped over the box rail, and was storming on the field toward the referee.

The hazy, gray atmosphere and the fact that the whole business of football was still a mental fog kept me from realizing just what had happened until the referee penalized the team fifteen yards for George's actions. He returned to the box. The fans behind me screamed their approval; they had gotten their money's worth, and I knew whom they had come to see.

The Boston Redskins were a well seasoned team by then—fighting hard, but the odds were against them. Even if they could take this game from Pittsburgh, they still had to beat New York in order to win the Eastern championship. Besides, no one in Boston actually cared whether they won or whether they lost; or whether they played their hearts out, out there on Fenway field; or whether they lived or whether they died.

It was cold and gray in Boston's Fenway Park, but Boston's

Redskin football team was hot as firecrackers. They won 30 to 0.

We stopped off in New York on our way to Washington to have dinner with Damon and Patrice Runyon. George had chosen the homespun setting of "21" for the rendezvous. Halfway up 21's homespun stairway to 21's homespun second floor a southern accent, thick as molasses, stopped us. "Mah goodness!" It was Grantland Rice calling from below.

"Why, Granny, you ole scoundrel," George slipped into a southern accent that would have put Li'l Liza Jane to shame. "Come on up," he invited.

"Ah cain't," Granny answered. "Ah've got too much impo'dant business to attend to down hyar," he pointed toward 21's homespun tap room.

"Then tell me," George yelled over the stair railing, "what you know about a kid down in Texas named Baugh."

"Ah know plenty 'bout 'im. Ah think he's the greatest passer Ah've ever seen in College football. Whether he could stand the gaff of pro-football is another question." He thought for a second. "He's the skinniest guy Ah ever laid mah eyes on. . . ."

"Well, I was just wondering what you thought. My scouts tell me he's great."

"Oh, he's great all right, but take mah advice," advised Granny, "if you get 'im, have his right arm insured for a million dollars, 'cause those pros'll break it off." I cut short the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet and found Damon and Patrice waiting for us at a corner table upstairs. It appeared Damon—as I did—preferred a quiet corner to those ringside tables in which George had invested so much. Patrice sat there in her lovely, detached, blonde way, but I am not a blonde and not the type to be detached from anything—especially conversation. George and I have had a bit of difficulty over this.

He burst forth with, "Corinne has some of the craziest

ideas, Damon. What do you think she is nagging me about now?" But, of course, before he let Damon answer he drove on, "She has the crazy idea that I should move the team to Washington."

I tried to explain my viewpoint. "You see, Damon, there are so many displaced citizens in Washington, from places such as Muleshoe, Texas, Ekalaka, Montana, and even Beverly Hills, California. I know. As a matter of fact, the D. C. after Washington means: Displaced Citizen."

"Most of these D. C.'s are alone in Washington with nothing to do on Sunday afternoon other than sit in parks and feed the squirrels and pigeons. Of course, that monotony can be broken, occasionally, by changing parks. There is Lafayette Park, for instance, an oasis in the heart of Washington and my favorite, flanked on one side by the very old St. John's Episcopal church, and on the other by the White House. It has great charm, peace and quiet. So have the squirrels and pigeons in Lafayette Park, great charm, peace and quiet, but I have a definite feeling that Washington's D. C.'s would welcome a little more action on Sunday afternoon.

"I am convinced that if the team should move to Washington, it would give these same D. C.'s an opportunity to expend some of their surplus energy.

"They could go to the game, they could rush and push and shove each other through the gates. They could get in the wrong seats and argue with the rightful owner. They could beat their breasts and yell Indian whoopees! They could run back and forth to the rest rooms and miss the most important play of the game. They could buy hot-dogs and pay for them across your eyes, just as the field-goal is kicked which gives your team the game in the last three seconds of play. They could indulge in fist fights, then they could rush and push and shove each other back through the gates again when the game is over. They could reach home hungry and happy and exhausted to sleep and dream of the charm, peace

and quiet of Lafayette Park, St. John's old church, the White House, the squirrels and the pigeons.

"George is well known as a leading D. C. in Washington, and well liked too, while in Boston they don't like pro-football. They don't...."

"...like the foreign ownership and they don't like me," he was in again. "I can run over the lyrics if you wish, I know them by heart. I've heard them every week-end we've played there. Besides, it isn't that at all—it's just that she is anti-upperberth."

"She's what?" Runyon squeezed in two thin words.

"Oh, nothing. Will you tell her to leave me alone and let *me* run the football team? Will you tell her what you think?"

"Sure I will," said Damon, "I think you should move the team to Washington."

For one week prior to the Giants game the team trained at the Westchester Biltmore, in Rye, New York. Three days before the game they were told that coach Steve Owen of the Giants had decided to use a five man line for his defense. It had been used before by other teams, but never before by the Giants. It meant a complete change of offense for the Redskins. Coach Flaherty called the team together and explained it to them, saying: "It's up to you, boys, if you want to work hard you may be able to beat them."

They worked and their work included "blood, sweat and tears," with practices called twice a day and "chalk talks" every night. But with only three days in which to tear down their defense, worked on and perfected over a period of months, to start from the ground and build up an entirely new one and in three days time. . . .

The Redskins were on the field kicking and passing before the game, it was drizzling a bit, when a roar went up from the crowd. The New York Giants were coming on the field—more threatening than when they had played the Redskins in

the early part of the season. Coached by a great coach, Steve Owen, the Giants were with clock-like precision, powerful, weatherbeaten, and self-assured, the idols of the greatest city on earth; and the Redskins, poor little Orphans of the Storm, didn't know whether they were Boston Redskins or Washington Redskins or just plain redskins on the warpath trying to win back the island of Manhattan, given away so long ago by another group of Indians—to these self-same Giants.

In the first half, in a steady rain, the Redskins surprised a large percentage of the paid customers by making a touch-down. The boys had a tough struggle getting the ball down to the 20-yard line where a pass to Cliff Battles, who ran 19 and $\frac{2}{3}$ yards, put the ball on the one foot line.

"Give it to 'the Bull,'" yelled George as he started over the lower box rail.

"Not *this* time," I said, between gritting teeth, as I caught him by the coat-tails. "Either you stay in this box with me hanging on your coat-tails or you run out on the field with me hanging on your coat-tails. You have your choice but remember how you hate women getting mixed up with the football team."

As he settled down in the box, George yelled delightedly: "He's got it, 'the Bull's' got it. Watch him bow his neck."

And with a bowed neck "the Bull" plunged through the Giants' line for a touchdown. The score was Redskins 6, New York 0. Then the point after by Riley Smith and it was 7 to 0 in favor of the Redskins.

"Who's 'the Bull'?" I asked.

"Don Irwin."

Later I met Don "the Bull." He was tall, with frank blue Yankee eyes, had never smoked a cigarette in his life, and one of the best looking men on any football squad. He fell in love with a pretty little southern girl named Betty; brought her to the house, and shortly after they were married.

Their baby was a beautiful one, but Don's pretty little

southern wife died. When the baby was three, Don brought her to the house on Christmas Day. We were sitting by the fire when he said,

"I just never could marry again, I wouldn't know how to explain it to Betty."

And they called him "the Bull."

In a driving rain it was difficult to tell the teams apart. The players were covered with mud as they slipped and slid, pushing and fighting every inch of the way. Little puddles of water began forming in different parts of the field. It was getting dark toward the end of the third period. The Redskins were still hanging on to their slim lead of 7 to 0.

The fans started yelling, "Lights, lights!"

The sky was the color of lead, and looked near enough to fall. The spectators in the front boxes had moved to the rear or else braved the storm and were homeward bound.

More cries of "Lights, lights," from the fans. They were rabid. Their great Giants hadn't scored. They had lost the ball after fighting all the way to the 20-yard line and now the Redskins had it.

The Redskins went into a huddle. They were playing heads-up football, every muscle tense, every brain snapping. Suddenly the rain stopped, the lights came on. In the humid air the sudden influx of light revealed puddles of water all over the field. The eerie light showed steam rising from the backs of the 'Skins—I told you they were hot as firecrackers!

They came out of the huddle elbows swinging, knees kicking as only football players can. The Giants were tense. They realized that if in the slippery mud the ball were fumbled there on the 20-yard line, the score could be cancelled. Every Giant action suggested they were there to see that very thing happen. The signal was called. The ball snapped and someone, I don't remember who, gave it to Battles. He knifed off tackle. He ran 20-30-40-50-60-70-80—and 4 yards to a touchdown! In the pouring rain the Redskins won 14 to 0.

It was a beautiful day.



"In the pouring rain, the Redskins won 14 to 0. It was a beautiful day...." Don Irwin (foreground) and Erny Pinckert (11) clear the way for Cliff Battles as he splashes through for six yards in the Boston Redskins-Giants game of December 6, 1936, as the 'Skins captured the Eastern Championship. (*Acme Photo*)

The homeless Redskins, now the Eastern Champions, played the Green Bay Packers for the World's Championship in New York at the Polo Grounds on December 13, 1936. They drew a good crowd, but aside from the encouraging gate receipts, it was a very dull game—even the weather was bad. Of course, the sun was shining, but it had a pale sickly luster, and Green Bay won, 21 to 6—a very dull game.



The Eyes of Texas

IN THE SPRING OF 1937, WE WENT TO DALLAS, TEXAS, THE city whose famous sky-line lifts its nose high in the air—Ft. Worth, Texas, and its equally famous stockyards lies thirty miles away “Out Where The West Begins.”

For many years, a feud has existed between these two cities. Once there was quite an argument, emphasized by guns and bullets. When the smoke cleared away, some of Dallas’ and Ft. Worth’s worthiest citizens were picked up very dead.

George was putting on a series of Pan-American sport contests for the Dallas Pan-American Exposition in the summer of 1937. It was the first Pan-American sports program ever held in this country.

George was attending a conference of Dallas bankers who were backing the Dallas venture.

“How about a show, too—one that will close up Billy Rose’s Ft. Worth show?” asked one of the bankers at the conference. He was in shirt sleeves, his head thrown back, thumbs hitched in his suspenders. His bank had just announced their deposits over a hundred million. Mr. Nate Adams’ bank had one hundred and twenty million on deposit. With the combined amounts of the other banks represented by their presidents, there was over a cool half billion dollars talking in that one room, but their chief concern seemed to be that Ft. Worth

was enjoying a very successful show backed by Amon Carter and produced by Billy Rose.

"Even if we could close up the Ft. Worth show," George said, "I wouldn't try unless I first asked Amon Carter."

"Amon Carter!" screamed the banker in shirt sleeves, "why, them's fightin' words over here in Dallas." He was so mad he could spit—and did.

George telephoned Amon in front of the cool half billion dollars worth of hot bankers.

"Go ahead," Amon said. "If you can close us up, that's all right with me, but don't expect me to help you much."

With Amon's encouragement and the soft persuasion of a cool half billion dollars, George gave them a very warm "yes."

On our return to the East and New York, George arranged for me to meet Mr. Leonidoff, genius of Radio City Music Hall.

I discussed the show with him. We broke it down into working form, whereupon I left saying I would return the next day.

I stopped by the office of the Roosevelt Raceway, Inc., in Radio City. The door I entered was marked: "George Preston Marshall, President." I said enthusiastically tapping my handbag, "Everything has worked out beautifully. I have the whole show right here under my arm."

"Quiet!" answered George with the telephone to his ear. "Just a minute, please, London." Then cupping his hand over the mouthpiece, "It won't be necessary for you to do the show. Hassard Short is going to do it—and for only \$15,000.00. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Hello, London—hello, Hassard? Then it's all settled except for Albertina Rasch. You're sure you want her to do the ballet? All right, let me know. Good-by. G'by. That was Hassard Short. He's coming back from London to do the show. Isn't that great?"

"Yes, that's fine," I agreed. "Of course, my show would have

been \$15,000.00 cheaper, since you weren't paying me anything."

"I was paying your expenses. Wasn't I?" There are times when I am convinced George's mother was frightened by a piggy-bank.

Next day I telephoned Leonidoff and told him Mr. Short was to do the show. After all, I had never produced a show. . . .

As I was talking from the bedroom, the telephone in the sitting-room was literally screaming. . . .

"Good-by, Leon, and thank you just the same."

I ran to the screaming telephone. "Hello—"

"Holy cow," said Hassard Short's employer. "I've been trying to get you for hours."

"Mr. Leonidoff. . . ."

"I know, but Hassard Short won't pay Albertina Rasch out of his \$15,000, and insists I pay her an additional \$10,000, so the deal's off. You go ahead with Leonidoff."

"But I just. . . ."

"That doesn't matter." Brightly, "Call him back. He'll be delighted to do it for you. He always liked you in pictures, and he thinks you've got great ideas."

I saw Leonidoff after lunch, and he was sweet and understanding. I picked a number I had seen at the Music Hall, Ravel's "Bolero" for the final number of the show. I wanted an all white number, with 36 girls in white dresses, white wigs and large, white ostrich fans. He thought that would be good. George wanted a blue number for the Texas State flower, Blue Bonnet. Then we decided on a colorful Gaucho number for a male chorus for the opening that would tie up the Pan-American idea. By the time we got that far, it was late so I left. Leon was leaving town for three days, thus I would have time to digest the whole idea.

When I reached the hotel, my employer was already there and, as usual, on the telephone. He was talking to London again.

"Then it's a deal? All right—I'll call you first thing tomorrow—G'by, Cliff."

He turned to me, worn out but enchanted.

"What do you think?"

"I don't know, I'm too tired to think."

"Clifton Webb is going to produce the show!"

"But, George, you can't...."

"Who can't? It took all the salesmanship I know. He'll give us the smartest, cleverest show you ever saw."

I actually wept.

"What on earth makes you so nervous?" asked Clifton Webb's employer. "Now lie down and take a nap. You'll feel fine after a good hot bath and dinner at the Colony. The trouble with you is that you take everything too seriously."

Early next morning, we were awakened by a cablegram for Clifton Webb's employer. It read: "After due consideration feel cannot accept offer. Regards. Clifton Webb."

"What do you think of that? At thirty-five cents a word, he sends 'regards.' Come on now get up. You've got lots of work to do, you've got a show to put on . . . What are you doing, talking to yourself?"

"No, I'm just counting to ten before I answer."

* * * * *

Hundreds of people hastening to catch trains out of New York; others scurrying from suburbs to New York; plus travel-weary passengers arriving in New York, some for the first time; all and sundry were startled one morning, early in May, when twenty-four Lynn Murray singers stomped down the steps into the main waiting-room of the Grand Central station. They wore cowboy hats and boots, followed by thirty-six girls, in sombreros and boots, all stomping—all in perfect precision—and all singing "The Eyes Of Texas Are Upon You."

They stomped and sang all the way to our special train,

which was loaded and waiting on the platform below. They were crammed into the observation car and onto the rear platform, where a round, red disk of light spelled "Dallas Exposition."

George was directing our exit. "When I do this," he was telling the conductor, "when I raise my hand, I want you to give the signal to the engineer and I want the train to pull out." He turned to the male chorus. "I want you to start 'The Eyes Of Texas,' and keep on singing it until we are out of sight. And you, Corinne, I want you to toss these roses to the fans." That was a quaint idea and novel, too. "But there aren't any fans way down here, only two lost souls that look like trainmen."

"Toss the roses anyway," he commanded.

Just as the minute hand on George's watch touched twelve, he rose to his six feet two and raised his hand imperiously.

The conductor waved to the brakeman, the brakeman to the engineer, and the train started forward. Two astonished trainmen were pelted with roses, "The Eyes of Texas" echoed and re-echoed through the dark, lonely labyrinths of Grand Central's catacombs, the round, red disk of light spelling "Dallas Exposition" shone brightly and George beamed. "What an exit," he exclaimed, "what a truly great exit!"

Personally, I am an ardent devotee of the Fine Art of Entrances. "After all," I said, "what's an exit? By the time you exit people might be glad to see you leave. But an 'Entrance.' Ah-h-h! that's the thing." George was only half convinced until we reached Dallas.

Just outside of Longview, Texas, about an hour out of Dallas, and an hour before midnight, the engine's brakes grabbed hold and we bumped to a desperately quick stop. Everyone rushed for the door thinking it was a wreck; I visualized a good old-fashioned western hold-up. But Oswald Ahrana, Brazilian Ambassador going to Texas as our guest, said there was another special train on the siding; he knew by the two white flags on the engine. George made his way

out of the back of our coach, then I heard him say, "Well, well. How *are* you? Corinne? Come see who's here."

It was big Jim Farley with his own party on another special train. "I heard you were coming through so we just stopped and waited. There's a news photographer on my train, let's have some pictures taken." The photographer began to set up his camera and lights, as the Brazilian Ambassador, thirty-six precision girls, eighteen ballet dancers, twenty-four male chorus men, the crews of two trains, the rest of our company, Nellie, my maid, Heinie, my dachshund, and all of Jim's party, crowded around.

"What on earth are you doing here?" George asked.

"Making speeches," Jim replied.

"But I've told you, you are making the mistake of your career."

"I'm doing the greatest thing I've ever done for my career. This may lead to the presidency."

"Who ever told you that?"

"The Boss."

"Oh, the Boss tells that to all the girls. The best thing you could do right now would be to resign...."

"Resign," screamed Jim. "Me? Resign?"

"Right at the top of your career. Corinne did it, she cancelled her contract at the height of her picture career...."

"'Corinne'... 'picture career'... do you mean to say you think Corinne's picture career as important as my political career?"

"Now, wait a minute," I broke in, "if you two are going to argue here in the middle of the night in the middle of Texas with all these eyes upon you, you'll have to pick a subject other than Corinne Griffith to argue about." They both looked at me. It was obvious, from the faraway expressions on their faces that, so far as they were concerned, there wasn't the slightest connection between Corinne Griffith, the motion picture star, and me. "Yes, resign," George yelled,

which is exactly where I came in. "You're right at the top, get out before you start down the other side."

"You're crazy!" Jim said.

"I'm not crazy, I'm a Democrat," George stated emphatically. "My father was a Democrat and my father's fa . . ."

"Jim knows all that by heart." I had to break that up, we were due in Dallas in an hour. "Besides, the cameraman is waiting to take your picture." Immediately, they threw their arms around each other, turned to face the camera wreathed in smiles and practically shoved me out of the picture. I was unimportant. I was a Republican.

The precision chorus and the ballet donned their sombreros; the male chorus wore their cowboy boots and hats and everyone was told to "Hold still."

When the last spike, a golden one, was driven into the last piece of rail joining the east and the west at Ogden, Utah, President U. S. Grant and Leland Stanford stood on the Union Pacific's single track railroad and clasped hands. Either Jim or George or both of them must have thought of that as they stood there on the Texas Pacific's single track railroad in the middle of the night in the middle of Texas. They grabbed each other's shoulder with one hand, while they clasped hands with the other. They were simply magnificent. "Everybody hold still," the cameraman repeated. The bulbs flashed, the camera clicked, then the Brazilian Ambassador, thirty-six precision girls, eighteen ballet dancers, twenty-four male chorus men, the rest of our company, Nellie, the maid, Heinie, the dachshund, and all of Jim's party were shunted back on the trains. "I'll see you in Washington," George yelled and hopped his special train. "Hurry back, Washington isn't the same without you," Jim called and hopped his special train. The engines tooted "good-by," the trains pulled out. We were on our way again.

Dallas, Texas, so the local Chamber of Commerce tells us, is a city of 300,000 citizens, 600 miles of paved roads and acres of large shade trees.



route to Dallas for the Pan-American Exposition in 1936, Corinne fifth sits in on a club-car conference between her husband (seated after) musical directors, stage directors, wardrobe experts and so on.

"The Argentine beef" versus the "Texas beef" situation was critical at the time, so the Argentine Ambassador was invited to the opening of the show. Oswald Aranha, the Brazilian Ambassador, was our guest. Jack Benny and Mary Livingston, broadcasting for the show, were reported arriving with us. Though it was midnight when we arrived, the crowd at the station was terrific. George surveyed the crowd dreamily.

"Where is Nellie?" I asked the porter as he lumbered out of the drawing-room with our luggage.

"Who's she?"

"My maid. She has my dog and I haven't seen her for hours."

"Oh, *that*. She's here all right," grinned the porter, just as Nellie and Heinie passed our door. Nellie was my new English maid. One of "Burke's Landed Gentry," she had informed me—rather airily, I thought.

I noticed Nellie wobbled a bit; however, Heinie was tugging at the leash. That explained it.

George, still surveying the crowd became wholly convinced. "All right," stated the ardent devotee of exits, "I'll try an entrance." It was my turn. I beamed.

"Now, let everyone off the car first, and you 'enter' right behind me. I'll follow Nellie and Heinie." George seemed very proud of me at that moment. "And don't forget, when you make your speech," I added, cutting a large slice of help-meet, or was it just straight ham? "Dallas is a city of 300,000 citizens, 600 miles of paved roads and acres of large shade trees."

When we reached the vestibule, Nellie was standing on the top step swaying in the breeze. The train stopped; the yellow square of the porter's step was placed neatly on the ground below the steps. Humanity surged a little closer. Heinie gave the leash a tug. Nellie missed the top step and completely ignoring the neatly placed yellow square of the porter's step, slid bumpy-ty-bump to the cement below. The crowd gasped. Nellie faithfully gripping Heinie's leash with one hand, pushed her hat back from her eyes with the other, surveyed the large gathering, then clarified the astonishment of the crowd and the atmosphere with one loud word.

"Whoopee!" yelled Nellie as she grinned from ear to ear.

"What in God's name is going on," shouted George.

"One of 'Burke's Landed Gentry' has, in landing, I'm afraid, failed to skip the gutter."

"You mean she's drunk?"

"From drinking," I explained as Heinie jerked Nellie to her feet. He wasn't interested in Dallas' 300,000 citizens or the 600 miles of paved streets but he had spotted one of the large shade trees of which Dallas has acres and acres. He

doubled up like a measuring worm, then with ear-splitting yelps tore through the crowd, dragging Nellie behind him.

He pulled up short as he reached the large shade tree and Nellie ran slam-bang into it. Down went Nellie and the bird on Nellie's hat for another count of ten.

The crowd watched—hypnotized. I stood petrified. Gradually George recovered. "Don't ever try to sell me on an entrance again," he tossed over his shoulder as he pushed his unnoticed way through the fascinated crowd. I trotted along behind him.

When we reached Nellie, she was righting her hat again. George lifted her to her unsteady feet, dragged Heinie from the enchanted tree and shunted them into a taxi. "Take them to the Adolphus," he ordered as he slammed the door.

"Whoopie!" yelled Nellie again as the taxi drove off. The crowd applauded; some raised their hats; some cheered.

"I tell you, there's just nothing like a good exit," George sighed as he stood there on the curb, just one of an admiring throng in Dallas, Texas, a city of 300,000 citizens, 600 miles of paved roads and acres of large shade trees.

I was asleep at eleven A.M. May 10, 1937. We had rehearsed until two that morning. The show was to open that night. From Ft. Worth, Amon Carter had sent some prize steer beef, and Nellie had kept the steak especially for that day. She said we should have it for breakfast-lunch. It was going to be a long day, last minute rehearsals, with no time for dinner. I was awakened by George fumbling in the top dresser drawer.

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, nothing—just some money. Tell you later."

He disappeared into the living room, which was across the hall. I heard voices, then he returned.

"That was a kid I'm trying to sign up for the Redskins," he explained. "He's going to the opening tonight. His name is Sammy Baugh and I want you to look out for him—he's such a shy kid. Didn't have a dinner coat, so I sent him to buy one."

"But maybe he can't afford a thing as expensive as a dinner coat."

"Oh, that's all taken care of," said George. "I just gave him sixty dollars. By the way," he added, "we'll have to go out for a bite. Nellie said he looked so thin and hungry while he was waiting for us to wake up, that she cooked that steak



Resplendent in his first dinner jacket and black tie, Sammy Baugh is agape and agleam with interest as Corinne Griffith chats with friends at the opening of the Casino at Dallas' Pan-American Exposition.

for him . . . the one Amon sent us." But even before I could complain he gave me a most winning smile. "Promise me you'll look out for Sammy tonight, won't you? . . . he's such a shy kid."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I'll look out for Sammy all right, but who'll look out for me? If he's shy, I'm the Queen of France."

It was a great night for Sammy. He wore his first dinner coat and black tie. He saw his first New York show and because of a law in Texas against serving hard liquor, Sammy had his first Champagne cocktail.

The opening was a huge success. Billy Rose and Amon Carter came as our guests. "The Eyes Of Texas" was played at the opening of the show and at the opening and closing of each show thereafter—twice a night, and four times on Saturday and Sunday. It is the National Anthem to Texans and they stand each time it is played. So I stood up and sat down and, between standing up and sitting down to "The Eyes Of Texas," with a background of Fain and Kale music, thirty-six precision dancers, twenty-four male singers, Lanny Ross, Art Jarrett, Rudy Vallee and jazz bands, Amon Carter told me the story of Samuel Adrian Baugh!

Deep in the heart of Texas, Sweetwater, Texas, to be exact, in the early part of December, 1932, Sweetwater High met Amarillo High in the final football clash of the season. Red Sheridan was the great hero of Sweetwater High. That very day, the late Francis Schmidt, famous coach of Texas Christian University, was coming to see this Red Sheridan play. There was a mysterious hint in the air that if Red played his usual great game he might be offered the Athletic Scholarship by Francis Schmidt.

This mysterious hint was in the air. It was creeping through the windows. It was being whispered by all the student body to all the other student busybodies. Excitement, thrills, anticipation filled the high school.

"We're going to beat Amarillo High." "Am I right, or Amarillo?" And Sweetwater High was going to win, if it was humanly possible and Red Sheridan had a good day.

Red Sheridan had made a great record as a pass receiver. He seemed to be able to come from nowhere and snag any pass sent from anywhere. Skinny Sammy Baugh, who was sometimes at the other end of those passes, called the boys together and impressed them with the fact that it was more than necessary to win the game—and in about just that many words—if that many.

But in the dressing-room Red had a stomach-ache and a slight fever of 102. Besides, he didn't feel very well. The Sweetwater coach was desperate, he wanted to win the game. The team was desperate, they wanted Red Sheridan to win the scholarship. Things were in a mell of a hess in Sweetwater, deep in the heart of Texas.

The game started, and from the first whistle to the final gun, Sammy slung. He slung long forward passes, short jump passes right over the middle of the line, high looping passes and short bullet ones. Anywhere. Anyhow. Just so long as Red Sheridan was there; that's where the passes ended.

Everything was all right until one of the short bullet passes hit Red in his already aching stomach. It ended Red Sheridan. It almost ended the game, and it didn't win for Sweetwater High, so Slingin' Sam was very sad, because now his pal wouldn't get the Athletic Scholarship.

Imagine Sam's surprise that night at the High School Prom, when the great Francis Schmidt, walked up to him and said, "I'd like to talk to you, son. I'd like to offer you the Athletic Scholarship at Texas Christian University. I feel we might be able to use you on our football team."

I'll bet all Sammy said was something like,

"Gosh!" or "Couldn't you see your way clear to making it *two* scholarships?" Then both he and Red could go to T. C. U. He's just that shy.

Hail to the Redskins!

WE RETURNED TO THE SHOREHAM HOTEL IN WASHINGTON after leaving Dallas early in the summer of 1937. Things were *fairly* quiet one morning, when the telephone rang. It was Barnee, leader of the Shoreham orchestra. Since the Redskins were going to be in Washington, he said, he thought they should have a song and he had written one which he wanted us to hear. He was calling it "Hail to the Redskins."

I turned from the telephone, held my hand over the receiver and asked George (whose nose was, as always, buried in a newspaper) if he wanted to hear the number. Without even looking up, or missing a line of what he was reading he said, "If I listened to every song written for the Redskins since moving to Washington I wouldn't have time to do my washing—I mean attend to my laundry. Tell Barnee—No."

"Hello, Barnee? He says he'll be delighted."

Barnee thanked me and asked me to thank George, which I did. At a quarter of eight that night, we heard for the first time the music of "Hail to the Redskins."

The music was sent to Buddy De Sylva, who wrote the lyrics for "A Kiss In the Dark," "When Day Is Done," "You're a Sweetheart," and other fine songs. His answer about a Redskin song was: "How could one write anything romantic about pro-football?"



"Hail to the Redskins! Hail Victory!" Corinne sings her song at a band rehearsal with Arranger Harold Walters. (*Saturday Evening Post Photo by Ollie Atkins*)

Then it was sent to Bob Considine, now on the New York *Mirror*. Bob returned it saying, "Love, Bob."

After that affectionate outburst, George concluded, "I guess you'll have to write the lyrics; no one else will."

I wrote the lyrics. Barnee furnished the title.

"HAIL TO THE REDSKINS" *

Hail to the Redskins.

Hail Victory!

Braves on the warpath.

Fight for old D. C.

Scalp 'um, swamp 'um, we will

Take 'um big score.

Read 'um, Weep 'um, touchdown,

We want heap more.

Fight on, fight on, 'till you have won,

Sons of Wash-ing-ton.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hail to the Redskins.

Hail Victory!

Braves on the warpath.

Fight for old D. C.

We had a team; we had a song; so we had to have a band. Barnee was engaged with his orchestra, but that wasn't enough. A man named D'Andelet had a swell band. We heard it first when they played for a college game. They were pretty young, but brave lads. They were from the reform school. They were also engaged.

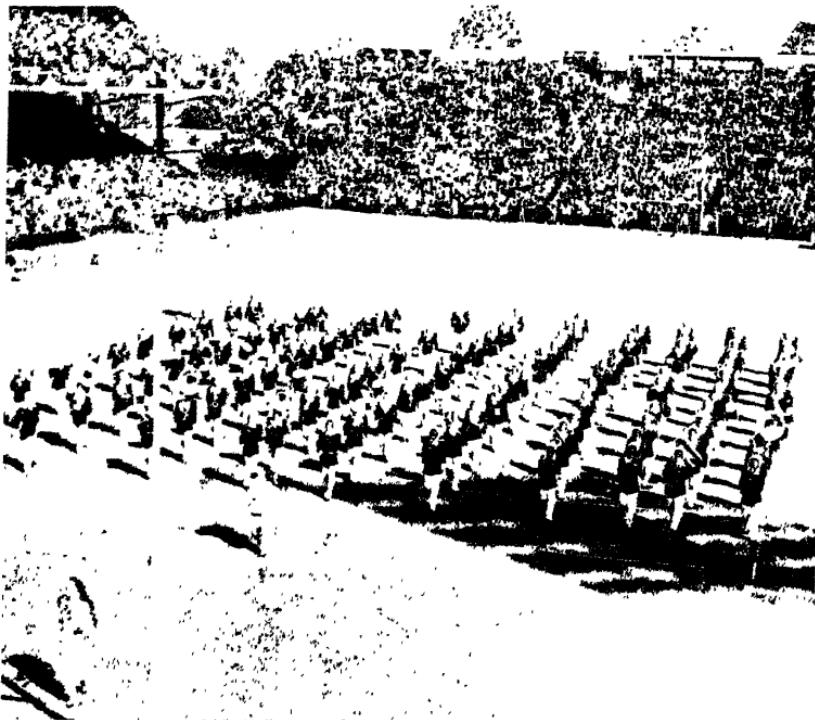
That was two bands for "Hail to the Redskins," but George had to have a brass band; he is inclined, at times, to over-do things. It's the same with his laundry. Most men would be satisfied with a nice stream-lined male looking type of laundry, but not George, he had to have a big, blowsy,

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spreading, female looking one, not satisfied until it had given birth to a litter of fifty-two branches.

That characteristic in the character I married may explain why he had to have three bands for one song.

The brass band of a hundred and fifty men is made up entirely of volunteers. They rehearse in all sorts of weather—the numbers, the marches, the formations—for long hours—in cold, icy rain, in sleet and in snow, just for the privilege of playing for the Washington Redskins.



The famous Redskins' Marching Band swings down the center of the gridiron of Griffith Stadium in Washington. (*International News Photo*)

Bob Considine—dear Bob—got a little nasty once, but just once. He said he hated to see those men, one hundred and fifty of them, playing in a band when they should be in the armed services. George wrote Bob that the bandsmen he saw

had already been in the War—the first World War. “You forgot a few from the Civil War,” I said, but George never has liked my brand of humor.

There was no one to design the costumes for the band. I was told, “You better do it.” There was no one to make a speech at the first Redskin Band Banquet, so again, “You better do it.” So I, the only feminine feature in an array of bands, football players, and sportswriters, made a speech. The first after-dinner speech of my life.

I was beginning to realize that any time there was anything to be done, that no one else wanted to do, I would be told, “You better do it.” But what was I kicking about? Wasn’t I doing it for my dear old Alma Mater? Yea Team!

All this took place B. B. (before Baugh). Sam hadn’t signed yet.

“What are you going to do about it?”

“I’ve got the best man in the whole world attending to that for me,” said George.

“Who?”

“George Halas.”

“Who’s he?”

“Owner-coach of the Chicago Bears. Now, what have you to say?”

“Plenty.”

“I was afraid of that.”

“It’s just this. If I were Mr. Halas, Sammy Baugh would be the last man on earth I would try to sign up for the Redskins.”

“That shows just how much you know about football and Halas. He’s my best friend.”

A few days later, “Halas wasn’t able to contact Baugh. Seems he lives off the railroad somewhere.”

“I . . .”

“Don’t you dare say, ‘I told you so.’ ”

"I was just going to say I think you should try to talk to Baugh yourself." Silence was my answer.

"Or, why don't you call Amon Carter?" Nothing stops Amon. "He would talk so long and so hard, Baugh might give in through sheer exhaustion."

"Not a bad idea to get Amon to talk to him."

"That isn't the idea at all. Get Amon to get Sammy on the telephone, and you talk to him." George was only half convinced. "If he gets too difficult," I added softly, "you might invite him down to a farm in Virginia and let him see you under 'normal conditions.'"

At three o'clock in the morning, George talked to "Slingin'" Sammy Baugh, and the Washington Redskins and the Washington Redskins' fans, will always owe a deep debt of gratitude to one Amon Carter of Ft. Worth, Texas—"Out Where the West Begins."

Baugh's arrival "to talk things over," was greeted by every sportswriter in Washington, D. C. As one of them said, "His arrival was no secret."

When he stepped off the plane, he was handed some strange looking paraphernalia. Baugh was suspicious. "What's that?" he asked.

"It's showmanship; it's the boots and ten gallon hat you're arriving in," explained George. "Put them on for the pictures."

"Well, I never saw anything like that before." But Sammy put them on and I doubt if he has had them off since except for playing football and bathing.

The general impression is that, on that occasion, Baugh signed with George. That impression is entirely erroneous. The truth is that George signed with Sammy. Sammy was just too shy to agree to anything less than the highest salary ever paid a player in the National Professional Football League—and at that moment Baugh's standing was that of amateur.

On August first, 1937, the newly christened Washington Redskins started training in Anacostia, near the banks of the old Potomac. Without fear of contradiction, I can say that not once since has anyone reported "quiet on the old Potomac tonight."

The heat, not having heard that July was over, hung around in a purplish-gray pall, as Heinie and I arrived for the first afternoon of practice. A few stragglers were milling around as the door of the car opened and Heinie dashed out. He seemed the only living thing with an ounce of life. The team on its back doing bicycle exercises was getting no place ast.

In a futile attempt to wake them, the coach threw a football in their midst. Heinie, having been taught to "fetch," lashed out to fetch it. One or two of the players started toward him. He grabbed the lacings between his teeth and ran. The team chased him. He thought that was fun, so with tail tucked and ears flopping, he ran the entire length of the field and right between the goal posts before dropping the ball. The team, awake at last, tore down the field after him. As he turned to face them he laid his nose on the ball and let out a ferocious growl—well as ferocious a growl as a dachshund can let out, and thirty men with an average weight of two hundred pounds stood at bay as little Heinie scored the first touchdown for the newly christened Washington Redskins. The small crowd cheered.

Some honor had to be bestowed on a Redskin of such stamina. He was photographed with the ball between his paws, a helmet on his head and made the Mascot of the Washington Redskins football team. He was a very important little dachshund.

Around the middle of August, in weather that was still "unusual" as we say in California when weather is unusual, the Mascot of the team and I were invited to the first band rehearsal. In an old firehouse in Mt. Rainier, Maryland,



Looking as if he were perched in a deserving niche in the Hall of Fame, is Little Heinie, who scored the very first Redskin "touchdown."

volunteers from near and far appeared. The majority were from the former volunteer band of a large dairy company.

Little did those calm living, early risers of the milk route realize what they were in for—such as special trains for New York . . . special costumes from Hollywood . . . special threats of arrest in the middle of the night . . . special banquets in their honor attended by Senators, Congressmen, and Supreme Court Judges . . . specially built seats on the fifty-yard line for all games . . . special controversies on sports pages over whether or not they were an asset to pro-football . . . special speeches in the House of Representatives praising them. Little did they know about such events of the future on that specially hot night in the middle of August. Otherwise they might have given it all up and gone back to the calm of their milk routes, and the early quiet hours of that large dairy company.

At the first meeting they were called to order with all the formality of a great stage production, organized and, of course, started off on their careers with a speech. Didn't I tell you I married a Democrat?

First of all we were impressed with the significance of the occasion. This went on for a significantly long time. Then the speaker, tired of being significant, eased into his favorite subject—Votes for the District. Of course the fact that we were in an old firehouse in Mt. Rainier, Maryland, made no difference. We were told how we of the District of Columbia were burdened with “taxation without representation”; how we who resided in the greatest Capital on earth were deprived of our constitutional rights and how we tax-paying citizens of the greatest Democracy in the whole wide world were not allowed to vote. That knocked the milk right out of their bottles!

The speech ended with a recitation of the Bill of Rights and a lot of hoorahs. Then in a few minutes, with everyone feeling sufficiently significant, it was explained that a great song had been written called “Hail to the Redskins.” I was

sent over to an old piano in the old firehouse. With one finger I picked out the tune of "Hail to the Redskins," but for some reason or other, the bandleader appeared unimpressed. He explained that they knew "Onward Christian Soldiers" by heart and that he personally thought it much prettier than "Hail to the Redskins." But with his usual good salesmanship, the President of the Washington Redskins mounted an old chair, there in the old firehouse, and in a rather shaky voice sang an entire chorus of "Hail to the Redskins." The bandleader called the men to one side. After much whispering and gesticulating, he said they were very sorry, but they still liked "Onward Christian Soldiers" better.

I have a distinct feeling that at that moment the President of the Washington Redskins decided he would appoint Mr. D'Andelet leader of the Redskins' band as soon as he could fire the present leader, Mr. D'Andelet being the gentleman who had demonstrated with such marked ability his disciplinary powers over the band from the boy's reform school.

Tedious hours later the meeting broke up after "Onward Christian Soldiers" had bowed to "Hail to the Redskins" and another speech. The men left with an enthusiasm never before equalled, except on that momentous occasion when the large dairy company had first put out that double-rich Black Raspberry Ice Cream—sponsored by Rudy Vallee!

Hail to that handful of milkmen forming the nucleus of the Redskin band, the band that was to march on the field one day one hundred and fifty strong—to the cheers and acclaim, and the pride of Washington fans.

Hail to that handful of milkmen meeting on a hot night in the middle of August in an old firehouse in Mt. Rainier, Maryland. Mary-land my Mary-land! Hail Columbia! Hail to the Redskins!

The Washington Redskins

THE REDSKINS OPENED THEIR 1937 SEASON WITH A NIGHT game in their new Washington home, Griffith Stadium. This is the baseball park named in honor of Mr. Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington Senators of the American Baseball League. The park had been transformed from a baseball diamond into a football gridiron by Mr. Griffith, sometimes known as "the Old Fox." If he is an old fox, then I am again the Queen of France. He is a sweet gentle soul.

When I have no one to leave the children with, I just ask Mr. Griffith to take care of them for me and he does so beautifully. He sends them home slightly overstuffed with lolly-pops and peanuts. But, if the lolly-pop crowd loves him, I figure they know more than some silly sportswriter who not only doesn't like Mr. Griffith but doesn't like lolly-pops or peanuts either. So draw your own conclusions.

The great night arrived. The night we were to know whether Washington would take the Redskins into its heart or give them the Boston brush-off. The night we were to "take the wrappin's off 'Slingin' Sam,'" the famous forward-passer of T.C.U.

We ascended the long ramp to the upper tier of seats. The glare of floodlights gave off an unnatural fuzzy, blue haze.

I caught a glimpse of the crowd. It was like a dream come true. Into the white circle of light were packed 23,000 people waiting to welcome the Washington Redskins in their opening game against the New York Giants.

The Star Spangled Banner was played. From behind the bandstand an American flag was raised. As it reached the top of a slim, white flagpole, a small breeze caught it, unfurled the red, white and blue and spread it out against a purple sky.



The Washington Redskins, 1937. (Thomas D. McAvoy Photo)

The New York Giants' starting line-up was introduced one at a time. The school song of each player was played. A spotlight picked him out to follow him as he ran to the center of the field.

Jim Poole	L. E.	Mississippi
Ed Widseth	L. T.	Minnesota
John Dell Isola	L. G.	Fordham
Mel Hein	C.	Washington State
Tarzan White	R. G.	Alabama
Ox Parry	R. T.	Tulsa
Pete Walls	R. E.	T.C.U.
Hank Soar	Q. B.	Providence
Tuffy Leemans	L. H.	George Washington University	
Ward Cuff	R. H.	Marquette
Ed Danowski	F. B.	Fordham

"The Sidewalks of New York" was played as the reserves ran on: Howell, Hanken, Gelatka, Grant, Haden, Lunday, Tuttle, Johnson, Neill, Burnett, Corzine, Richards, Manton. And then, the Washington Redskins.

Wayne Millner	L. E.	Notre Dame
Turk Edwards	L. T.	Washington State
Ed Kahn	L. G.	North Carolina
Ed Kawal	Center	Illinois
Swede Olsson	R. G.	Mercer College
Jim Barber	R. T.	U. of San Francisco
Charlie Malone	R. E.	Texas A. & M.
Ed Justice	R. H.	Gonzaga
Sam Baugh	L. H.	T.C.U.
Cliff Battles	F. B.	W. Virginia Wesleyan
Riley Smith	Q. B.	Alabama

Before the kick-off both teams came over and stood under the box next to ours, Captains Turk Edwards and Mel Hein stood next to Mr. Jesse Jones, head of the R.F.C. who was to throw out the first ball. Photographers lined up. The signal was given. The football, a small white ghost, floated out into a battery of lights in the first game of professional league football in Washington, D. C.



Flanked by Redskin Captain (now Head Coach) Turk Edwards (left) and Giant Captain Mel Hein, Jesse Jones, then head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, throws out the first ball at the first National Football League game played in Washington. (*Tenschert Company Photo*)

The first point scored on the new Redskin gridiron was scored by one Riley Smith of Alabama. Yea Man! Yea Team! He kicked a field-goal from the 18-yard line in the first quarter. In the third quarter Tillie Manton of the Giants kicked a field-goal from the 14-yard line to tie the score. In the fourth quarter the Giants took the ball all the way to the Redskins' 1-yard line, and right there on the 1-yard line, a solid wall of Redskins held them, and right there from the 1-yard line that solid wall of Redskins climbed into the hearts of 23,000 fans. And that's how the Washington Redskins were born.

The final score—Washington 13, New York 3.

My first trip with the football team was the return trip from Pittsburgh. The squad had gone a few days before; we



Don "The Bull" Irwin plows along with Giant end Pete Walls clinging to him and Giant center Mel Hein rushing up to join the melee as the Redskins whip the Giants, 13-3, in pro-football's debut in the Nation's Capital. (*Acme Photo*)

went on Saturday night arriving in Pittsburgh on Sunday in time for lunch and the game.

The train was to leave Sunday night for the homeward trip, a victorious one—the Redskins had won 34 to 20. We arrived at the station around 5:45; it was dark as melted midnight. I was rushed on the train, deposited in a drawing-room and seated on the seat next to the door, behind an erected table.

George rushed out. A dining-car waiter rushed in, crackling in his starchy white coat, to deposit two bowls of ice on the table. The waiter had hardly left when a dark-clad figure with hat pulled down over his right eye and a huge dark overcoat came bustling in and from somewhere under the bulky overcoat, produced two bottles of Scotch and pushed them toward the window. Out of the corner of his eye he glanced at me suspiciously.

Another waiter with more glasses and bottle openers on a tray had to wait at the door for the bulky one to pass, then deposited his offering on the crowded table, and rushed away. A traveling overcoat, with a head and hat but no feet, came sidling in. Its hat was pulled down over one eye. It took three pints of Rye out of a brown wrapping paper and put them on the table.

After making its contribution, the overcoat sat down on the bench, slid to the far end and without removing either overcoat or hat folded its arms and looked at me. I looked back, but didn't dare to speak. After a few seconds, I decided if this was going to be a staring contest, it would be better conducted privately, so I pulled down the shades. Just then a huge man with a heavy overcoat and a dark hat, also turned down over one eye, took up his post next to the overcoat with no feet, folded his arms and started staring, too. No one under threat of death was going to touch that whiskey—and they were looking straight at me.

A medium sized person came in to join the two on the bench, then a very cocky little individual, then a man with a most intelligent high forehead and a twinkle that belied his shrewd eyes. I decided he was the "brains" of the gang. Then came a little man with large sad eyes, all with overcoats—all with turned-down hats—all arms folded—and all watching me. The train pulled out! Not a word was spoken. There I was alone in a drawing-room full of gangsters and whiskey. The dim light burning overhead, threw weird shadows, like masks, under their eyes. Just as I was about to scream, George hustled in.

"Had to see the team on, bag and baggage, you know. Great game wasn't it?" And as he saw me, "Oh—Boys, this is Mrs. Marshall."

The "boys" nodded in unison. A nice man named Tony, came in, squeezed in behind the table and sat opposite me. He was the radio broadcaster.

"Tony Wakeman," said the President of the Washington

Redskins in the strict protocol of pro-football, "this is Corinne Griffith, or rather, I mean Mrs. Marshall."

The coach arrived.

"Coach, you remember Corinne Gr---er . . . I mean, Mrs. Marshall." George beamingly began the cheerful ceremony of opening the whiskey and fixing drinks for all.

Every remark of the Redskin's President during this procedure was yessed by nods in perfect unison from all the turned-down hats. All were handed drinks except Tony and me. He was on the water-wagon, perfectly satisfied with chewing gum, and I don't drink.

Then all, in perfect unison again, raised their glasses and someone quoted Hawthorne, "Why has the good old custom of coming together to get drunk gone out?"

It didn't look to me as if the good old custom had gone anywhere. They drowned their sorrow by gulping down that first drink, then put their glasses out to be refilled. The president continued to voice his startlingly brilliant observations of the different plays of the afternoon. All in one accord, including the coach, nodded yes—that is until about the third or fourth drink, when they got a little warm and more courageous, removed their overcoats, piled them in front of the door, and two or three negative shakes—indicative of "no"—began creeping into the friendly gathering like the small beginning of a bloody mutiny.

I learned through the hazy atmosphere and the hazier arguments that the traveling overcoat with a head and no feet was Jack Espey, business manager of the Redskins. The rest were Washington sportswriters, Bill Dismar, Al Costello, Francis Stann, and one whom for obvious reasons we'll call Joe. The "brains" of the gang was Harry Costello, former football star of Georgetown University.

The stagnant, smoky atmosphere began to take on the thickness of cement. I didn't think I could breathe much longer. I leaned over to Tony, "I wonder if you have another piece of gum?" I thought the taste of fresh mint might hel-

me survive the pulled-down hats and their poisonous exhalations.

Tony was very sweet, he threw a full package on the table. The neat little white package amid the empty bottles, melting ice and burned-out cigarette stubs, startled Joe. He resented it; he became unruly; he wanted to argue; he wanted to argue about football and he wanted to argue about gum—and did.

Everyone ganged up against him, and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that he didn't know the first thing about football—much less gum. He looked very ill at ease, rose and stammered an unintelligible word that sounded something like—"Hell!"

"Now, Joe," warned George, "not that kind of language in front of Corinne."

All the turned-down hats looked at Joe. They were shocked.

Just common ordinary breathing was becoming increasingly difficult in the smoke-laden, whiskey-drinking, evil old atmosphere. (Am I quoting someone?) I offered, "Let us eat." All the turned-down hats, but one, nodded, "Yes." The obstinate one was Joe. He had his eyes on the last whiskey bottle. There was a little left and he wouldn't budge. So we went to the diner, and the sportswriters went to their typewriters to write their stories—all but Joe, the obstinate one.

As we passed the porter, on our way out, George said, "Make up the lower berth for Mrs. Marshall and the bench for me, I can't climb into an upper-berth."

It seems I had made a couchdown unassisted.

When we returned to the drawing-room, after dinner, everything had been cleared out, including Joe, but there were no bags, except a foreign looking object that might have been housing a bunch of bananas. When I spoke of the missing bags, Espey was summoned and very reassuringly said, "Don't worry. They've gotten mixed up with the football equipment, that's all. This is probably one of the player's bags; you may use it."

I thanked him but explained, "I don't think I could possibly sleep in a football uniform—the shoulder pads might be uncomfortable."

Hilarity reigned out in the main part of the car among the sportswriters with the exception of Joe—who, by now, was completely homogenized.

Everyone thought it very funny until someone mentioned he had a football story to write. They knew he would be fired if he missed the morning edition. Worry took over until the problem was solved by each sportswriter contributing a paragraph, which was sent by Western Union at the next stop.

When Joe turned up in Washington late the next afternoon, the sports editor congratulated him.

"Why, Joe, you've got a great story here. It's a Stann, Costello, Dismer, . . . all in one!"

"Thanks," said Joe, now a man of very few words.

"By the way, Joe, they tell me Marshall had his wife along."

"Yeah, she was there."

"What do you think of her?"

"Oh, she's all right, I guess, but she chews gum."

By the first of November, the Redskins, now in second place in the Eastern Division, found themselves with an open date. They agreed to play a non-league game in Baltimore, in Oriole Park, against the Baltimore Blue Birds, for the charities of the Baltimore *American* and the *News-Post*, both Hearst newspapers. The game to be played the night of November 3rd.

Young David Hearst, Mr. Bill Baskerville, editor, and the late Mr. Dorsey Warfield, publisher of the papers, had invited us to dinner. We were to meet in Baltimore, at the Belvedere Hotel, at seven.

It was raining when we left Washington. George wore his raincoat, he brought along an old Redskin rainproof parka,

with attached hood, for me and what was at that time, to me at least, a novel invention—a zipper-rug.

If you've never used one of these zipper-rugs, try one some day; some day when you've absolutely nothing else to do. Try getting in one. That's fairly simple. Then try getting out of one. That's something, or other, of another color. The zipper-rug more nearly resembles the old torture device known as the stock, than anything I've ever seen. The stock being that attractive wooden antique which resided, in the old days, in the public square, where one committing the unpardonable sin was placed, feet locked in holes and a red letter pinned on the breast. The only difference between the old torture device known as the stock, and the modern torture device, the zipper-rug, is that the original is wooden, the reproduction is woolen. "It'll keep you nice and warm and comfy," George said.

On the way to Baltimore I questioned that the game would be played in such a heavy rain. With what, I thought, unnecessary emphasis, George explained that a professional football game was never called off unless a great emergency arose and only with the consent of both teams. I was told that it was not a powder-puff league, like motion pictures. Players played without make-up and the speech ended with this flourish, "Some day you'll realize that pro-football is very rugged football."

Because of the heavy rain, we were late arriving in Baltimore. Because I am still a human being, I insisted on eating dinner and because of both these things we committed the unpardonable sin—we were late for the kick-off.

Oriole Park's "first come, first served" policy had left no choice seats. George wanted to sit on the 50-yard line. Naturally, he wanted to see the game from the most advantageous point, study the team, its defects, good points, etc. He was told there were some good seats left, but they were up very high. That was all right with George. We followed an usher up a long flight of stairs and on and on until we

finally arrived at a row just this side of Heaven, with five perfectly good vacant seats on the 50-yard line. Puffing and panting, and dragging blankets past shivering spectators, we forced our way through, only to have George decide we should sit differently from the way we had entered the row. He forced Mr. Warfield to the end of the five seats, squeezed Mr. Baskerville in next, sat me in the next seat, David Hearst was pushed beyond George and then the argument about putting on the zipper-rug began. I positively refused to be bound up that way so George compromised with me. He put the old Redskin parka over my shoulders and the hood over my head, asked Mr. Warfield then Mr. Baskerville if they were comfortable, patted me on the knee then smilingly turned to face a very dark outlook on life. He was seated directly behind a large steel girder.

He exploded, rose indignantly, announced in a loud voice, "From now on, all seats behind posts in Griffith Stadium will be marked 'Post Seats,'" pushed back through the shivering spectators and disappeared down the long flight of steps. Some time later he reappeared with one of the stadium officials. We were going to have seats on the field. "In this pouring rain?" I asked.

"You see, how she exaggerates?" George asked—just anybody. "It's only a nice, clean fall rain." There was a good answer to that, but I couldn't think of it.

Out on the field there were no seats, but George was not to be outdone. "We'll sit here on the bench," he stated very definitely. "But a girl can't sit on the bench with a lot of football players," I ventured.

"With that parka over you no one will know the difference. They'll just think you're another Redskin."

"Shrunken by rain," I suggested. But I was ignored as I was folded up and put away in my zipper-rug at the end of the bench. David Hearst was seated next to George, who was seated next to the last football player on the bench. Next to

David sat Mr. Warfield, then Mr. Baskerville and I. At the end of the bench, next to me, was a large mud puddle.

Nearness didn't lend enchantment to this view, everything seemed so exaggerated and out of proportion. Baltimore's pro-football team more definitely resembled melancholy fowls than happy little Blue Birds, while the Redskins seemed to have forgotten their skins were supposed to be red. They had donned a dark brown hue, the color of mud. The score was even as we joined the teams, both benches side by side on the same side of the field.

A water-boy came running off at the end of "time out" and dumped the remaining water in his bucket in my private mud puddle, why, I don't know unless he thought that "Every little bit added to what you got, makes just a little bit more."

Coaches slushed up and down giving orders. Substitutes ran on the field to relieve players who came panting and steaming to the bench, huge looking monsters, with padding that made them hump-backed and high shouldered, with faces be-smattered with rain, mud and blood; whose grotesqueness was emphasized by white teeth-guards which some wore, stretching their mouths into gorilla-like proportions.

One enormous creature came running in and stopped in front of me. He glared at me; had he said "Boo" I would have fainted. He was looking for a place to sit on the now over-crowded bench. Just as I was about to stand up and offer him my place he turned to glare at Mr. Warfield, Mr. Baskerville, David and then George. "Come right in, Turk," George smiled invitingly. "We'll make room for you," and began shoving my way. Two hundred and eighty pounds of flesh and bones named Turk Edwards, began to wedge itself in between George and one of the players. He gave a big grunt and a quick hard shove completely dislodging George, who dislodged David Hearst, who in turn dislodged Mr. Baskerville, who in turn dislodged Mr. Warfield, who in turn dislodged me. I made a three-point landing in the middle of the large mud puddle. More mud than puddle.

At that very moment the Redskins made a touchdown. Every man jumped up. The Blue Birds, screaming with rage, the Redskins waving and cheering and beating each others' brains out. That was, also, the very moment they decided to forget that I had ever been born, so I lay there in my cozy little mud puddle and my nice, warm, comfy zipper-rug and decided to think things over. There was nothing else I could do. I couldn't move, I could only agree with George. Pro-football is very rugged football.

I Love a Parade

IN 1937, THE TEAM PLAYED ITS FIRST GAME IN NEW YORK AS the Washington Redskins. The fans drove from Washington to New York, a distance of 225 miles, in automobiles. They went by bus. They chartered railroad coaches. The Pennsylvania Railroad put on special trains, which arrived in New York at the Pennsylvania Station from ten in the morning until one in the afternoon. And the Baltimore & Ohio put on special trains.

The trains started leaving Washington at six in the morning. Some of the coaches had placards which read "Sammy Baugh Club," some "Cliff Battles Club," etc., etc. Some of the fans wore summer clothes and fall overcoats; some wore winter clothes and new winter overcoats; some wore men's hats, and some women's hats: But male or female, every hat had a red feather with "Redskins" painted in gold stuck in the hatband.

The brass band was the last to arrive. It started to form lines in the middle of the Pennsylvania Station. The bands-men wore their new costumes of burgundy and gold, with white feather head-dresses, imported straight from Hollywood. The leader and two drum-majors wore chief's war bonnets with streamers of white feathers that fell all the way to the ground.

It was Sunday, so the streets were fairly empty. It was for-

tunate that the men in blue were New York policemen. I have always contended that New York policemen are the finest and most understanding in the world.

As the band marched out of the Pennsylvania's tunnel of dark shadows onto Seventh Avenue, the bright sunlight struck one hundred and fifty white feather head-dresses. The band was playing "Hail to the Redskins." The marching steps of the bandsmen gave an undulating movement to the white feather head-dresses as they spread like white foam their way toward Columbus Circle, twenty-five blocks away.

The fans with a "whither thou goest, will I go" expression, undulated right along with the band. Maybe they didn't undulate quite as steadily as the band, maybe their overcoats *were* falling off one shoulder to drag on the sidewalk, maybe the red feathers weren't standing as erect as when they had left Washington at six that morning, but just a year ago the Redskins had been homeless. Now they had a home and a large family and ten thousand of the family were there to prove their loyalty. In fact they were simply full of loyalty and red feathers and other things.

Bill Corum said: "At the head of a one hundred and fifty piece brass band, and ten thousand fans, George Preston Marshall slipped unobtrusively into New York today." But in spite of what Bill Corum said, the first glimpse George had of the crowd from Washington was the one he got as we entered the gate down by the dressing-rooms at the Polo Grounds. Even with his new raccoon coat I could detect a decided sag at the shoulder line. In fact he seemed to sag all over. I was worried about his attitude. Then I began to worry about his longitude; I thought he was going to faint—all six feet two of him and in his brand new raccoon coat! I said, "Let's sit here for a moment."

He stumbled over to a vacant seat on the field, dropping his hands between his knees, his head hung forward. Tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I can't believe it—my home town—what a wonderful group of people."

I didn't know what to do. It wasn't that I hadn't seen a man cry before, but this was different. After all, I had never had one six feet two weep into a brand new raccoon coat in front of sixty thousand people. So I wiped his eyes and blew his nose.



Sammy Baugh (33) gets ready to show he can throw a block as well as a football to help Cliff Battles (20) get underway on a 75-yard touchdown run in the Redskin-Giant game for the Eastern Championship in the Polo Grounds, December 5, 1937. (Acme Photo)

We reached our box just as the brass band came on the field. It was a thrilling sight. The bandsmen entered one at a time, and though there were one hundred and fifty of them, they looked like a million with their Burgundy and Gold costumes and white feather head-dresses in the bright sunlight. I was very proud.

Phyllis Haver, former bathing beauty, was in the box next to us. "Corinne, they are *wonderful*," she enthused. "Where did you get them all? Do they go *everywhere* with you?"

"Well, n-no,"—I stuttered, "not *everywhere*, I like going to church alone!"

That day Cliff Battles had his greatest day, Baugh was perfection and the team ticked like a clock. There was one tense moment when the Giants came from 21 points behind up to a 21 to 14 score and scared us. That was at the beginning of the second half—but that was before Battles took off again. We won the Eastern Division Championship in our greatest victory over New York—49 to 14.

Fifteen special trains had taken the fans, the team and the band to New York and fifteen special trains were bringing them back. We were on the train with the team, the last to leave New York. When we pulled into Washington around eleven o'clock, a crowd of ten thousand was waiting. A rousing good cheer practically lifted the roof off the Union Station, as the team pushed through and was greeted and kissed by the wives and sweethearts.

The white Indian head-dresses could be spotted here and there above the crowd, bobbing and nodding, in a peculiar, indignant, argumentative way, which I was soon to learn would take place whenever a decision was against the Redskins.

Espey came shoving through. Above the noise and cheering of the fans, he explained the band and fans wanted to have a victory march, the cops wouldn't let them. They had no marching license and the cops were there to see they didn't march without one.

The bags and I were turned over to Welles. We were told to park across the concourse at the other side of the station. A clean rain-washed air, heavy with the thick odor of magnolia blossoms, greeted me. The oily-black wetness of the rain drenched streets, broken by the zig-zag reflections of the street lights, told of a very recent shower that had apparently stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Over the city fog hung low enough to catch the lights and hold them, then throw them back in a soft pinkish glow.

The Capitol dome, with its indirect lighting, stood out in

calm relief against the sodden rain-soaked sky, lending a cool white serenity to the panorama. The Washington Monument, sentinel of simplicity, stabbed high into the night, disappearing in the softening edges of the fog. Heavy drops fell from the leaves of the trees in a slow rhythm to break the quietness. All was serene on my side of the station.

I sat there, accepting the slow rhythmic quietness on my side of the station as long as I could, then suggested we go over to the other side.

"We can park across the street and not disturb anyone," I told Welles.

The first thing that greeted my eyes on the other side was an old patrol-wagon, which looked as though it hadn't been painted since Betsy Ross formed her first sewing circle. Three or four policemen were there. I could see George arguing with them. Suddenly he started beating his chest. I waited for the wild jungle call of Tarzan, but instead one hundred and fifty white head-dresses were lifted high in the air and one hundred and fifty voices shouted,

"Hoorah!" The head-dresses lowered, then raised again, and another,

"Hoorah!" Then another lowering of the head-dresses and a third,

"Hoorah!"

I couldn't stand it any longer. I told Welles to go over and find out what was happening.

The hero of the hoorahs came over explaining that the cops wanted to arrest the band, because the band wanted to parade without a license. He was insisting they take him instead. That explained the chest beating. I can imagine it was one of those, "Do with me what you will, but touch not one feather of those old, white head-dresses."

For once I agreed with him. I am not the type of person who goes through life impugning the wisdom of cops, but I couldn't understand why they failed to see the practicability of his argument. I am sure that even with his extravagant

gestures, George, sitting there in an argumentative mood and an old patrol-wagon, was much more practical than trying to cram one hundred and fifty members of the brass band, one hundred and fifty instruments, and one hundred and fifty white feather head-dresses into one old patrol-wagon that needed a fresh coat of paint. I have never been on any police force, not even the police force of Beverly Hills and yet I could figure that out.

George got into the car and told Welles to drive up Pennsylvania Avenue. At a certain street we pulled up to the curb. The band and some fans arrived. The big secret was that they had lost the cops and if they could just march one block to one chorus of "Hail to the Redskins" everyone would be happy.

Just at that moment the old patrol-wagon arrived. It stopped long enough to let out the police sergeant, continuing on toward the band. The sergeant came over, leaned his elbows on the open window, and asked, "What's going on here?"

The Chief of all the Redskins explained that the band wanted to march just one block for one chorus of "Hail to the Redskins." They thought that if they marched far away from the stations and crowds, the cops would understand. "...like the New York cops."

Answered the sergeant, in no uncertain terms, "You're in the District of Columbia (as if we didn't know that) now, and not in New York. Let them foreigners run their country any way they want... Carter Glass lives in the next block—and Carter Glass has asked me to keep this district quiet—and Carter Glass is asleep now—and Carter Glass ain't gonna' be disturbed."

"But," explained the Big Chief very proudly, "Carter Glass is one of the Redskins' most loyal supporters and dearly loves to hear 'Hail to the Redskins.' "

"He ain't never told me that," said the sergeant in a way that proved he had a heart as hard as a cold lamb chop. "The

Chief of all the Washington Redskins resorted to his well-known salesmanship. Had the sergeant been anything but a sergeant, had he for instance, been a nice old-fashioned wood-pecker, he would have been charmed right off the tree.

All the virtues of the forward-pass were extolled, all the virtues of Sammy Baugh and all the virtues of Pro-football. This went on for a long and interesting time, more long than interesting, but in spite of the Big Chief's great salesmanship and the Big Chief's great charm, the sergeant remained adamant.

"Carter Glass . . ." he started again. The Big Chief jumped out of the car. As he started toward the band, he smilingly tossed this one at me,

"You'll look out for the sergeant for me, won't you?" Had he added, "he's such a shy kid," I would have screamed.

"I see you've had some rain," I started.

"Yep." —

"Was it a very heavy rain?"

"Nope." —

"Awfully good for the farmers, though."

"Yep." —

The "Yeps" and the "Nopes" were coming thick, but not fast. Still I determined to win over this brilliant conversationalist, if it took the last calf in Dad's barn.

"Will Rogers once said, 'If you don't like the Washington weather, stick around awhile, it always changes.' " That may have been uproariously funny when Will Rogers said it, but the night I said it, it died a slow death, smothered in silence.

"Did you listen to the football game on the radio?" I asked very charmingly.

"Nope." — (My, my, we were at it again.)

"It was a very exciting football game. It's too bad you couldn't listen to it on the radio."

The sergeant took a deep breath, folded his arms and looked me squarely in the eye.

"Now you listen to me, young lady. I didn't listen to the

late Eddie Reeves, arrived from New York just in time for the game. Raccoon coats, fur-lined boots, motor robes, newspapers, everything possible was used to keep out that penetrating cold, but in spite of everything, they were very cold stockholders.

George Halas, owner-coach of the Bears, was pointed out to me by Larry Doyle. When George found that Halas was on the field, he rushed to the rail. George and Halas raised their arms in utter astonishment at finding each other there—of *all* places! They were near embracing when some cash customers arrived, breaking up the love feast. It seems that at their first meeting, Halas and George were drawn together. Each had a peculiarity, a certain imperfection, hateful in the one which proved fascinating to the other.

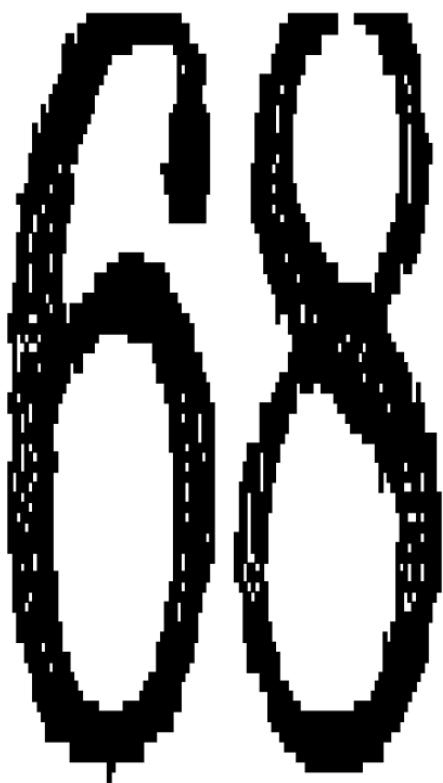
Halas' fresh colored face always annoyed George, while George's peculiar laugh, one middle range note, emitted at short intervals, explosive and loud, always infuriated Halas. Or maybe it was just love at first sight.

Just before game time the stadium attendants removed the tarpaulin and straw, revealing the gridiron in all its pristine glory—a solid sheet of ice!

Both teams played in tennis shoes. It prevented sliding, I was told. However, I saw the two teams tangle and several times slide nearly the length of the field. The Chicago fans, who have been accused of eating their young, like their football raw. There was no band, no show, nothing but pure football and just the best football in the world. Every player a star in his own right. It was a star-studded game, including some of those seen at times by the Redskins.

The game was a rough and tumble affair from the kick-off to the final whistle. Battles scored first for the Redskins on a reverse play to lead 7 to 0. Then the Bears scored twice in the first quarter. At the half the score was Chicago 14, Washington 7, Thermometer 0.

Someone in our party poured hot coffee from a thermos



straight at me. He just stared, continued whistling, and I stared right back. After awhile I backed up onto the rear seat, and pushed my way over in the corner.

As soon as I was settled, the car turned in the opposite direction and drove away. The whistling hung in the air like the fade-out of a happy ending as the car and the sergeant were swallowed up by the fuzzy black night. He was whistling "Hail to the Redskins."

The Chicago Bears

THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP WAS TO BE DECIDED IN CHICAGO the next Sunday. And, for the first time, I was to see the Chicago Bears.

The Chicago Bears would have to be bears to live in that sort of weather. Never before had I been so cold as on that dreary December afternoon of 1937.

Three days before the game it snowed, leaving the ground beautifully white, but no good for football. The field was covered with straw and tarpaulin. A cold wave blew in from the northwest, settling down to a gray steadiness that didn't break until the next spring, I believe.

The beautiful white snow turned gray from the dirt of Chicago, and some of it turned blue, just from being so cold. Ice formed everywhere, on the sidewalks and on the sides of the street where the snow had been shovelled. On the edge of the lake, great blocks of ice, some five or six feet long, had broken and piled up in frozen defiance.

One of my friends, a small man, sent me some of his long underwear. He warned I would freeze unless I wore them to the game. I tried them on, but when I looked at myself in the mirror, I decided I would rather be caught dead improperly clad, than kept alive by those long underclothes with that horrible hinge in the back.

Two of the Redskins' stockholders, Larry Doyle and the

late Eddie Reeves, arrived from New York just in time for the game. Raccoon coats, fur-lined boots, motor robes, newspapers, everything possible was used to keep out that penetrating cold, but in spite of everything, they were very cold stockholders.

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Someone in our party poured hot coffee from a thermos

bottle. It scalded our throats and stomachs, but left our outsides still unthawed. I thought it would have been much more warming had we poured the hot coffee on our outsides and let our insides grumble for themselves.

Newsreel cameramen came up to the box, and took pictures from my end of the row—they took close-ups, medium and long shots of the cheering stockholders and me. Everyone was smiling until the newsreel cameraman said, "Now, Miss Griffith, may I have the names of the gentlemen with you?"

"Why, this is Mr. Marshall," I explained, thinking that would settle the entire matter. But the photographer did a dreadful thing . . . he leaned closer and in a voice loud enough for George to hear, he asked, "What are his initials?"

Fortunately, the teams came thawing out just at that moment to begin the second half. In the first five plays, Baugh passed the Redskins to a touchdown. The score was tied 14 to 14.

Then the Bears started a march of 71 yards down the field, were stopped on the 3-yard line only to score on a pass. The score after the point was Chicago 21, Washington 14, the Thermometer still 0.

Riley Smith returned the kick-off on our 23-yard line. On the very next play, "Slingin' Sam" slung a 29-yard pass to Millner who ran 48 yards more for a touchdown, and the score was tied again, 21 to 21.

After several unsuccessful attempts at passing and bucking, the Bears were forced to punt. Don Irwin with bowed neck, bucked the Bear line for two first downs. But "Slingin' Sam" got tired of all that dilly-dallying; he threw a long one 24 yards, to Ed Justice, who ran the remaining 11 yards to a touchdown. The point after made the score 28 to 21 and Slingin' Sam went to the bench for a rest. But not for long.

The two teams started one of their skiing imitations out on the icy field. They came sliding merrily along and into the Redskins's bench. The players and the coach jumped as the mass of tangled humanity hit the bench. A fist flew



Sammy Baugh has just loosed one of his bullet-like passes during the Redskins-Bears battle for the World Championship on December 12, 1937, on icy Wrigley Field.

at Sammy. George screamed, "They've hit Baugh!" and jumped the rail. A free-for-all started. The Bears' reserves charged across the field. Fans jumped the rail to join them. The police came out of hiding. From all parts of the stadium people were yelling "Riot! Riot!"

With the help of the police, George got Baugh, found he was breathing naturally, wrapped him up in cotton and put him away again. Then the police rescued the officials from under the pile, gave everyone his own arms and legs, sent the Bears to their own bench and the indignant spectators to the stands. When the all-clear signal was sounded, two brave warriors were found still fighting, but verbally, of course, not fistically. They were Halas and George.

Somehow, they had been pushed over to the Bear bench in front of our box. Halas was saying, "You dirty — — — — —, get up in that box where you belong. It's too bad it ain't a cage. Now laugh *that* off!"

"You shut that — — — mouth of yours, or I'll punch those — — — gold teeth right down that red throat!"

One of the Bear players started for him. George seemed to think that a good time to leave. He stomped back to the box, snorted as he sat down and, of course, took it out on me.

"What's the matter with *you*? You look white as a sheet."

"Oh! That was *awful*!"

"What was *awful*?"

"That horrible language. We could hear every word."

"Well, you shouldn't listen."

"Oh, *you*. And right in front of *ladies*." George started to protest. "It was so humiliating," I continued, "I never want to see a pro game again as long as I live." George began to wilt. "And I am sure none of these ladies will *ever* come again." George's raccoon coat began to wilt. "—or allow their children to." Silence. "And as for that man *Halas*!" Every hair of George's raccoon coat bristled. "He's positively revolt—"

"Don't you *dare* say anything against Halas," George was

actually shaking his finger under my nose. "He's my best friend!" he proclaimed dramatically.

A shot rang out. I thought I had been murdered, but it seems the end of a football game is always marked by the blowing of a whistle or the shooting of a gun. Chicagoans prefer the shooting of a gun.

Three faint cheers rose from the throats of three frozen stockholders to break the vast silence of Wrigley Stadium; the Washington Redskins football team had just presented the city of Washington, D. C., with its first National Professional Football Championship of the World.

A Very Brave Young Man

THE 1938 SEASON WAS NOT A PARTICULARLY GOOD ONE for the Redskins. Baugh was hurt in the opening game in Philadelphia and unable to play for two or three weeks. We won only six games. We lost both the Giant contests, one a terrific 36 to 0 beating to the howling disappointment of another Redskins invasion of New York.

One of the outstanding games of the season was the one played in Detroit, Michigan, in Briggs Stadium, the finest of all the stadia, according to Henry Salsinger and Harry Wismer of *De-troit*. This was the first professional game played there, and Mr. Dick Richards, owner of the Lions, put on quite a show. It was impressive even to a Beverly Hills groomed person like me, Beverly Hills being the city of more station-wagons than any other city in the world with no station. It featured the most colossal, stupendous, super-Super production of yellow chrysanthemums I have seen, either before or since—6000 of them flown in from California just for the Lions-Redskins game.

They lay in large boxes on the cement just inside the gate, like a large carpet, quite dazzling in its abundance of yellow hues. Mr. Richards gave one chrysanthemum to each of the first six thousand ladies to arrive. Soon, six thousand chrysanthemums yellow-dotted the packed stadium lending their clean, tangy odor to the cool, crisp autumn air.

"What a day for football!" It was I who said that.

When the teams lined up for the kick-off, the Redskins seemed nervous, especially Andy Farkas. Wasn't he playing in his own home town for the first time as a professional? He knew what had been said about him by one of the Detroit coaches, "I wouldn't have him on my team as a gift. He's liable to run the wrong way and score for the opposing team." A very unreasonable outlook on life, I thought.

The teams shuttled back and forth until near the end of the first quarter when the Lions kicked a field-goal scoring 3 points for Detroit. Then the whistle blew, the teams changed goals—and then it happened—right there in Briggs Stadium, in front of Henry Salsinger, Harry Wismer and six thousand yellow chrysanthemums and in Andy's own home town—he got the ball and ran the wrong way!

High up in the stadium, behind a big yellow chrysanthemum, sat a lovely young lady whose first name was Ellen. She saw the young man, wearing burgundy jersey No. 44, running the wrong way; she heard the Redskins shout and scream as they thundered down the field after him, but No. 44 was a very fast young man and evidently figured the screaming Redskins were encouraging him, so he ran all the faster, straight to the end-zone, touched the ball to the ground and turned to face his astonished team-mates. He had scored 2 points for the *De-troit Lions*!

The lovely young lady heard the derisive laughter, the ribald hoots, cat-calls and boos, and she felt very sorry for burgundy jersey No. 44.

In the last few seconds of the first half, with the clock running and the fans screaming, the Lions lined up for another field-goal, this time nearer and easier than the first time. If the kick was good, Detroit would score another 3 points and the Redskins would have to score either two touchdowns or a touchdown and a field-goal to offset the 8 to 0 score.

The ball snapped. "Wee Willie" Wilkin (265 pound Red-

skin) came charging through the line arms upraised, hoping to block the kick. Suddenly his raised arms were filled with 200 pound "Ace" Gutowski! Well, what could "Wee Willie" do? He couldn't stand there like the Statue of Liberty lighting the world with "Ace" Gutowski, so he threw him at the ball, blocked the kick and Mr. Richards sold the team shortly after. He said it was too much for his health and I can understand why.



"He got the ball . . . and ran the wrong way." But here old Forty-four, Andy Farkas, makes a breath-taking, sky-scraping catch against the Detroit Lions. (*Nate Fine Photo*)

At the beginning of the second half, with the score 5 to 0 in favor of the Lions, Sammy Baugh took over. He passed to No. 44 and passed to No. 44 and passed to No. 44 until No. 44 finally took the hint and the ball to run almost the entire length of the field, this time in the right direction;

right there in Briggs Stadium in the first pro-game to be played there, in front of Henry Salsinger, Harry Wismer and six thousand yellow chrysanthemums and in front of the lovely young lady. She saw burgundy jersey No. 44 score a touchdown for his own team, the Washington Redskins, the touchdown that won them the game. She saw the pats on the back, the applause from the bench and heard the cheers of the crowd. Suddenly burgundy jersey No. 44 had become a hero. "There's a kid with heart," the crowd wagged and nodded. "Any kid that can come back like that . . ." The lovely young lady decided that No. 44 must be a very brave young man. She looked at her program. His name was Andy Farkas.

Imagine her surprise, when later, Andy was brought into St. Vincent's Hospital for an operation on his knee and Ellen was to be his nurse.

To Andy she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen and the kindest. But Andy had never made love to a girl; he had never proposed to a girl; he had never even kissed a girl!

Andy had his coach write the letter of proposal; he had his coach buy the engagement ring; then he decided to do the kissing for himself. Love had come to burgundy jersey No. 44 and burgundy jersey No. 44 was a very brave young man.

The Disputed Kick

IN 1939 THE TEAM TRAINED AT GONZAGA IN SPOKANE, Washington, the school and town that made Bing Crosby famous—his singing helped a little too. On the way home they won a game in San Francisco, and one in Los Angeles, a suburb of Beverly Hills. They felt a little cocky as they boarded the train for the East.

They were dropping three Redskins in Los Angeles, “Automatic” Karamatic, “Tillie” Manton and me. They thought we were through, I guess. I don’t know about “Automatic” Karamatic, but “Tillie” Manton and I were born in Texas and it takes a lot of goings-on before a Texan is through.

I remember that year in Los Angeles at the Union Station, with its Spanish architecture, the promenade court of olive trees, and the Spanish music played over the loud speakers. When George went through the gates with one arm around Baugh and the other arm around Jim Barber—he didn’t even look over his shoulder to nod good-by—his life was very full at that moment and so were his arms.

And there we were, Automatic Karamatic, Tillie Manton and I—abandoned.

I regretted that another player released earlier hadn’t been kept until today and released with the three of us. His name was “Jack Rabbit” Abbitt. He might have made a good fourth at bridge.

The boys seemed very brave as we walked back through the olive trees, whose shadows dragged across our faces to lay on the gray tile like errant bits of old lace. Spanish tunes drifted out over the air. They smiled as they offered me a lift, but I thanked them. I had a car.

I drove away from the station, past the crumbling old Mission on the Plaza, established many, many years ago by the Franciscan Fathers. Its full name is "La Igles de nuestra Senora la reina de Los Angeles," meaning "The church of our Lady of the Angels." A typical college jalopy came sputtering by, headed for Sunset Boulevard. "Automatic" Karamatic and "Tillie" Manton were in it. As they waved good-by, they were grinning from ear to ear and I knew why.

Those Redskins, the saps, were going back East to sweat and gasp in the heat of the early fall, and to sneeze and freeze in the snow and ice of the late fall, while "Automatic" Karamatic and "Tillie" Manton were going to play with the Los Angeles Bull Dogs. They would be stars themselves, for a change. They would make good enough salaries, and they would live among the orange groves, and date palms, with a few blonde dates thrown in. They would be warmed by the California sunshine and cooled by the tropical breeze of the blue Pacific. It was just too bad about "Automatic" Karamatic and "Tillie" Manton.

I think that is the most wonderful name in all pro-football—"Tillie" Manton. I've never known definitely which college he came from; I think it was T. C. U. though I am not sure. I am sure of only one thing; it couldn't have been Fordham—not with a name like "Tillie" Manton.

The regular season started off most uneventfully with the New York Giants in Washington. The final score was 0 to 0.

The following week the Redskins beat Brooklyn 14 to 13. Then the Chicago Cardinals 28 to 7.

At Philadelphia, Washington won 7 to 0. Then Farkas

came to life in the game against Pittsburgh played in Washington.

He climaxed the afternoon with a record breaking run. Frank Filchock passed from behind the goal line to Farkas on his own 2-yard line and Andy ran 98 yards for a touchdown. The point-after was kicked by Bo Russell who didn't miss one all year until . . . no, the statement stands. He didn't miss one all year. The final score was Washington 44, Pittsburgh 14.

The next game was with the Green Bay Packers. Naturally, I expected them to play in Green Bay, but was told that so many of the Packers had been asking Curly Lambeau, "Coach, what is beer," that Curly finally decided to take them to Milwaukee and let them see for themselves. Of course that was on condition that they beat the Redskins, a tribe of wild Indians peculiar to the "deep, deep Sooth."

When we arrived at the hotel, many of the Redskins were sitting in the lobby all showered, and shampooed after practice with that "cat that swallowed the canary" look on their faces.

While George registered I talked with big Turk Edwards. He introduced a nice good-looking new "back", named Keith Birlem, from California. He was big and clean-cut looking, with honest unafraid eyes. Had he been an actor I would have suspected he wore a wig, so thick and black was the curly hair that framed his high sensitive forehead. He was just a typical American boy—the finest type of boy in the whole wide world—bar none. He was to be the substitute back for Erny Pinckert.

Like all blocking backs, including Erny Pinckert, his secret ambition was to receive the ball and run a long, long way for a touchdown. Erny had realized his ambition in 1937. Against Pittsburgh, Erny caught a long pass from Sammy Baugh and carried the leather across the line.

Keith Birlem scored his touchdown, a very important one, much later—four years later to be exact.

As we followed the bell-boy with our bags into the elevator, I was told to watch my step. I saw what appeared to be two suitcases, but I discovered they were cleated boots and in them the longest green-stockinged legs I had ever seen. At the knees two huge things resembling well-shaped hands hung from arm-like appendages in the green and yellow sleeves of the Green Bay Packers; the slim waist; a chest that looked as if it would explode at any given moment; shoulders like the over-hanging eaves of an old English Manor; a strong neck and finally a face with, as always, the most innocent looking eyes.

His football helmet was pushed up to allow cool air on his forehead after a strenuous afternoon's workout, making him look even taller than his six feet five.

"Hello, Mr. Marshall, how are you?" he breathed heavily.

"Just fine, young feller, and how are you?"

"Just fine, thank you. You're fine, are you?"

"Yes, just fine."

We followed our bags off the elevator. I was glad, I couldn't have stood it much longer. Walking down the hall I said,

"Who was that giant?"

"That wasn't a Giant. The Giants are the New York team. We are in Milwaukee, and we are playing the Green Bay Packers."

"Thanks, but I still want to know who that giant was."

"You mean the big kid in uniform, the one that spoke to me?"

"Yes, who was that giant?"

"Oh," explained the president of the Washington Redskins, "that was 'Baby' Ray."

"Baby" Ray wasn't the only one of the Green Bay team who was "just fine." It appears the "Baby's" little playmates were "just fine" too, because they won 24 to 14. Later the Packers began feeling finer than "just fine." The coach of the team that made Green Bay famous was letting it discover just what made Milwaukee ditto.



Wilbur Moore vaults recklessly over Green Bay's Baby Ray (54) to get at Ted Fritsch (64). (*Abbie Rowe Photo*)

Mrs. Jesse Jones and I listened over the radio to the game in Pittsburgh. The Redskins won 21 to 14, but only after Mrs. Jones had put on her burgundy sweater. It was the same sweater she had worn for three years whenever drastic action seemed necessary, proving that sports' superstition is no respecter of persons.

The Detroit Lions came to Washington. The Redskins won, tying the Giants for the Eastern Division Championship. The next game was to be played in New York.

By December 2, 1939, the rivalry between New York and Washington had become the most traditionally controversial of the Eastern Division. After several years of development, the Washington Redskin fan has produced a species of fauna peculiar unto its own. This fauna's more distinguishable

features are the red feather in the hat-band and an inclination to yell Indian whoopees at the slightest provocation. The Redskin fan is rabid twelve months of the year, though his most dangerous period is that period between the months of September and January. This is known as his "vicious" period. At this time of year he will bite anything or person other than another Redskin fan. It is interesting to note that the flora of this species is more deadly than the fauna.

The exodus from Washington started for New York at six Sunday morning. Buses, private cars, private trains, airplanes—everything that would or could carry fifteen thousand fans to New York was jammed.

The red feathers were put in the hat-bands. From the lapels of the overcoats hung Indian dolls, held there by round burgundy and gold disks. New York and the Seventh Avenue police were again to hear the Indian love call of the Washington Redskins fans.

Thousands were turned away, as a record breaking crowd jammed the Polo Grounds, not realizing they were to witness the most disputed kick in the history of football—pro or con.

The first score of the game was a field-goal by Ward Cuff for the Giants. Three points against us. Later another by the same Mr. Cuff, but no harm done, the Redskins made it impossible for them to score any other way. A touchdown and point-after by "sure-footed Bo" would cancel those six points against us, so Baugh was sent in. He completed several passes, broke some sort of record, as he seemed to be doing regularly on Sunday afternoons, then went to the bench.

We lost the ball to the Giants, and after trying for three downs, they kicked. The ball ended in the "coffin corner" bounding over the side line at about the three-yard line.

The Redskins lined up with our Jimmie Johnson back of his own goal line, ready to kick. Just as the ball left his foot, a Giant player knocked him down. It was "roughing the kicker," a foul, calling for a penalty of fifteen yards against the offending team.



Redskin rooters marching up Broadway behind their famous marching band en route to the Polo Grounds for the 1939 Giants-Redskins battle for the Eastern Championship. (Abbie Rowe Photo)

But for some reason or other, in spite of the screaming and pointing Redskin fans, the protests of the Redskin players, and the angry nods of the white feather head-dresses, Halloran, the referee didn't see it, though he was standing right there to watch for just that sort of thing. Had he penalized the Giants, as everyone sympathetic toward the Redskins was yelling at him to do, the penalty of "fifteen yards for roughing the kicker," would have given us the ball on the 18-yard line and a first down, instead of the Giants getting the ball on our 30-yard line. Ken Strong would not have kicked the next field-goal, which made the score 9 to 0 in favor of the Giants.

In the last quarter Masterson scored a touchdown on a

pass, then kicked the point-after. The score—New York 9, Washington 7.

There seemed nothing to worry about, even if the clock was running 80 miles an hour. One more touchdown, and we would be on our way to another World's Championship. If necessary the Redskins could kick a field-goal, score three points, and still win, 10 to 9.

We had Bo Russell, who hadn't missed one all year, and Masterson. But the first thing to do was try for a touchdown. Masterson had completed the last touchdown so another pass was thrown to him which he caught on the Giants' 2-yard line, thought the side line was the goal-line and stepped out—he thought he had made a touchdown.

The six points still looked like a cinch, with only two yards to go when the ball was fumbled and recovered by the Giants.

After two first-downs and three unsuccessful attempts at a third, the Giants kicked. Only 5 minutes to play. The Redskins, fighting viciously, took the ball for a sustained march of 65 yards to the Giants 8-yard line and a first down. Then to the 5-yard line and a second down.

The Giant line fought tremendously but on the second down we gained another two yards—making it—third down . . . and three to go!

Only three yards to a touchdown—the Eastern Championship—and a minute and a half to play!

The crowd screamed and yelled. The excitement was unbelievable.

"Time out" was called as Bo Russell ran on the field to kick a field-goal, an easy one from the 3-yard line. The fans went crazy. No one person was seated as the teams lined up for the kick in the last 45 seconds of play. A vast hush took possession of 60,000 spectators. I thought my heart would stop.

The ball was passed from center. Like a slow motion pic-

ture, someone caught it, took years to place it, and Bo Russell kicked.

The ball went very high, then looped down. Mel Hein tore his helmet from his head in disgust. Two other Giant players threw theirs away. As the ball hit the ground the Redskins started celebrating.

The brass band, directly behind the goal-post, began beating drums. Halloran's hands came up as high as his waist toward the signal of a kick that is good and seemed to stay there forever. Suddenly they came down again and crossed in front of his knees in the wig-wag motion that spells—NO GOOD!

The Giants seemed stunned; humanity poured on the field, and the Redskins were surrounded by fans as they bitterly protested the decision. Pandemonium broke loose.

The game was finished a few moments later, though no one knew when. Police tried to restore order, but it was impossible. They tried to escort Halloran from the field, but that was also impossible, because of the milling mass of infuriated Redskin fans. As they struggled over toward the exit a fight broke out with Halloran in the middle. Elbows and fists started flying. Two sets of burgundy and gold arms were seen. Then as one of the bodies turned around, the large white number 13 told that Ed Justice was there. Someone yelled, "He hit him, he hit Halloran." Under his breath George said, "Somebody get Justice." His features didn't appear to move. Additional policemen arrived finally to force Justice and Halloran through the howling mob.

Years later the crowd began leaving. The Giant rooters glad but still surprised; the Redskin rooters stunned. When the stadium was almost empty George said,

"Let's go."

"But aren't you going to say anything? Aren't you going to do anything?"

"What can I do? The referee's decision is final."

To the news reporters, the next morning, he refused to

make a statement, but way down deep in his heart I knew he was seething.

The ride back was as hysterical as it was historical. It had begun to rain just as we boarded the train for Washington, and in spite of anything Al Jolson may sing to the contrary, it wasn't raining violets that night, it was raining RAIN. It poured.

As we passed through the brightly lighted coach, I had my nearest view of a team unjustly defeated. The tragic looking faces reflected the gall in their cup of bitterness; it was heart-breaking; the more so because there was no word of comfort to offer; nothing one could say or do; just a hopeless, helpless feeling.

The sportswriters crowded into the drawing-room already filled with the coaching staff and management. Each had his individual story of the kick. They had seen it from *this* angle and from *that* angle and all were of one opinion.

"But, Frankie Baxter was standing right *between* the goal-posts and he said it was *good*." And if Frankie Baxter said it was good; it was good. Frankie, the club-house boy for the Washington Senators baseball team in the summer and club-house boy for the Washington Redskins football team in the fall, is small, about 45, has iron gray hair and is the last word on baseball and football facts.

Every suggestion possible toward a reversal of Halloran's decision was offered, but of course nothing could be done. Then attention was directed toward the team. Bo Russell was sent for and told that the Redskins' management and the coaching staff were very pleased with his playing that year and wanted to take this opportunity to offer him a contract for the next year—1940—at a raise in salary.

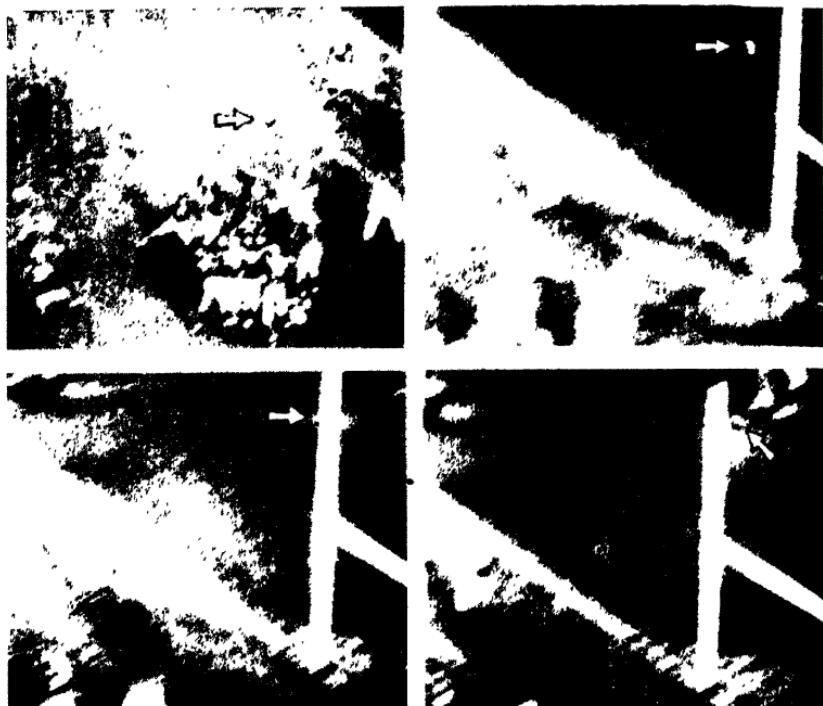
Tears came to his eyes, and I wondered as I sat there, if the millions who see football every year have any idea of the drama connected with it.

Francis Stan got a table cloth and wanted to write Wash-

ington 10—New York 9 on it, to parade through the car. He had nothing to write with until I remembered my lipstick. I handed it to him.

Francis said he liked the color and asked the name. I showed it to him. It read: "Rosy Future."

We arrived in Washington, two hours late, but six thousand fans were there, waiting in the rain. Men, women, children, newsboys, Congressmen, Judges, fans—black and white—all of one accord—all in unity—all of one mind—all agreed on one thing: "We was robbed!"



"We was robbed!" The newsreel catches the flight of the ball in the hotly disputed field goal attempt during the 1939 Giants-Redskins game. (*Universal Newsreel*)

The morning papers carried pictures showing the ball between the goal-posts; the evening papers carried pictures

showing the ball between the goal-posts. The moving pictures showed the ball between the goal-posts. Mr. Carl Storck, president of the National Professional Football League, however, said the pictures taken from an angle proved nothing. The National Geographic Society offered to make a scientific survey of the pictures made by Associated Press to determine whether the kick was good, but the offer was refused. Mr. Storck gave his decision on Justice. According to Halloran, Justice had not struck him. Justice, who faced a \$500.00 fine and life suspension from pro-football was exonerated. Then Mr. Storck appointed Halloran referee of the World's Championship game to be played in Milwaukee the following Sunday—and another howl turned the sports air blue.

I quote the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, December 10, 1939. "The demand of Curly Lambeau, Green Bay coach, that the judging of field-goals tomorrow should be ruled on by three officials instead of one, got nowhere and Halloran will call 'em in or out."

And there you have the story of the most disputed kick in the history of football. It's my story and I'm sticking to it.

On the Line

THE 1940 SEASON CAME IN LIKE A LAMB AND WENT OUT like a Chicago Bear. The first game in the Eastern Division, was a pre-season game in New York between the Eastern College All-Stars and the New York Giants, a charity game for the Fresh Air Fund. The program was an elaborate affair, with articles by the most important sportswriters, such as John Kieran, Joe Williams, Dan Parker, Jack Smith, Bob Considine and many others of prominence. Bob Considine's article was about me and I am very proud of it. Dear Bob said:

"If anybody is wondering what ever became of Corinne Griffith, one-time 'Orchid of the Screen,' she is here rapidly becoming the most influential woman in modern sports. The California girl whom Hollywood made into a kind of hot-house flower is, in truth, the main reason for the incredible success of the burly Washington Redskins, whose verve, color and prosperity is influencing the whole picture of American football. The 'Orchid of the Screen' has become 'The Orchid of the Screen Pass.'

"She—who is Mrs. George Marshall—has brought subtle stagecraft to the forbidding reaches of the football stadia. A Redskins game is something resembling a fast-moving revue, with cues, settings, music, pace, tableaux and hold your hats boys—a ballet. But the amazing part of it all is that there's room left on the program for a football game. And, miracu-

lously, the furbelows are never corny, never inappropriate and charm rather than infuriate those hard-boiled fans who want their football raw....



A scene from one of the between-halves shows featured at all Red-skin football games, which prompted Columnist Bob Considine to write: "A Redskin game is something resembling a fast-moving revue, with cues, settings, music, pace, tableaux and, hold your hats boys—a ballet." (*Abbie Rowe Photo*)

"Once the game was under way the musical background was a 19-piece swing band, mounted in a smart canvas tepee at the back of a section of bleachers.... At the half time intermission smoke began pouring out of the top of the big tepee, a rhythmic tom-tom set up, and out on the field war-whooped a 150-piece band in Indian dress, playing 'Hail to the Redskins,' lyrics by Mrs. Marshall, costumes by Mrs. Marshall, arrangements by Mrs. Marshall, shoes by I. Miller.

"Mrs. Marshall designed the maroon and gold uniforms

the Redskins wear, convinced her husband to try the audacious experiment of letting his coach do the coaching for a change, and was mainly instrumental in moving the franchise from Boston to Washington.

"So far as we know it was the sweet smile of this beautiful squaw that got Vice-President Garner to toss out the first ball, a smart piece of business. . . .

"From near bankruptcy the Redskins now have come up to the eminence of drawing something in the neighborhood of 350,000 people in a single season, and they have so aroused this hard-to-please village that there is a move afoot to rename Griffith ballyard Corinne Griffith Stadium."

Let Henry Salsinger and Harry Wismer of Briggs Stadium, the finest of all the stadia, ponder that. I claim our Bob can toss a bouquet. It may not be six thousand yellow chrysanthemums, but it's quite a bouquet.

The Redskins' opening game of the season was played in the District of Columbia against Dan Topping's Brooklyn team and Dan Topping's Ace Parker. Lovely Sonia Henie threw out the first ball, and Brooklyn's brand new coach, Jock Sutherland, was given a royal welcome. Between the halves the brass band formed the word "Jock," playing Scotch tunes. Southern hospitality was smeared all over the place, until the team, whose Southern hospitality stops at the gridiron, fixed everything up nicely by beating Brooklyn's brand new coach Jock Sutherland 24 to 17.

The Redskins then defeated the Cardinals 28 to 21; Detroit 20 to 14; and Pittsburgh 40 to 10. It wasn't until the eighth game of the season when the Redskins played Dan Topping's Brooklyn team and Dan Topping's Ace Parker in Brooklyn that Dan Topping's brand new coach, Jock Sutherland, got his revenge. He won 16 to 14.

The Chicago Bears came to Washington and, coward that I am, I remained in New York. On Saturday afternoon I bought two new hats. Only a woman knows the courage a new

hat will give. Behind closed doors, with a new hat for each half, I listened over the radio to the Redskin-Bear game.

Little Dick Todd, the untall Redskin, wasn't as afraid of the Bears as I was. Without two new hats, with only his old worn out helmet he drove through the great Bears' line for the only touchdown of the game. The Redskins won 7 to 3. Little Dick Todd was heard singing as he left the field, "Who's afraid of the big bad Bear—I mean—the big bad Wolf, big bad Wolf...."



Dick Todd (41) on one of his runs that enabled the Redskins to turn back the Bears, 7-3, at Griffith Stadium, November 17, 1940. (Nate Fine Photo)

Two years later, little Dick Todd known as Lieutenant Richard Todd of the Seahawks, Navy Preflight team, was voted the outstanding player on all service teams—Army, Navy or Marines.

The annual Redskin pilgrimage to that "ole debil" New York; that nemesis of the Redskins; that victor of the "dis-

puted kick"; was on November 24. The game proved the straw that sent the Redskins to the chiropractor. The Giants not only broke the Redskins' back, they broke the Redskins' best blocking back Erny Pinckert. They broke Bill Young's leg, McChesney's hand and Bob Hoffman's shoulder. One of the Giants had trouble keeping Wee Willie Wilkin down, so he jumped on him with both cleated boots. Wee Willie's side was torn and broken. He didn't mind his side so much, but you should have heard him as they carried him off the field. He was raging at the way they had torn his jersey. New York won 21 to 7.

Indian Summer

THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY THE REDSKINS WERE TO PLAY THE Philadelphia Eagles for the Eastern Championship. Though it was late November, summer had returned—Indian Summer. It hung in the rust-colored air; it painted the oak and maple trees red and gold, as if nature was rooting for the Redskins; there was a golden, dust-laden hush everywhere, a waiting moment, one of anticipation.

To me Indian Summer will always be a melancholy time of year, a calling back of memories, a reddish-golden time of year—the color of little Heinie, the reddest of all the Redskins.

Saturday afternoon I drove out to Dr. Curry's Kennels. Heinie was a sick little mascot and in his attempt to follow my every footstep, had worn himself out. We would have guests after the game Sunday; it seemed wiser for him to be at the kennels where he would be quiet.

On Sunday George left early for the game. I left about one-thirty. The children had remained in California that year at school; it was lonesome without them. It was lonesome without little Heinie . . . it was lonesomer when I came home.

Washington had won the Eastern Championship, and was to play Chicago at Griffith Stadium the following Sunday for the 1940 World's Championship. I was glad the Redskins had won, but it was so quiet when I opened the front door—no air-splitting yelps, no heavy thudding little body wriggling

and squirming from sheer delight—just at the sight of me. . . .

The guests arrived for dinner. The usual second-guessing of the game began, then dinner and somehow the evening passed.

I had to wait until the next morning at ten, before calling Dr. Curry; he couldn't talk until that hour. He said Heinie was a sick little mascot. I said I would be right out. He asked me not to come. It would only excite him, he would want to go home. I must wait and telephone at ten the next morning.

Promptly at ten the next morning I telephoned.

"I'm afraid I've got bad news for you."

"Oh!—no—" It was my voice coming from somewhere—

"Yes, I'm sorry," ever so gently—"he's gone."

I must have put the receiver on the hook, and the telephone back in place, but I don't remember hearing any sound, just silence. Dark, gray silence with purple-white flashes against a sickly, pale-colored vacuum—

"That's awful, I'll miss the little fellow." It was George's voice. I wanted to cry out, but couldn't—sound wouldn't penetrate that vacuumed silence and the purple-white flashes.

"Come on, get your things on, we're going for a walk," George suggested.

We walked, in a half-suspended sense of shock, I don't know for how long or where—the first thing I noticed was the Japanese Embassy of pure white cement blocks and dark gray slate roof; the cool looking olive-green shutters and doors, the same color as the neatly clipped hedges and rounded bay trees, the most beautiful Embassy in Washington.

We wandered up Massachusetts Avenue, over the bridge of Rock Creek Park; the creek itself with its crystal fretting far below; on past the Brazilian Embassy; the red brick house across the way, the last home of the last German Ambassador. Then we passed the British Embassy, large over-powering,

ugly buildings, with a solidity about them typically British; tall austere looking roofs and two tall, top-heavy chimneys, like the top-heavy taxis in London. I hailed one of those top-heavy taxis, just off Piccadilly Square, one bright sunny day in London in the summer part of 1932.

"Please take me to 1A Beau-champ Place," I said as distinctly as possible.

"Where—Miss?"

"1A—Beau-champ Place."

"Never 'eard of the place, Miss."

I showed him the card which read as plainly as printed words could: THE DOG BATH CLUB, 1A BEAUCHAMP PLACE, LONDON.

"Oh . . . 1A *Beech*—um Place. Why didn't ye say so, Miss? 'op right in, Miss." So I 'opped right in and we chugged off to the Dog Bath Club, 1A "*Beechum*" Place, as we say in English.

The entrance to the Dog Bath Club led through a hall in which were mingled the good clean odors of leather goods and soaps and fine English brushes—everything an English dog uses when taken care of by a gentleman's gentleman.

Off the main shop a door led into the "Club," a large oval room with a bar at one end, dimly lighted tables and an oil painted panorama of the famous dogs of England. Opposite the entrance were painted the three Cairns belonging to the Prince of Wales—two males and Maggie, the Prince's favorite. Many a human Maggie wondered what it was the dog Maggie had that they hadn't. Well, she had the Prince of Wales for one thing.

Next on the panorama was the Duke of Gloucester's Great Dane, young Prince George's Shepherd, then Lady Mountbatten's dachshund and on around the oval wall.

Luncheons, and teas, and cocktails were served, anything and everything for the convenience and good health of the members waiting for their favorite pooch to be bathed or



"He wriggled and squirmed all over the place, right into my heart." And here Little Heinie poses proudly in the arms of his devoted mistress.

clipped or stripped or what have you. The one requisite was ownership of a dog registered in the Kennel Club of England. The club was owned by a Major of the first World War, Major Beddows, who said, "Now, I want you to see your dachshund."

He tipped a wicker basket forward. Out poured the most beautiful baby dachshund ever—long underslung copper-colored body, with short little bowed legs, the most beautiful soft eyes, black . . . so black . . . and the whites blue-white . . . so clear and sweet and clean.

He wriggled and squirmed all over the place, right into my heart. We called him Heinie, but his registered Kennel Club name was Hyde Park Heinrich of London, England.

I spent a year in London with Heinie. Many a night he was fed very surreptitiously by young Prince George, the future Duke of Kent, and by the Prince of Wales, the future King of England. He was a very important little dachshund.

Then Heinie and I spent months in Paris—just the two of us. We walked in the Bois in the sun, and we walked in the Bois in the rain—both of us in raincoats. My raincoat was British; his French, which explains the silly little pocket on the side. "For a handkerchief," explained the little French vendeuse.

We strolled down the Champs Elysées in the spring when the chestnut trees were in bloom—we lunched at the Ritz, surrounded by Lords and Ladies and Maharajahs and Maharanees, and Olivier the famous Maitre d'hotel would give him a bone.

Then there came the day we sailed from France. There came the moment when we waited on the dock at Cherbourg, just the two of us. We were going home by Canada. The great blue Atlantic lay before us. "There she is!" and there she was, white and glistening in the late afternoon sun, cutting her cool way through the dark blue water, with her shiny white body and top-heavy cream colored smoke stacks—the Empress of Britain.

Our cabins were nice, clean and full of flowers. There was the deck where the other dogs were kept, a clean wind-swept place for us to run. Heinie was allowed to stay in my cabin, a privilege not accorded every dog—but he was very important. We docked at Quebec.

The news reporters and cameramen were there. We posed on top of our trunk. They wanted a "cheese cake." Then we were loaded on the boat-train, and off for Montreal. A news reporter went with us; he wanted an interview. Other reporters met us at Montreal. We gave more interviews.

We were met by more reporters in Chicago, where Heinie, for the first time, stepped on United States soil. When I explained that Heinie wanted to see Lincoln Park, one of the reporters accompanied us in a taxi and Heinie saw his first American tree.

Three hours later, we said good-by to the reporter. Little Heinie, who had been fed by Princes and future Kings was off for California to meet the kings and queens of Movieland—all because he was such an important little dachshund. . . .

Something stung my cheek. It was a cold wind. "Let's go in here, you must eat something," George said. We entered the Shoreham Hotel.

"That was a great game, Mr. Marshall. What do you think we'll do to the Bears next Sunday?" Robert asked as he seated us. The food arrived.

After awhile the sound of voices began to penetrate. I could hear the clatter of dishes and realized the place was filling. The stringed music started the chorus of a popular tune. I realize how silly it sounds but I begged, "Let's get out of here." They were playing "I Don't Want to Walk Without You Baby."

Outside on the street again, the sleety whistle of a nor'easter was blowing. The wind had swept the streets clean, stripped the last clinging leaves from the trees and filled the air with

flecks of reddish gold as it lifted the leaves higher and higher, like copper-colored snow fluttering back to Heaven—the Heaven from whence it had come.

The trees, great, gray ghosts, stood shuddering and bare, arms raised in supplication, waiting the gentle covering of snow—Indian Summer was over.

Seventy-three to Nothing

THE WASHINGTON REDSKINS, EASTERN CHAMPIONS, WILL play the Chicago Bears, Western Champions, for the World's Championship in Griffith Stadium. Starting 2:00 P.M. Sunday afternoon, December 8th, 1940."

So said the posters and the newspapers and the radio broadcasters and the lip-service of thirty-six thousand ticket holding fans.

Senators, Congressmen, Big Shots, Tough Guys, Influential Persons, college coaches, football experts, sportswriters, real sports, phony sports, begging . . . threatening . . . every man, woman and child in Washington, its suburbs, Virginia, Maryland, and parts of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, seemed to want tickets for the game.

The Chicago Bears had arrived the Thursday before. Radio programs were arranged for the coaches and star players. The owners and coaches of other teams in the League came on for the game, and the League meeting which was to take place the next day.

Saturday night the two rival coaches talked informally over the Mutual network. Larry Doyle and Eddie Reeves, who had arrived for the game and the League meeting, went with us to the broadcast. After hearing Coach Ray Flaherty speak in a very modest sort of way and Halas in a very self-assured one, we went to the Shoreham Blue Room. . . . They

wanted to hear Barnee play, "Hail to the Redskins." On the way to our table, we passed the Bears' assistant coaching staff, Coach Hunk Anderson, Luke Johnsos, and their wives.

I was introduced to them. I shook hands with Mr. Anderson. His was a hand-shake full of confidence. There was some forced gaiety and we went to our table. Then it began—that foggy *something*—creeping into the atmosphere.

"What would your church say about tomorrow?" George shouted above the din of football tunes and dancers.

"Oh—my church would say you had worked very hard on this game. You've done the best you know and right there your responsibility ends."

"You see, Larry? I've learned something from Corinne I never knew before—courage."

That was very flattering, but I knew what prompted it. For the first time, I knew George was afraid.

Barnee played his usual list of college songs, which was always a build-up to the grand finale—"Hail to the Redskins." The crowded floor screamed and yelled, and the evening ended on a high note, as do all evenings before "The Big Game."

We had three guests for the game—Colonel Lucius Ordway, a slim good-looking little man, Arthur Krock, head of the New York *Times* Bureau, and Johnny Hanes, Under-Secretary of the Treasury.

The brass band entered. First the "Chief" who stood at attention in the middle of the field, then the two drum-majors, then the trumpeters who stood under the east goal-post and sounded the fan-fare for the entrance of the hundred and fifty piece band. They marched in perfect formation to the first ten-yard line. Some turned there; others went to the next 10-yard line, and on until all were in place. The signal was given and as one man they started forward playing, "Hail to the Redskins," interspersed with "Dixie." The crowd went wild.

The Bears, as usual, were introduced one at a time, each to the tune of his own college song. The Bears' reserves entered the field to a small accompaniment of boos. Then a roar went up as the Redskins trotted on.

The team was still terribly crippled from the New York game. Dick Todd played with an injured stomach. Wilbur Moore played with a cracked rib. Bill Young was out with a broken leg. Several others were out of the game because of injuries. This is no alibi—just a fact.

The Star Spangled Banner was sung as the flag was raised. The two captains stood. The coin was tossed. The Bears won choosing the west goal.

The two teams lined up for the kick-off. This is the line-up man for man.

<i>Chicago</i>		<i>Washington</i>
Nowaskey	L. E. Masterson \
Stydahar	L. T. Wilkin \
Fortmann	L. G. Farman
Turner	Center Titchenal
Musso	R. G. Slivinski /
Artoe	R. T. Barber
Wilson	R. E. Malone
Nolting	R. H. Justice
McAfee	L. H. Johnson
Luckman	Q. B. Baugh
Osmanski	F. B. Krause

To a fan-fare of drums, the Redskins kicked off. On the second play of the game, Bill Osmanski got the ball to run 68 yards to a touchdown. The point-after was good—the score 7 to 0 in favor of the Bears.

The Bears kicked and Washington received. Max Krause ran the kick-off back to the Bears' 45-yard line. He was injured on the play—his last in pro-football. The Redskins worked the ball down to the Bears' 26. The crowd went crazy

as Sammy Baugh pulled back and drilled a pass straight to the end zone and Charlie Malone. It would have been a sure touchdown, and a tied score, but Charlie, who seldom missed a pass, dropped it. A groan rose from the crowd.

The Bears went on from there, one touchdown after another with clock-like precision—clicking points after. Then the Redskins had the ball. McChesney playing with a broken hand dropped a pass. Wilbur Moore dropped one. Sandy Sanford dropped one. Zimmerman missed Farkas with one. The Redskins became mentally petrified.

At the half the fans were angry, with the score 28 to 0.

"What's happened?" "What's the matter?" "Wait until the second half—they'll come back."

Arthur Krock, and Johnny Hanes left during the third quarter. I didn't blame them. Tuffy Leemans said, "The Redskins got off on the wrong foot."

From where we sat, it didn't look as if they had any feet or hands—nothing but thumbs. They dropped the ball every time they had it . . . the Bears intercepted their passes . . . the Redskins fumbled, and the Bears recovered . . . their defense went to pieces . . . and Bill Osmanski from Holy Cross, and the rest of the Bears from holy hell went through the Redskins like an unholy breeze. 35 to 0 . . . 41 to 0 . . . 48 to 0 . . . 54 to 0 . . . 61 to 0 . . . 67 to 0 . . . and two minutes to play!

"I'm going down to those kids, *anything* might happen," George yelled over his shoulder.

As he left a voice high up in the stands shouted, "Get 'em out of here, you Lug. Take 'em back to Boston."

"You come down *here* and say that, you Lug." It was George answering. I didn't even turn my head, just leaned on the rail and prayed.

I was told afterwards that two policemen rushed up to George to accompany him to the dressing-room.

The Bears made another touchdown, the score was 73 to 0. The final whistle blew.

The crowd, in a sullen, angry mood, chafing with humiliation, wanted revenge.

Two young men came running down to me saying, "We'll protect you, Mrs. Marshall! We'll protect you!" But what had *I* done?

Poor little Colonel Ordway and I must have looked very inadequate in comparison to that crowd of dazed, unbelieving and revengeful fans. The Colonel stayed with me until we reached home.

George said afterwards, that the team had already reached the dressing-room when he arrived. As he opened the door one of the players—I won't say which—was sobbing like a child. The others were voiceless, stunned.

The hall to my bedroom seemed so long, and quiet. I missed the little dachshund.

I threw myself on the bed. I must have sobbed, because something deep down within me shook me from head to foot. At last I cried. Thank Heaven I *could* cry. I couldn't keep the hurt inside any longer.

George came home just as Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Jones, the coach and a few friends arrived.

After supper, I sat in the shadows and listened, as everyone talked at once, obviously trying to cheer up George. They left about midnight. When he came back from the door, he said, "It's beginning to snow a little; let's not turn in yet; I want to talk."

He put two big logs on the fire. The flames from the fresh wood leaped high in warmth and brightness. He sprawled out on one of the two cream-colored couches that flank the fireplace. I turned out the lights and put a grayish-brown pillow under his head. As the flames threw warm shadows on the pale gray walls, I remember thinking, "I'm glad there are no clashing colors in this room tonight." Even the flowers

were neutral in color, white magnolias sent from the South, especially for today. After awhile . . .

"What would your church say about a thing like today?" His voice sounded muffled and tired.

"My church would say that you had done a swell job; you did everything you could to make the day a successful one and right there your responsibility ended."

We talked quietly for ever so long, then his voice stopped. The last log broke in two in the fireplace. The flames leaped high in one last faint effort at cheerfulness, then died down. The ashes first red, turned gray and then white—pure white.

The thin snow made a slight, metallic sound as it drove against the window-pane. I went in George's room, got his comforter, and threw it over him. He was asleep.

In the almost dark room I sat and watched the embers of a once proud log turn white; the melting snow slithered against the window in a small murmur of sound. I thought, "Maybe George and I are going through some sort of purifying process too—maybe the gold in our characters is being purified—that is if we have any gold in our characters."

I don't know how long George slept in the living-room, but he was up bright and early the next morning.

The sun was shining on a clear cold day. The League was meeting to arrange schedules, draft players for the next season and settle other important business of the coming year.

George hustled out of the house. I heard later that when he entered the room where the meeting was in session, Tim Mara, owner of the Giants said, "Did you see that guy, Marshall? He came in here as if nothing had happened. He went straight up to Halas and said, 'You misunderstood me. I said the score would be seven to three, not seven-ty three.' And he's laughing. What's he got to laugh about?"

1941 and December Seventh

DURING 1940, THE MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL League decided to eliminate their office of president and give birth to a new one entitled "Commissioner." A big name was desired by all. Draft meetings were postponed, schedules sidetracked, and football players forgotten. The hunt for a big name began. Every living famous name in the United States was suggested, I believe.

At that time Paul McNutt was riding the crest of the wave so he and Mrs. McNutt were invited to our house to dine. Even before the war, McNutt was toying with the idea of the Man Power Act. In my attempt to impress him with my knowledge of world economy, I asked if he thought the Man Power Act would be as much fun as the Mann Act. But I never found out. George broke into the conversation to change the subject, very abruptly.

In the spring of 1941 the members of the National Football League offered Elmer Layden a five-year contract as their first Commissioner. I thought it very clever of the members; not only was his name one with which to conjure, but being one of Knute Rockne's original Four Horsemen there was a chance that he, also, might know something about football.

Without dining at our house and without being impressed with my knowledge of world economy, Elmer accepted.

With that strange interlude over and settled for five years,

the members of the National Football League again turned to the business of football. In smoke filled rooms they drafted new players; traded old ones; argued for hours over long distance; fought over schedules; were fined by their new Commissioner and couldn't understand why—in other words, the members of the National Football League returned to normal.

As the year wore on the score of 73 to 0 continued to haunt the Washington Redskins. Jokes were made of it, far too personal to be funny. The coach, the management, the team, individually and collectively, were blamed for it. The "Round Table" of Spokane, Washington, cooled and didn't invite them to train there in 1941. They invited the Chicago Bears instead.

But, if the "Round Table" of Spokane didn't want the Redskins, Erny Pinckert wanted them. He was living in California so promoted a game in San Diego. George gathered his Redskins together and would have tripped over the Mexican border if the police of San Diego hadn't stopped him. They invited the Redskins to train in San Diego and play a game for their charities.

It was played to a half filled stadium of Consolidated workers, enlisted men and a few stragglers venturing out through mere curiosity to see what a professional team looked like.

On their return to Washington, the Redskins lost to the Giants, staggered through a gloomy season and came up to the final game in third place.

The game was to be played in Washington against the Philadelphia Eagles on December 7. Starting time 2 P.M. Eastern Standard Time.

Being the last game of the season it drew an enormous crowd. Senators, Congressmen, members of the legislative, the judicial, the executive branches of the United States government, and high ranking officials of the Army and Navy waited for the starting signal as the Redskins lined up in a straight, clean-cut line of eleven men.

Twelve miles off the island of Oahu eleven sampans of phony Japanese fishermen, lined up in a crooked zig-zag line; they were the charted course for 450 Japanese fighter planes winging their way toward Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii. At 2 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, a whistle blew in Washington, D. C. The straight, clean-cut line of eleven men moved forward. The Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor just as the toe of Joe Aguirre's cleated boot lifted the pigskin high in the air.

During the second quarter, somewhere around three, Mr. Jesse Jones leaned over and whispered, "I'm leaving, I've just had word the Japs have bombed Manila."

I couldn't believe it. I was sure it was just a wild rumor. Then the telephone in our box rang and a voice from the press box said we had been attacked at Pearl Harbor. Requests came through to page officials of the Army and Navy. The loud speaker asked for a certain General and an Admiral, "Would they please report to their offices immediately."

"Mike" Elizalde, Philippine Commissioner, was paged. So were members of the War Department and Navy. Ministers' and Ambassadors' names boomed out over the loud speaker along with requests for Bureau Chiefs of the different press associations and the managing editors of the different papers.

Small patches of vacant seats became noticeable. The news spread like a ripple around the stadium; the news, which like a gust of evil was to sweep most of the boys on the field from their homes and families, some to return broken in body and spirit and some never to return at all.

Confusion gripped the players as whisperings of the horrible disaster drifted to the bench and onto the field.

In the last quarter, when the score was 14 to 7 in favor of Philadelphia, Washington scored a touchdown making it 14 to 13.

The teams lined up for the point-after, Sufferidge, Philadelphia's all-American guard from Tennessee, blocked the kick, but was off-side. The teams lined up again. The ball

snapped and Sufferidge was again off-side. He was off-side four times and each time blocked the try for point-after. Three times the head-linesman called the penalty, but didn't as he came through to block the kick the fourth time, holding the score 14 to 13.

Booing was added to the already confusing noises and rose to a crescendo. It remained an intermittent protest until the last few seconds of play, when Baugh threw a touchdown pass to Joe Aguirre and the Redskins won 20 to 14.

Everyone rushed home. Shock and determination fingered their mentalities, now that it was broken—the dream thinness of Peace.

Intervention and Isolationism were swept aside and the country, so long split into two distinct camps, was entering that Utopian dream, a state of Unity.

I couldn't think; I couldn't remember enough about the first World War to know how it would affect us, and I still couldn't grasp it—not WAR.

In spite of my disbelief, the next day Germany, Italy and Japan made a formal declaration of war against the United States—and the Four Horsemen rode again.

1942

THE HEAVY HAND OF WAR FELL ON PRO-FOOTBALL SLOWLY, lightly at first but heavier as the days went by. Prior to the 1942 season, the team trained again in San Diego. The Shriners of that southern city had invited the Redskins to play their East-West game for the Shriners' Crippled Children's Fund.

For three weeks the Redskins were again warmed by the sunshine of Southern California and cooled by the tropical breeze of the blue Pacific, but this time they played their East-West game to a packed stadium. Half of it filled with paying citizens and the other half given free to soldiers, sailors, and marines.

Ten thousand men in uniform stood at attention, saluting our flag as the National Anthem was played by the Marine band of two hundred, the Shrine band and two others trained together for that particular day.

Though the game was an intra-squad game it was one of the most exciting I'd ever seen. I thought, and said I thought, the team was the best the Redskins had ever had. I said it to Wilbur Moore as he passed through the gate on his way to the dressing room after the game. He just smiled. He talks so little, I've often wondered how his wife ever got him to say "yes."

Full of good western air, the Redskins ploughed through



"Ten thousand men in uniform stood at attention, saluting our flag." Scene taken during the Redskins' intra-squad game for benefit of Shriners' Crippled Children's Fund at San Diego, August 20, 1942. (U. S. Navy Photo)

Pittsburgh on the opening game of the season 28 to 14. They played the Giants in Washington the next Sunday. We scored 7 points and should have won the game because the Giants failed to make a first down all afternoon. They actually ended the game minus 2 yards, but that was the day the Giants' Tuffy Leemans became so obnoxious. He threw a long touch-down pass. Of course Washington claims him as its very own so there is some excuse for him acting that way, but I fail to see why Hank Soar, Ward Cuff and Mel Hein should have become obnoxious too. After all, Mel Hein was a school mate of Turk Edwards; they played on the same football team at

Washington State and married two co-eds from the same school. Mel and Turk are supposed to have remained the best of friends ever since, but I don't believe it. Mel Hein wouldn't have been so obnoxious that day if he had been a real friend of Turk's. And as for Steve Owen—there was just no excuse for him; he is the nicest man in the world, outside of a football field.

In the second half a Giant player intercepted a Redskin pass and aided and abetted by Hank Soar, Ken Strong and Mel Hein, ran for another touchdown. Ward Cuff kicked the obnoxious point-after. The Giants won 14 to 7.

The Redskins got back in stride the next week when they clipped Philadelphia 14 to 10, then Cleveland 33 to 14, Brooklyn 21 to 10, Pittsburgh 14 to 0, and rolled on to their best year in football with 4 wins and 1 loss—I sent word to Wilbur that the statement I made in San Diego still stood.

In the return game with Philadelphia, Washington won 30 to 27, with a field-goal kicked by Masterson. The ball passed over the field judge while he was firing his gun for the end of the game.

The Redskins beat the Cardinals 28 to 0. With 7 wins, 1 loss, and 3 to go—

The Pennsylvania's special trains began to huff and puff. The B & O's special trains began to huff and puff, and 15,000 Redskin fans became breathless as the yearly exodus started for New York and the Giant game.

In the first half the Redskins fumbled nine times—the same old New York jinx. Fifteen thousand Redskin fans moaned and groaned; and many were driven to drink as the half ended 0 to 0.

The second half started with the Giants kicking off. Andy Farkas, standing on his own goal-line, caught the ball, then started down the field, to run a sensational 100 yards for a touchdown. He probably would have run farther, but the fence was there, and someone had closed the gate. It was Redskins 7, Giants 0. Shortly after, Sammy Baugh passed the

team to another touchdown with four successive passes to the twenty-yard line, then a long one to Wilbur Moore. The score was 14 to 0.

There it remained until the last quarter when the Giants scored. The game ended 14 to 7. Not a terrific score, but, at last, the Redskins had broken the "New York jinx," winning their first game in the Polo Grounds since 1937. The record—8 wins, 1 loss and 2 to go.

The Pennsylvania and B & O special trains huffed and puffed and strutted all the way home. Some of the fans, however, didn't arrive in Washington until almost a week later just in time to see Washington again subdue Brooklyn 23 to 3, then Detroit 15 to 3 to become the Eastern Champions with a record of 10 games won and 1 lost. (Darn those obnoxious Giants.)

The following Sunday the World's Championship was to be played in Washington, D. C., between the Washington Redskins with 10 wins to 1 loss and the Chicago Bears, with a record of 18 straight wins: the first game between these two teams since the now famous 73 to 0 score.

The early December day had a singing freshness to it, clear and cold. A bright sun warmed a thin wind as it blew spasmodically from the north. The Christmas spirit mingled with the nervous excitement of football fans, owners, coaches (pro and college), sports, would-be sports and authorities on football, as they began crowding into the stadium with raccoon coats, hot liquid in thermos bottles, Redskin pennants, blankets and the fraternal red feather.

Curly Lambeau, sitting with George and me, predicted the Redskins would win. I appreciated it very much, but would rather by far have been in New York with two new hats, one for each half, listening to the game over the radio, than seeing it from that upper box exposed to those Bears, and the memory of that 73 to 0 score.

That very morning, I had heard Isaiah quoted, Chapter 11:6-7, "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb . . . and the

cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together,"—but I am sure Isaiah had never heard of the Chicago Bears when he wrote that.

The Star Spangled Banner was sung and the flag raised on a much more serious note at the end of the 1942 season than ever before.

The Bears won the toss. Both teams kicked back and forth through the first quarter, waiting for a break—a fumble—any trick of fate that would turn the tide their way.

In the second quarter Todd tried to catch a bad pass from center. The ball hit him on the shoulder and bounded back. Under pro-football rules, an opponent may recover a bad pass from center but may *not* advance the ball, but a fumble may be recovered and advanced even to a touchdown. The head-linesman and umpire said the ball was dead. Lee Artoe came rushing through, scooped it up and started tearing down the field. He ran 60 yards. The remaining players stood and watched. The fans grinned. Artoe crossed the goal-line and touched the ball to the ground as everyone laughed—that is, everyone but the referee who almost knocked 35,000 fans out of their seats when he threw his arms up in a signal of a touchdown. He had ruled the play a fumble.

The crowd screamed, yelled and booed. The Indian head-dresses of the band, as always, popped up and bobbed and nodded in complete amazement. In the midst of all the confusion Artoe attempted the point-after, but missed. The score—Bears 6, Redskins 0.

Artoe then kicked to the Redskins. Seymour ran it out to the Redskins own 12-yard line. General George C. Marshall put heavy wool sox on Mrs. Marshall; Mrs. Jesse Jones donned her red sweater; Sammy Baugh spit on his hands; rubbed them together and we knuckled down to business.

I think the greatest play I ever saw was Sam Baugh's quick-kick on the first play after the Redskins got the ball, on the 12-yard line. It was good for 85 yards.

Whether you agree or not, I must put terrific emphasis on



General George C. Marshall takes time out from watching the Redskins battle the Bears to put wool sox on Mrs. Marshall.

this play for the benefit of pro-football historians. Sam had the ball and if his passes could score a touchdown and we could kick the point-after, we could lead the Bears by a 7 to 6 score. Ninety-nine per cent of pro-football strategy is to get possession of the ball and keep it, but Sam's quick kick was a monumental piece of contempt for all football strategy. It was notice to both the Redskins and the Bears that he believed his football team could score on the Bears whenever it pleased and he was going to kick out of the danger of his own goal-line for a mere safety precaution. The fact is that the play dumbfounded the Bears and elated the Redskins, and it put the Bears back on their own 5-yard line, in far more danger of a score by the Redskins than when we had the ball. Shortly after Luckman threw a pass which Wilbur Moore, without a word of warning, intercepted. It was first down and 10 to go for the Redskins on their own 40-yard line.

The 'Skins ran one play, then Slingin' Sam faded back and threw a pass 35 yards to Wilbur Moore on the 3-yard line. Wilbur, well covered by three Bears, leaped high in the air for a sensational catch, and fell into the end-zone for a touchdown.

The Three Bears were *very angry*, and they were not the papa bear and the mama bear and the little baby bear—that's another story—because our Wilbur said the language they used was not the pretty language one reads in Children's Story Books.

The teams lined up for the point-after, a very important point-after, with the score 6 to 6. Masterson booted it low, right through the middle. The half ended with the Redskins ahead 7 to 6.

In a day that was blue all around, like a painted day, the loud-speaker announced that the entertainment would be a tribute to "our boys" the Redskins, who were now in the armed services, to the boys on the field who were playing their last game before joining the armed services, and to all "our boys" whoever they may be, wherever they may be.

The swing band started playing a very hot arrangement of "Jingle Bells." The smoke curled up and out of the swing band tepee. The brass band marched on the field. The Indian head-dresses had been replaced by red stocking caps and long white beards, which with the Redskins burgundy colored costumes, made perfect Santa Clauses.

The band marched onto the field in a large formation that spelled "X M A S." With bells instead of instruments, they joined the swing band in a slower rendition of "Jingle Bells."

The music segued to "White Christmas." A lone clear voice drifted out on the still afternoon air. The brass band still in the formation of "X M A S," took off their white beards and laying them end to end at their feet, marched off the field.

The white beards lay as the band had left them, spelling

" X M A S " and remained like a thin coating of kind thoughts until the lone clear voice ended with "... and May All Your Christmases Be White."

Then like the breath of a light whisper, the thin north wind, blowing spasmodically all afternoon, fingered the white beards, then lifted them gently, ever so gently, and rolled them like small white ghosts of tumbleweeds to the far side of the field.

The tribute was over—but not the warm, good wishes of those, who trying to think away from their fears, were sending messages of good cheer up and out of their hearts into the blue heaven, stretched out like a blue curtain, there in the quiet-colored end of day.

The teams came out to begin the second half. The Redskins surprised the Bears with a sustained march right through the great Bear line—eleven plays, 8 by Farkas, 3 by Baugh—who so seldom carries a ball, placing the pigskin on the Bears' 3-yard line.

On the next play for Andy, the teams lined up. The ball was snapped. The Redskins charged with every ounce of strength they could muster. The Bears held with every ounce of strength they could muster. With neither side giving an inch, the result from Andy's point of view was a very messy looking pile of humanity.

Andy couldn't see any way to cut through that sort of thing, so he just climbed up to the peak and slid down the other side, head first to a *touchdown!* giving the Redskins a decided lead after point of 14 to 6.

In the fourth quarter, Luckman threw a long pass to the end-zone which Baugh intercepted. With this interception, an eight point lead in the last part of the last quarter and with the great Chicago Bears on the defensive, the game seemed safe. Just before Wilbur Moore trotted back on the field, he looked at our box. He wouldn't admit a thing, but he *was* grinning.

With two and a half minutes to play, O'Rourke threw a long pass to Nowaskey. In another attempted interception, Baugh knocked it high in the air. It wobbled on the tips of their fingers. The crowd rose in a crescendo of approval as it seemed to favor Baugh's hands, then toppled into the hands of Nowaskey and stayed there.

He was off for a sure touchdown. No one was near. He was down to the 10—the 5—the 4—the 3—the 2—as he reached the 1-yard line, big Ed Justice coming out of nowhere, threw himself at Nowaskey to drop him there—on the 1-yard line!

It was the Bears' ball on the Redskins' 1-yard line—a first down—and 1 yard to go, for a touchdown. The ball snapped. The Bears rushed the Redskin line. The red line held tight as tape bouncing them back for a loss of 1 yard. Second down—and 2 to go! The Bears had a man in motion, drawing a 5-yard penalty. Second down and 7 to go!

The Bears again rushed the Redskin line; this time they gained 4 yards.

Third down and 3 to go! Again the Bears rushed, but the Redskins after a long, lean diet of Rams and Eagles and Cardinals, had had their first taste of real bear meat. With the additional calories, the Redskins were tough, their line didn't budge an inch. Fourth down and still 3 to go!

The clock ticked off the precious seconds as Sid Luckman, Sammy's nearest rival for passing honors, faded back for a forward pass. He threw. A solid wall of Redskins, whose solidity was cemented by a desperate determination to wipe out, once and for all, that stinging defeat of 73 to 0, rammed through the great Chicago line. Sid Luckman was terribly rushed. His pass fell "incomplete!"

As Wilbur Moore ran off the field, he looked up and nodded "yes" because the Washington Redskins, the team these same Chicago Bears had humbled so ignominiously were as of December, 1942—THE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD!

1943

AT THE BEGINNING OF 1943 THE REDSKINS LOST THEIR COACH, Ray Flaherty. He enlisted in the Navy to become physical instructor at Farragut training station in Idaho.

The National Pro-Football League contributed 400 men to the armed services.

Many of the largest colleges, such as Harvard, Stanford, Alabama, Princeton, abandoned football, and many of the smaller ones. Certain members of the League suggested disbanding. George wanted to continue and asked my opinion. I said if I were he, I'd play football as long as I could gather enough 4-Fs together to resemble a football squad and if no other member of the League would play I'd barnstorm the country from Bunker's lone Hill to my own epic-making Beverly Hills with inter-squad games. My training had been "the show must go on"—the more tragic the event, the more important to keep up the morale.

I was told that at the beginning of the next League meeting George was loving, but firm. Toward the end of the meeting he was just firm. Unorganized fires of rebellion started and leaped into a bitter League fight. Cleveland pulled out. Pittsburgh became shaky and George Halas, after 22 years of hard work creating, building and molding the Chicago Bears, wanted to disband, and as the Chicago Bear goes so goes the Cardinal. Brooklyn's owner, Dan Topping,

was too far away to take an active part. Philadelphia was neutral. The Giants, Green Bay, Detroit and Washington stood together. To disband would have been easy; to continue would be difficult; but to start the League over again after disbanding would be like trying to warm up an old soufflé.

Freddy Mandel, Tim Mara, Curly Lambeau and George Marshall refused to disband. They would play each other home and home games, if necessary, and on that they stood pat.

Pittsburgh and Philadelphia finally suggested that since both teams had been hit so hard in the loss of players they would continue if allowed to merge. Their request was granted.

Brooklyn decided they would go along with the majority as did the Chicago Bears and the Cardinals. So pro-football crippled, but still functioning, carried on. The 4-Fs carried on. They carried on through remarks such as Lawrence Stallings "They can't *all* have flat feet or busted ear-drums." But that happened to be exactly what Andy Farkas had; he had three children besides. Joe Aguirre had a blind eye; another, the sole support of his aged mother, had two brothers under white crosses in Guadalcanal. Another... but why did I bother to explain?

The 4-Fs carried on through the ridicule of two isolated sportswriters, with plenty of space and printer's ink with which to explain their own exemptions; through gambling accusations, dropped as quickly as created—and they carried the National Professional Football League to the biggest money-making season of its history. The war workers, the men in service and the men overseas wanted to see and hear the games.

The boys in Guadalcanal, North Africa, the mosquito-infested, fever-ridden, far-flung outposts of the world, battle-weary and homesick for something as typically American as American football, again heard an excited voice proclaim,

"... and there he goes folks, right through the middle, and he's o-ver for a *touch-down*!"

That was "the top of the news" as it appeared there, Ladies and Gentlemen. It was "the top of the news" to Lieutenant "Chick" Kenny who wrote, "My men sing 'Hail to the Redskins' when they march." To 44 former Redskins represented by 42 blue stars against a background of white and two gold ones—the Redskins' service flag.

It was "the top of the news" to Eddie Kahn, one of the original eleven Redskins who made the famous goal-line stand against the Giants there on the 1-yard line in Griffith Stadium in the opening game of the 1937 season. That night when the Washington Redskins were born.

Now, somewhere in Belgium, a small white cross stands in silent testimony to the last goal-line stand of Eddie Kahn against the great German bulge in the early part of 1945.

And it was "the top of the news" to Keith Birlem, the nice-looking back from California Turk Edwards introduced to me in Milwaukee. Keith Birlem, with his honest, unafraid eyes and the black curly hair, was offered a place on an Army football squad, but being an officer, he, unlike the privates, could refuse and he did just that.

He told friends there was only one football team he wanted to play on and after he finished his job for Uncle Sam, he would return to the Redskins. He still had that touchdown to make.

He married Mary Jane Porter, his schoolgirl sweetheart. And three days later, at the age of twenty-six, the youngest major without combat service, sailed for England. Major Keith Birlem nicknamed his squadron the "Redskin Squadron", which he painted, in bright red letters, on the side of his heavy bomber. The "Redskin Squadron" included Captain Clark Gable, the fabulous motion picture star, and a full complement of typical American boys, the finest in the whole wide world—bar none.

Clark Gable told me, the last thing Keith talked about was

getting back to Mary Jane and playing for the Redskins. Keith showed him a small picture in a pigskin frame—a picture of Mary Jane—said he always carried it with him. “I’m taking Mary Jane on her first trip to Germany—in the morning.” Major Birlem was addressing his captain.

“Germany?” asked Captain Gable.

“Yes, Germany. Objective—Berlin.”

In the thin gray dawn of May 18, 1943, the Redskin Squadron climbed into their heavy bombers, rose one at a time, until they were all in the air, then slowly came together. In close formation they headed for Belgium—and Germany.

That day Major Birlem commanded the Redskin Squadron in their first bombing mission, a most successful one. The mission accomplished, he signaled for the return to their base. They returned to England just as they had left, in close formation, though not as steadily as on the way to Germany. Major Keith Birlem’s heavy bomber had been hit. Just as they reached the shores of England, he gave the command to bail out. He was the last to go so no one ever knew what happened. They found him there on the edge of England, water lapping his boot. He was pitched forward clutching a little picture in its pigskin frame the way a football player would clutch a football. He had scored his touchdown, Major Keith Birlem, commander of the “Redskin Squadron.” It was the point-after he had missed. Keith Birlem, with the honest unafraid eyes and the black curly hair. . . .

“ ‘Tain’t Funny McGee”

ARTHUR J. (DUTCH) BERGMAN BECAME HEAD COACH OF THE Washington Redskins for 1943. Dutch is a little man with a big outlook on life; a keen competitor, fair to others, never critical, never alibiing—a little man, but a big sport in this world of big and little sports.

With Dutch's help the team jogged along toward a near-Eastern championship. By December, the Redskins were two games ahead of the Giants, their nearest rivals. They had two games left to play—both with the Giants.

The first one was played in New York on December 5. But there were no Redskin fans or band. The restrictions on travel prevented it. Wilbur Moore, Bob Seymour and Wee Willie Wilkin were injured during the game. The Giants won 14 to 10.

This left the Redskins leading by the slim margin of one game with one more to be played with the Giants in Washington, D. C. Should the Giants win this game it would mean a tie and an extra play-off game. Commissioner Layden was to come to Washington for the toss of a coin which would decide the city.

With so many injuries the prospect was far from bright according to the evening paper. I was reading it in the late afternoon of December 7th. The telephone rang. It was

George. He was bringing Gabe Murphy, director of athletics at Georgetown, home to dinner.

After dinner we were having coffee in front of the fire. We were experiencing one of those rarities in our house—a moment of silence. Gabe broke it, “I think you’d better tell her.”

“Tell me what?”

“Oh, nothing, nothing important.”

“She’ll read it in the morning paper.”

“Yes, I know.”

“I’ll read *what* in the morning paper?”

“I told you—”

“Now, wait a moment. I agree with Gabe. If it’s going to be in the morning paper you should tell me . . . please . . . I promise to keep it absolutely confidential.”

“Oh, it’s just something about the Redskins.”

“What about the Redskins?”

“Well, if you must know, there’s a story breaking about the Redskins being mixed up with gamblers.”

“Gamblers?”

“Yes, it’s awful.”

“Why?”

“Don’t you understand? If it’s true we will be ruined.”

Ruined? I had often wondered. . . . George was far too serious. “Oh, I don’t see where getting mixed up with gamblers is so ruinous. I was mixed up with gamblers once.”

“Where on earth would you get mixed up with gamblers?”

“In the south of France.”

“South of France?”

“Yes, at the Casino at Cannes. Lady Mendl was there with her startling blue hair. Lady Furness with her famous black pearls. I sat with Lord and Lady Monsell. He was England’s First Lord of the Admiralty at the time.”

“Well, the gamblers the Redskins are accused of being mixed up with are no Lords *or* Ladies.”

“Then apparently the Redskins just don’t know the right

sort of gamblers. Now if you would like me to introduce the Redskins to some nice—”

“Gabe, *please*,” George pleaded.

“Corinne, try to understand.” Gabe spoke very gently. “Tomorrow morning the *Times-Herald* is breaking a story insinuating the Redskins were paid by gamblers to throw the game last Sunday.”

“Oh, that isn’t true!”

“Of course, it isn’t true; you know it isn’t true; Gabe knows it isn’t true and I know it isn’t true, but the *Times-Herald* is printing a story *insinuating* it just the same. It’s probably rolling off the press at this very moment.”

“Well, for goodness sake, *do* something, don’t just sit there.”

“What can I do? I’ve spent the whole day pleading with them not to print the story. I’ve offered \$5,000.00 to anybody who can prove that any member of the team has gambled.”

“And have they any proof?”

“No, all they have are some records.”

“Records? What do you mean, records?”

“They’ve had dictaphones placed in the bedrooms of certain Redskins.”

“How awful!”

“Yes, I’ve been in athletics a long time,” said Gabe, “but I’ve never heard of anything quite that low.”

“And they still have no proof?”

“None, and even if they did, it couldn’t be *all* the Redskins. That’s what’s so unfair about a blanket accusation.”

“Have you talked to any of the players?”

“No.”

“Why not call Baugh. If he’s heard anything he’ll tell you.”

“Not a bad idea.”

When he returned from the telephone he said Baugh hadn’t heard anything about it. “He didn’t like that dictaphone gag, said that was hitting below the belt. Wanted me to take

him down to the *Times-Herald* to face anyone who might be accusing him."

"Are you going to?"

"No, of course not. Wouldn't I be cute taking Baugh by the hand into a newspaper office?"

"Oh, I don't know, I wouldn't mind taking Baugh by the hand anywhere, but then, I guess you and I feel differently about that sort of thing."

As George and Gabe's conversation drifted into the background the embryo of a "great entrance" began taking shape. "Well, I know what I'd do," I began thinking out loud. "If I were the owner of a football team that had been accused of gambling," I waited until both George and Gabe were looking at me, "I'd take the whole team down to face their accusers. . . ."

"Now, wait a minute."

"It's not a bad idea," Gabe urged. "Make them say which ones have been gambling. The innocent ones should be vindicated."

"Yes, but you don't know what she's up to. . . ."

"I can just see you now, walking in with 36 football players and the entire coaching staff." If no one else was sold on the idea, I was. "What an entrance!" I exclaimed.

"Now, wait a minute," George was beginning to weaken. "You know the only sure fire thing is an exit."

"Between the two of you," Gabe interrupted, "I'm sure you'll do very well by both the entrance and the exit, but if I were you, I'd make sure of one thing." We both looked at him. "I'd make sure it didn't sag in the middle."

The following morning, December 8, 1943, the Washington *Times-Herald*'s front page banner line read:

PROBE REPORTS OF PRO FOOTBALL GAMBLING

Betting Coup
Rumors Under
League Quiz

Layden Coming to
D. C. in Investigation

By Vincent X. Flaherty
and Dick O'Brien

(Copyright, 1943, by *Times-Herald*)

Elmer Layden, Commissioner of the National Professional Football League, for the last five weeks has been investigating widespread reports that "pro" football players have been associating with gamblers.

Layden has had a squad of detectives at work in an effort to check reports of association of some of the league's players with known gamblers. This was revealed to the Washington Times-Herald yesterday.

MARSHALL VISITS POLICE

At the same time it was learned that George P. Marshall, president of the Redskins, had visited Major Edward J. Kelly, superintendent of Washington police, in an effort to learn whether or not any of the Washington Redskins were involved.

"Is that true?"

"Of course not. I asked Major Kelly to find Wee Willie Wilkin the time he got lost."

"How could a man weighing 265 pounds get lost?"

"Well, Wee Willie did—all 265 pounds of him. He got lost in a beer hall."

"Maybe Wee Willie likes beer."

"There's no doubt about that, but he isn't supposed to like it during the football season."

The article continued:

Contacted yesterday by long-distance telephone in his offices in Chicago, Layden gave the *Times-Herald* the following statement:

"We have heard that large sums are bet and we are naturally against any situation of this kind. We admit there have been rumors from time to time, and we always try to find out whether or not there is any basis in fact."

THOROUGH INVESTIGATION

"This situation," said Layden, "will be investigated thoroughly."

Layden added he himself would be in Washington within the next 24 or 48 hours.

"Is the rumor that serious? Does Mr. Layden have to come here for an investigation?

"Of course not. Layden has to be here in case of a tie on Sunday. He has had his reservations for two weeks."

MARSHALL ISSUED THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT:

"Anyone connected with professional football who is gambling or has gambled on a game in our league should be thrown out immediately."

"It is the duty of the commissioner," said Marshall, "to see that they are barred. I don't believe this story and won't give it any credence until it is supported by more than petty gossip."

SUBJECT TO BANISHMENT

According to the National Football League's code, any individual connected with the league found to be guilty of betting on games is subject to immediate banishment. Hence, if Layden's investigation links players of the league with bet-making, they will be dismissed immediately. There is no recourse. An individual once ruled out for violation of the gambling rule can never return to the game in any capacity.

"Do the players know that?"

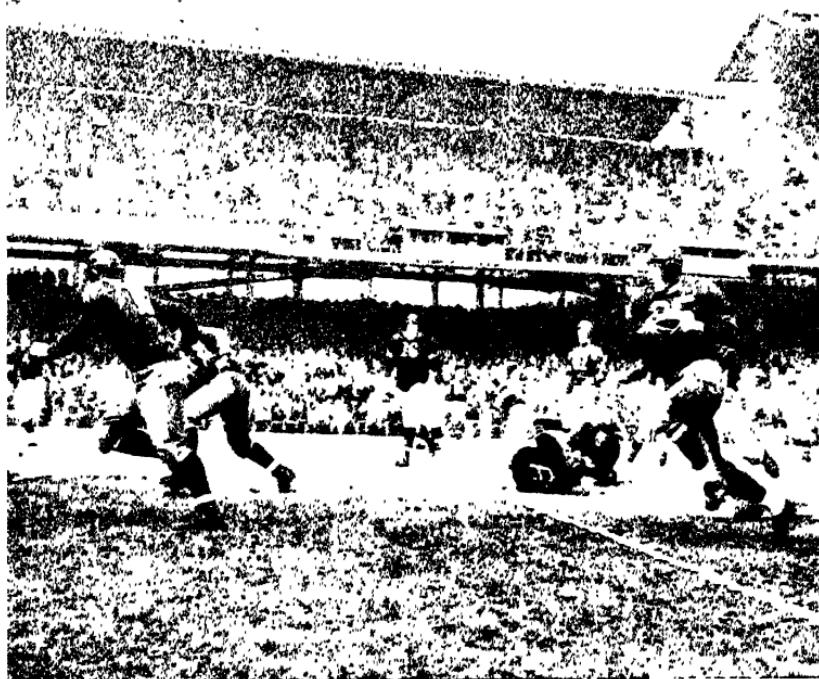
"If they don't they are the only ones in the league who don't."

UPSETS CAUSE COMMENT

Recent upsets which have involved close to a million dollars have caused considerable comment.

On November 7 the Redskins were tied by the Phil-Pitt Steagles in Philadelphia by a 14-14 score. In the first of the two Steagle games, the Redskins were favored to win over the underdog Steagles by as many as 12 points.

On November 21 when the Redskins met the Chicago Bears at Griffith Stadium the Bears were 4 to 1 favorites. Washington wasn't supposed to have a chance to win this game, mainly because of numerous injuries. Sammy Baugh, the team's most valuable player, was out of the starting lineup with a knee injury. Nevertheless, the crippled Redskins upset the Bears by a score of 21-7.



Wilbur Moore (35) gallops around end on a startling Statue of Liberty play to score the first touchdown of the Redskins' 21-7 upset over the Bears, November 21, 1943. (Nate Fine Photo)

"Are the Bears being accused now?"

"Who knows who is being accused. It's one of the worst written, most contradictory articles I've ever read."

In the second Steagle game, played at Griffith Stadium November 28, the Redskins were 4 to 1 favorites. The Steagles defeated the Redskins by a 27 to 14 score. Last Sunday the Redskins were 3 to 1 favorites to defeat the New York Giants in New York. The Giants won by a 14 to 10 score.

"Isn't any team in the league honest?"

"Well, there's the article. What would you think?"

Reports that a betting coup had been effected, headed by one of Washington's three biggest gamblers, spread through the ranks of the underworld in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other major cities from coast to coast, following the second Washington-Phil-Pitt Steagle game.

All betting on National Professional League football games now has been curtailed and under no circumstances will bookmakers accept a bet.

"How would he know that?"

"Now you've asked an important question."

After the game with the Bears and the second contest here a week later with the Steagles, one Washington gambler is reported to have won over \$150,000.

The *Times-Herald* has learned that Owner Marshall's appeal to Major Kelly that he investigate was based not entirely upon suspicion of gambling, but that Marshall told Kelly he suspected some of his players of visiting night clubs, taverns, and other places in the city where they should not be seen.

The article ended there, with no definite story, no definite accusation, just a definite smear campaign, the kind in which Washington was beginning to indulge so extravagantly.

The *Evening Star* asked Dutch Bergman for a statement.

"The whole thing is a gross libel on a hard-working bunch of kids," said Bergman. "It is scurrilous and unless it can be proved it should not be discussed."

At noon George telephoned the editor of the *Times-Herald* and asked if he would gather the editors and writers of the article in his office, “I’d like to bring some of the players over.”

In a newspaper office behind a door that was marked “Private” were seated the editor-in-charge, the managing editor, the day editor, the city editor and two writers, Flaherty and O’Brien. They were obviously waiting for someone. The four editors occupied the only four chairs in the room. One of the writers was half seated on the desk. The other writer was evidently pacing up and down when suddenly the door that was marked “Private” burst open. There had been no knock. George was making his “entrance.” Behind him strode Dutch Bergman, Turk Edwards, and twenty-four football players.

“Good God!” exclaimed a southern accent. It was the editor-in-charge. “You’ve brought the whole team.” Then his southern hospitality returned as “Southern Accent” suggested, “Won’t you be seated gen’lemen.”

The four chairs already overflowing with editors decided the issue. Those of the team, who could, crowded into the small office, then folded their arms. The remainder crowded as near the open door as possible and folded their arms too, like all good Indians on the warpath.

“Is everybody here?” called George over his shoulder.

“Yes, sir, everyone.”

“Can you all hear all right?”

“Yes sir.”

“I want you to hear every word that’s said here.”

“Yes, sir.”

George turned to face the editors, “Now gentlemen, here is the team. You have accused some of these boys of throwing a football game. That’s a pretty serious charge. I want you to point out the guilty ones.”

A scraping sound was heard. One of the Redskins had

dropped a lighted cigarette. He erased it with his shoe, looked up and folded his arms again.

"The innocent ones must be vindicated," George insisted, "we owe it to their wives and children."

The editor-in-charge gulped hard on a southern accent that almost slipped out, cleared his throat, then graciously stated, "I feel Mr. Marshall is right. We should vindicate those who haven't gambled."

The managing editor then found his voice; he said he knew very little about it, "the city editor had insisted the story be printed." It was the day editor's turn. He said he had tried to get them to kill the story since they had no proof. The city editor's eyes seemed glued on the interesting texture of his left shoe lace. Then all eyes turned toward the two writers.

Dick O'Brien said he had been called in only to help Flaherty write the story. Vincent Flaherty said some gamblers had told him, but none of them would sign an affidavit. "And you wrote the story on *hearsay*? You printed it with a banner line on the front page on *hearsay*?" There was no answer. "Now I demand to know what you have to substantiate it."

The manager-in-charge gulped down that same southern accent that almost slipped out again. The city editor seemed more fascinated than ever with his left shoe lace. The accused stood waiting with arms folded, facing their accusers. Their answer was cowardly, grim silence.

Dutch Bergman broke it. "Come on, boys, let's get out of here, we've got a game to play on Sunday—a very important game. Let's get our minds back on football."

He strode out the door. Turk Edwards strode after him. George strode. Then all the Redskins came *stroding* along right behind him, leaving wide open the door that was marked "Private."

"What an exit!" George cooed. He, Gabe and I were in front of the fire again.

"Exit. What about that entrance!"

“They were both great,” Gabe interrupted, “exit and entrance. But I’ll tell you something even more important.” We both looked at him. “It didn’t sag in the middle.”

On December 12, with Commissioner Layden seated next to me, the Redskins trotted on the field to their first accompaniment of Washington boos. I saw George’s chin go up, mine followed shortly after. Under the cloud of suspicion the Redskins lost 31 to 7. The coin was tossed and the Giants won. The play-off game was to take place in New York City on December 19.

When George arrived at his office Monday morning, December 13, Mrs. Patterson, owner of the *Times-Herald*, was on the wire and wished to speak to him. “I’m so sorry you were unable to reach me on the telephone the other day. I would have stopped the story,” she said. “But I would have given one million dollars if I could have seen the expressions on the faces of my editors when you walked in with the entire football team.” Proving Mrs. Patterson has a very definite though very expensive sense of humor.

On the morning of December 20, the New York *Daily Mirror* carried a banner-line which read: “REDSKINS CRUSH GIANTS 28 to 0.”

The Redskins traveled to Chicago for the World’s Championship with the Bears. Sammy Baugh received a concussion, was out for two-thirds of the game, then came back to throw two touchdown passes, but the Bears won 41 to 21.

During Sammy’s “rest period” a photographer snapped a picture of him sitting on the bench. He was crying.

For its 1943 BOOK OF THE YEAR, the world-famed Encyclopedia Britannica awarded its newsphoto prizes. The picture that won first prize was the photograph of Mrs. Roosevelt rubbing noses with her Maori guide in the traditional Maori “hongi” or nose kiss. The picture winning second



Sammy Baugh, removed from the game after being injured, sobs as he watches the Redskins lose to the Bears, 41-21. (Courtesy *Chicago Times*)

prize was the photograph of Baugh sitting on the bench crying. Disproving that old adage: "It's an Illinois wind that blows nobody good."

1944—T for Two

THE YEAR 1944 BROUGHT MANY CHANGES TO THE WASHINGTON Redskins. Players were shuffled back and forth like so many pawns in a game of shuffleboard. Draft boards called; the boys were examined, some inducted, a few rejected; while the Armed Services discharged others. A year fraught with confusion, struggle and heartaches, the last football season of the war.

The most vital change for the Redskins, that year, was the installation of the T formation. Football was born under the shadow of the T, outgrew it with the evolution of the wingback formations, and was on its way to a life of ease when pro-football and George Halas came along. With a few variations and the encouragement of Clark Shaughnessy and Ralph Jones, George Halas slipped back to the T with the same ease that George Marshall, without any variations or the slightest encouragement, slips back to the Civil War.

The Halas, Shaughnessy, Jones version of the T is a modern, more extravagant version than that used at the beginning of football's career, but it is based on the same principle. It was their modern, more extravagant version that the Chicago Bears had used to impress the Redskins so indelibly in 1940.

The T formation had been discussed by the Redskins, off and on, since that event. In 1941, the Redskins' coach, Ray Flaherty, said the T formation had nothing to do with the

Bears' great victory; they would have been magnificent in any formation. I suggested a big B. H. formation to advertise Beverly Hills, but I didn't get very far with that.

In 1942 the subject of the T was brought up again and dismissed.

In 1943, Coach Flaherty joined the Navy and Arthur J. (Dutch) Bergman took over the coaching job. He liked the T formation and said so. That was enough to keep the Redskins, their directors, those in an advisory capacity, the experts, near-experts, the hangers-on and William K. Hutchinson talking through the entire season of 1943. To T or not to T—that was the question.

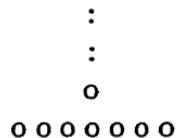
At the end of 1943, Clark Shaughnessy was signed to install the T.

In the spring of 1944, Dutch Bergman, unable, because of his radio commitments, to devote enough time to learn the new formation, resigned as head coach to become assistant to the Redskins' president. Dudley DeGroot, former coach at San Jose, California, and the University of Rochester at Rochester, New York, signed a 5-year contract as head coach of the Redskins. Turk Edwards remained as assistant coach.

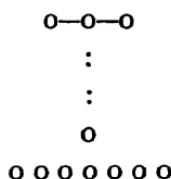
On April first Shaughnessy and DeGroot arrived in Washington; a trembling air of expectancy gripped the District. Luncheons and dinners were given in their honor; speeches were made; championships predicted; photographs smeared over the sports pages; and the season ticket sales jumped perceptibly. From far away Montreal, Canada, and the National Drug Co. were ordered 12 bottles of Savage's Bear Grease for George's hair. The T formation was installed with a flourish.

Coach Shaughnessy bought a blackboard, some chalk, a maze of "play" charts and cards and Turk Edwards, graduate of Washington State, and Dudley DeGroot, graduate of Stanford, a Kappa, Phi Delta Kappa, Phi Epsilon Kappa, holding A. B., M. A., and Ed. D. degrees plus a Rhodes scholarship nomination from California, went back to school.

The T derives its name from the geometric figure made by the four backfield men at the start of play. The quarterback standing directly behind the "center" of the 7-man line of scrimmage, forms the base or "tail" of the T thus:



the remaining backs, 2 halfbacks and 1 fullback, standing, approximately, in a straight line behind the quarterback form the cross or top of the T thus:



Coach Shaughnessy explained the T formation as based on the defensive strategy of the opponents; explained why telephones must be placed at various points high up in the stadium with spotters relaying information to the bench. The Bears were the first to install the roof telephones, prior to that they had had to toss notes to the bench; then Shaughnessy charted a new system of play; developed the signal system, far more intricate in the T than any other formation; worked through April's spring days and nights, May's warmer days and warmer nights, June's hot days and hotter nights until July 1st, when Dudley DeGroot and Turk Edwards were graduated—they thought.

Some people are under the impression that a football team just happens to be. First of all, they think it just happens to run on the field and then it just happens to win or it just happens to lose—but that just doesn't happen to be the case. While Coach Shaughnessy was putting Edwards and DeGroot through the T formation kindergarten, the "front office" was entering its own peculiar brand of spring training.

Contracts, needing the signatures of draft rookies, along with veterans from preceding seasons, were being mailed to all parts of the United States; while players living near enough were being brought to the club office at Washington to sign theirs.

At the same time arrangements for the actual training season were in progress. Hotel accommodations for a minimum of fifty people—players, coaches, trainers, newspapermen—were in the making. "Hotel accommodations" meant living quarters, training table (control of diet)—a special dietitian choosing menus which are ordered months in advance, both at hotels in which the players stay and on railroad trains. "Be sure everybody brings his ration book," someone yelled. Arrangements for practice fields, dressing-rooms, trainers' rooms for rubdowns, etc., uniforms, shoes, pads, tackling dummies, blocking dummies, charging sleds, freight for transporting this equipment throughout the training trip; assembling all players, which meant notifying them when and where to report, purchasing their individual transportation from their homes to the training site and forwarding it to them, tickets for the games during training season, doctors, physical examinations and a million minor details besides the big job of obtaining tickets for the coming season, sorting the thousands of applications for season tickets and finally distributing them.

Telegraph wires were singing, telephone lines humming when suddenly everything skidded to an abrupt stop. The Redskins had received word from O.D.T. "Because of the transportation problem the Redskins would have to abandon their plans to train outside of Washington." The O.D.T. was unaware at the time that the Redskins had scheduled two charity games in the Far West. One game was at San Diego for the benefit of the Shriners' Crippled Children's Fund. The other was at Los Angeles for the benefit of the United States Air Corps Aid Society.

The game at San Diego was the annual inter-squad game

of the Redskins. At Los Angeles the game was between the Redskins and the Air Corps All-Star team under Major Paul Schissler.

On learning of these charity games, O.D.T. Director Joseph B. Eastman immediately advised the Redskins that they should go to the west coast to keep these engagements. Mr. Eastman thought the Shriners' game a very worthy cause.

Of the Air Force game, Mr. Eastman said: "I don't think transporting fifty men to California and back is wrong when the monies derived from this game go to our wounded men and to the wives and children of our fighting forces."

Thereupon DeGroot and four quarterbacks left for Del Mar, California, just outside of San Diego. It was DeGroot's turn to stand in front of the blackboard. He was going to teach the T formation.

In 1836 the Mexican Government, then New Spain, gave a land grant of 9,000 acres, 20 miles north of San Diego, to Juan Maria Osuna, who named his ranch Rancho San Dieguito (little San Diego). It may have been here that Juan Osuna and his good friend Juan Bandini watched Bandini's three daughters, Josefa, Ysabel and Arcadia, sew together strips of white muslin and red and blue flannel—one of the first American flags to fly over California. This flag, so I understand, is now preserved in Washington.

According to an old map Rancho San Dieguito is one of the few Mexican land grants to have remained, intact, within its original borders.

San Dieguito's valley, flanked on each side by cliff-like formations, begins at the ocean, runs north past Bing Crosby's Del Mar race track along an almost dry San Dieguito riverbed, and on into the purple shadows of the Cuyamaca mountains beyond.

Perched high on the western side, overlooking the valley and directly above the original Osuna adobe ranch house, is my house. And for one dreamy, sentimental reason, known

only to me, it will always be My House, no matter who owns it. On one side the land falls, very abruptly, to the valley below; on the ocean side it slopes gently until it reaches the macadam road down by the gate. The slope is covered with wild sage; there is a post-and-rail fence that keeps absolutely nothing out, while it lets the rambling sprays of wild roses in. Tall eucalyptus trees throw shaggy, blue shadows over the red adobe soil.

Early in July, 1944, the children and I watched a small lizard sunning himself on the old adobe wall. Bomber planes, fighter planes and scout planes from the Naval Base at San Diego, Camp Kearny and Elliott droned overhead. George was spending the glorious summer day in the usual way—talking on the telephone. "But Sammy," he yelled, "how on earth can I get along without you?"

"I don't know, Mr. Marshall," Sammy Baugh was talking from Rotan, Texas. "But I guess I'll have to be a full-time rancher and a week-end football player. I just can't get anyone to run the ranch and I've got government contracts to fill."

"But Sam, I'm depending on you," George insisted.

"I know how it is, Mr. Marshall. I've tried everybody I know and just the minute I get a good hand and start to count on him he ups and leaves me."

"That's too bad, Sam."

"They're the orneriest bunch of no-goods I ever saw."

"That's too bad, Sam."

"Yes, sir. The most awful thing I know is to depend on somebody and have him let you down at the last minute."

"I'm glad you realize that, Sam."

"Yes, sir. It's just plain ornery."

"And you can't even make these charity games out here?"

"Oh, yes sir. I'll be there for the charity games. I've got the best ranch hand in all Texas taking care of the ranch for me those three weeks."

"Well, Sam, why can't you get him to take care of the ranch for the entire football season?"

"Him? It ain't a 'him' Mr. Marshall, it's a 'her.' It's my wife."

"Oh. . . . Well Sam, I'm sorry. The coach has four quarter-backs who've never even been with the team trying to learn the T now. How will you be able to learn it if you come up to Washington only on week-ends? Much less practice it or train?"

"I don't know, Mr. Marshall, but it's the best I can do. I've got to ship that beef to the government."

"All right, Sam. I know you'll do the best you can."

"Just one more 'phone call then I'll be out to sit in the sun," George called from the house.

George's mother is a tiny little lady with the undaunted spirit of a pioneer. Always gives the impression of having just arrived by covered wagon; has a mind sharp as a razor's edge; a sense of humor equally as keen and simply adores George. "I'll never forget the first words he spoke," she confided in me one day. "He was trying so hard to talk. I watched him, almost jealously, wondering which he would say first, 'Ma-ma' or 'Da-da.' He looked up at me, so sweetly, opened his little mouth and said, just as plain as day, 'Don't write—telephone.' "

"Just talked to a man named Herrick in San Diego," George announced as he joined us in the sun. "Wants to meet me in La Jolla, he's bringing along a kid he wants me to see. Says he's a skinny kid, says he's in the army, but when the war is over he may have possibilities." George can't drive a car—has never even shifted a gear. "Come on," he suggested sweetly, "let's drive over to La Jolla and see him."

"If he can't play until the war is over, why are you in such a hurry? You know we're having a picnic lunch at the beach today."

"Oh, that's no fun, a picnic at the beach. Who ever heard of a picnic without ants?" I started to protest. . . .

"The children would rather see a picture. Wouldn't you?" First Pamela betrayed me then Cynthia. They said "Yes."

"We can have sandwiches at Mrs. Smith's Sandwich Shoppe. If we hurry maybe we can get stools at the counter and not have to stand."

"That'll be fun," I stated.

La Jolla, at the end of San Diego, is famous for its beautiful shore line and its famous bathing beach, to say nothing of its art, artists and artistry. However Mrs. Smith's Sandwich Shop-pe had neither art, artists nor artistry, it was packed with Consolidated workers, off for the afternoon; boys in khaki, navy blue and olive drab. A sardine couldn't have squeezed into one of Mrs. Smith's Sandwiches, much less her Shop-pe. We ate our sandwiches standing, there were no vacant stools. "They go down better that way," George said consolingly; then we were shunted into a dark picture theater and told to wait until he came for us. As we left all the sunshine in the world outside and stumbled blindly to our seats inside, I realized just what I was in for—a Saturday matinee for children—Heaven forbid.

We had seen the program in its entirety and almost gone through it the second time, when a light flashed in my face. It was George fumbling and stumbling his way toward us. The usher, who knew us socially by then, found a seat for him next to me and George finally fell into it, settled back comfortably and said, "This is fun on Saturday afternoon."

It was a typical Saturday afternoon performance—of the children I mean. They hissed and booed the villain, stomped and cheered the hero, ran back and forth to the washroom, climbed over everyone including George, stepped on his feet, got lost in the dark and screamed for Mama. George had never experienced anything like it before. "Let's get out of here," he pleaded. "Our lives are in danger."

Outside, in the blinding sunlight, he stopped to speak to someone, a man, rather a large one. With him was a good-

looking, clean-cut youth wearing a khaki uniform. He looked something like Frank Sinatra—only more so.

"I thought you had gone back to San Diego," George addressed the younger of the two.

"We're going to get our car now. I don't have to report until 6 o'clock." The young man had a nice smile and deep, blue eyes.

"I want you to know my family," George said. "This is Pamela, this is Cynthia and Mrs. Marshall." I acknowledged the introduction. "This is the young man I came over to see," George said rather proudly. "This is Steve Bagarus."

Driving back I spoke to George about introducing people. "I've wanted to talk to you about that for years—the way you introduce me. You always say 'This is Mrs. Marshall.' You might just as well say 'Meet the wife.' "

"Well, how do you want to be introduced?"

"People are presented to one another. Gentlemen are always presented to ladies: 'Miss So-and-So may I present Mr. Such-and-Such.' "

"Suppose it's two men?"

"Then it's a question of seniority or rank. Or if one gentleman holds a position far more important than the other gentleman you use the inflection of the voice, 'Mr. Smith?—you go up—Mr. Jones.'—you go down."

"How about football players and coaches?"

"That is a question of seniority."

"You mean I'd present the players to the coach?"

"That's right."

"And what about the owners? Suppose I wanted to introduce Curly Lambeau to George Halas? There are a couple of shy kids who should be introduced socially—they've never met outside of a football field, you know."

"Well, how long has Halas been in the National League?"

"Just 27 years, that's all."

"And Lambeau?"

"Just 26."

"Then that's a question of rank. Halas outranks Lambeau by one year, so you would present Lambeau to Halas . . ."

"And just about that time I'd be presented with the biggest, ripest tomato you've ever seen—and there'd be no question about its rank, either."

In the squad game in San Diego the young man "who might have possibilities" ran 25 yards for a touchdown; he also made a 53-yard gain on a pass from Sammy Baugh—the week-end football player, and helped raise \$10,000 for the Shriners' Crippled Children's Fund.

In Los Angeles, the Redskins, with the new T formation and a new coach, took the game from Major Schissler's Army Air Corps All-Stars, which included players Jack Jacobs, Paul Stenn, Sal Rosato, Fred Davis, Bob DeFruiter, Bill Dudley, Bob Kennedy and Woodie Strode, to name just a few, by a score of 7 to 3, but left a consolation prize of \$73,000 for their Army Air Corps Aid Society.

In Ogden, Utah, in a game against Brooklyn, Bagarus set up the first touchdown with a 25-yard run. Then Baugh passed to Aguirre for 27 additional yards and a touchdown. In the third period, a series of Baugh passes took the ball to the 9-yard line where Seno dived across. The score—14 to 0 in favor of the Redskins. Brooklyn scored in the closing seconds on a 32-yard pass from McGibbony to Johnson. The game ended 14 to 7.

In Baltimore, in a game against Green Bay, Bagarus took the ball 100 yards in three plays to score a touchdown. It was Bagarus who returned the next kick-off 36 yards to his own 36-yard line. And it was Bagarus who took a Baugh pass to the Packer's 46-yard line and another Baugh pass for a touchdown. He scored again in the fourth period on a 19-yard pass from Baugh. Mr. Herrick was right, the boy had possibilities. The final score was 20 to 7 in favor of the Redskins. Bagarus' flashy showing was a sensation—Baugh wasn't bad either.

Bagarus continued his gang busting tactics in another pre-season game in Baltimore against the Bears. After Aguirre had scored on a 48-yard pass from Baugh, Bagarus caught a pass from Sammy which was good for 33 yards and another touchdown. Then he added one more touchdown in the



"The boy had possibilities," they said. Steve Bagarus, running up and over a Green Bay Packer, demonstrates some of those possibilities. (*Nate Fine Photo*)

second period. The final score was 21 to 7 in favor of the Redskins as Bagarus, greatest crowd-pleaser of my football career, returned to his army base near San Diego—his furlough over. That same night Sammy Baugh flew back to Texas.

I happened to be in George's office on September 12, working on the shows between the halves. The show before November 7, election Tuesday, was to be a political show with a candidate promising everything. We had decided he was to

march on the field following individual banners which read: FREE BEER! FREE GASOLINE! FREE AUTOMOBILES! FREE WHEELING! NO TAXES! NO JAILS! NO LOVE—NO NOTHING. . . . “A cablegram for you,” said Mrs. Raley, George’s efficient secretary, and laid it on his desk. “Moscow, 20, 12. 16.35 Sept. 12 George Preston Marshall, Redskins, Washndc. Your farflung alumnus filled frozen steppe with warcry on learning victory regards EDDIE GILMORE.”

“September 12th! We won the championship last December. It took this cablegram nine months to come from Moscow,” George said.

“It couldn’t take any cablegram nine months to come from Moscow, unless it walked all the way.”

“Well, you figure it out.”

“Maybe I can. How do you saw ‘How-do-you-do’ in Russian?” Mrs. Raley hustled out of the office.

“How would I know how to say ‘How-do-you-do’ in Russian? It’s difficult enough for me to say it in English.” Mrs. Raley hustled in again, “Here it is,” she held a small red book in her hand, “I can’t pronounce it. I can only spell it. It’s ‘K-a-k v-i p-a-z-h-i-v-a-y-i-t-i.’” Proving just how efficient Mrs. Raley really is.

“Now don’t you see,” I explained to George, “if just plain ‘How-do-you-do’ is ‘Kak vi pazhivayiti’ it’s easy to see how a newspaper heading like ‘Washington Redskins Win World’s Championship’ could sound terribly dangerous in Russian. Some Red Russians in far off Minsk or Pinsk don’t even know that George Washington is deadsky yetsky. A thing like ‘George Washington’s Redskys winning World’s Championship’ might mean real opposition to Wendell Willkie’s ideasky for one worldsky. And with a George Washington Redsky like Gilmoretsky offering to give war crysky from steepesky it might even mean another revolutionsky! *That* is what took nine whole months to track downsky. Seesky?”

“Nosky,” answered George and looked very surprised. Mrs.

Raley made a choking sound. "I wish you'd try to be a little more dignified, Mrs. Raley."

"Yes Sirsky—I mean 'Yes sir.'" Mrs. Raley fled from the office.

"Now can we get back to the show between the halves? Or is it too boring for yousky?"

"Nosky. Not at allsky. But it does grow on one, doesn't it? I think I'll study Russian like Henry Wallace."

In another pre-season game in Pittsburgh, Sammy Baugh joined his team-mates for the week-end. They won 3 to 0 on an 18-yard field-goal as Sammy Baugh held the ball for Joe Aguirre. Then the Redskins were to see Sammy Baugh no more until the Brooklyn game in Washington four weeks hence. Not an easy way to learn a new system as intricate as the T formation.

By September of 1944 a boy named Greenwood, of Illinois, was the talk of the National Football League. On Saturday, one day before October pushed September right off the calendar, and one day before a Redskin-Bear pre-season Chicago date, George, Turk Edwards, Tony Atchison of the Washington *Star* and Harry Wismer, radio broadcaster for the Redskins, drove from Chicago to Great Lakes, Illinois, to see Greenwood play against the Great Lakes Naval team.

The game held unusual interest because of Greenwood and one Buddy Young, the amazing Negro track star from Illinois, who was making quite a name for himself as the fastest thing in football. Illini was doing very well for itself, thanks to Buddy Young, until Great Lakes and a young man named Jimmy Youel, matched Illini and Buddy Young touchdown for touchdown. "Why, that's the best prospect I've seen for years," George told Atchison. "Turk, where'd he come from—this Youel?"

"I'm afraid where he comes from is the place he's gone back to," Turk confessed.

"'Gone back to,' what do you mean?"

"I had him signed last year, but the contract got lost. He's signed with the Rams."

Youel, with an English father, a Scotch mother, born in Ft. Madison, Iowa, is a graduate of the University of Iowa.

In 1943, Turk Edwards, line coach and scout for the Redskins, read about him establishing some sort of record for passing and kicking. With his usual bloodhound tactics, Turk Edwards followed the scent until he became convinced Youel was the young man he wanted most for the Washington Redskins football team.

At the National League's draft meeting, that year, Turk Edwards sat like the proverbial cat that swallowed the canary — Jim Youel was on his mind. The meeting was called to order, the lists given out and over Turk's face a grin was spread; not because Youel's name was on the list, but because Youel's name was *not* on the list. His name was not thought important enough to grace the boards, leaving Mr. Youel a free agent, to sign with whomever he chose.

Turk took three or four minutes, maybe five, after the draft meeting adjourned for the day to get to a telephone and negotiate a contract with Youel. Later, the contract was signed and sent to the league office for proper filing. The contract was lost enroute and, unknown to Turk, Youel again became a free agent. Shortly after Youel joined the Navy and Youel got lost too.

"Why, that's awful," moaned George. "Just awful. We've got to get that Youel back. We've got . . ." Screams broke his words right in half. Buddy Young had broken loose again in his very own peculiar zig-zag way, and with no one near was tearing down field to a sure touchdown and another win for Illini.

A flash of something seemed to come up out of the ground to race after Buddy Young. "What's that?" George asked. Gradually, the "something" began to narrow the distance

between himself and Buddy Young, then, with a sudden burst of speed, this same "something" dove forward to drop Buddy Young in his tracks. "What's going on here?" asked George.



Eddie Saenz snags a pass with the finesse that captured the admiration of the Redskins' Board of Strategy while he was playing with the Great Lakes Naval Training Center team against Illinois in 1944. (Abbie Rowe Photo)

The crowd was on its feet, screaming and cheering. Great Lakes' jersey number 29 had just stopped the famous Buddy Young and the winning touchdown for Illini. The game ended in a tie. "Who on earth's that?" George queried as he searched his program. "Number 29 . . ."

"Here it is," Turk announced. "Eddie S-A-E-N-Z, I wouldn't know how to pronounce a thing like that."

"It's pronounced 'signs,'" Wismer, "the voice that thrills the millions" stated.

"He's really something," George insisted. "Did you see the way he caught that Young from behind? We've got to find out about him; we've got to have him too."

As they left the stadium he got back to Youel. "Imagine losing that Youel, he's the greatest prospect I've seen in a long time." And as they drove back through the gathering dusk of an early fall day it was "Youel, Youel, Youel," and I do mean "Youel," with an occasional "Saenz" thrown in.

On arriving at Chicago, Harry Wismer, he of the golden and burgundy voice, was the first to reach his hotel. He got out of the car, closed the door, leaned on the open window and said, "By the way, what ever happened to Greenwood?"

"Greenwood?" asked George.

"Yes, Greenwood. You remember."

"Oh! Oh, yes, Greenwood. . . . I don't know," George shook his head. "What did happen to Greenwood? It's your question, I guess you'll have to answer it."

The next day, minus their B boys, Baugh or Bagarus, the Redskins lost to the Bears 28 to 0.

In Philadelphia, in the opening game of the season, the Redskins made five touchdowns, but Joe Aguirre missed four points-after—a record. Four out of five didn't have it that day for the simple reason that Samuel Adrian Baugh was not there to hold the ball for Joe Aguirre; there is just no one who can catch a ball from center, place it and hold it for a point-after like Samuel Adrian Baugh.

The first touchdown of the game was made by the Eagles, the score 7 to 0; then 7 to 6 as we made a touchdown and Aguirre missed his first point-after. The Eagles made another touchdown—14 to 6—and another; they were leading 21 to 6

just before the half ended when we scored an additional touchdown—21 to 12—and Aguirre missed his second point-after.

At the beginning of the second half the Eagles kicked a field-goal bringing their lead up to 24 to 12, but we retaliated with our third touchdown—24 to 18. Joe Aguirre made lots of friends in Philadelphia by missing the third point-after. It was beginning to look as if we would never score another point-after. Washington then tied Philadelphia 24 to 24, but the Redskins' next touchdown underwent an appendix operation too, Joe Aguirre kicked away his point-after. In the last few minutes of the game we forged ahead 31 to 24 as we scored our fifth touchdown and Aguirre kicked a perfect point-after and six seconds to go!

But Gamefredo, of the Eagles, was hurt on what seemed the last play of the game. Time was called to help him off the field, enabling the Eagles to run one more play. Al Sherman tossed to Jack Banta for a touchdown on the next play. Then Zimmerman kicked that all-important point-after. The final score was 31 to 31 just as the gun went off. By that time I could have kicked Joe Aguirre, himself, through the goal-posts for a perfect point-after, and I wasn't alone in my feelings.

In Boston, without Baugh, the Redskins won 21 to 14. In Washington Baugh joined his team for his first league game of 1944; they won 17 to 14. But the *T* formation was very confusing to Sammy, he had had no time to learn it or practice it, naturally, he didn't like it and said so. This was the cue for the Redskins' old enemy, Vincent X. Flaherty, to say, "The Redskins will be lucky if they win two games." They tied 1, lost 3, won 6 and Sammy Baugh began to like the *T*.

1945—the First Post-War Season

THE FRONT OFFICE WAS WELL INTO ITS "TRAINING SEASON" of 1945 with the training site all arranged for; transportation, hotel accommodations, and pre-season games in the making. One fine summer day a notice arrived from O.D.T. They were again calling off the training season in San Diego and the Redskins' two charity games. Commissioner Layden had been summoned to Washington to consult with Colonel J. Monroe Johnson, veteran of World War I and veteran of the government payroll. Mr. Johnson had been appointed to take Mr. Eastman's place because of the latter's death a few months previous.

During the consultation in Mr. Johnson's office, Commissioner Layden was told all clubs in the National League would have to cut traveling to a minimum, more specifically the Redskins must not travel to California and play their scheduled charity games. The request was made that the directive be put in writing but Mr. Johnson claimed that was unnecessary, and asked Mr. Layden to come back the next day for another consultation. Mr. Johnson's office would notify Mr. Layden in the morning the time of his appointment.

Commissioner Layden made arrangements at his hotel in Washington to stay another day. He also arranged to change his railroad accommodations, not an easy thing to do in 1945.

Next day he waited for the telephone call from Mr. Johnson's office; waiting with him was Mr. Bus Ham of the Associated Press. He was waiting to release Mr. Johnson's decision.

Commissioner Layden and Bus Ham waited until after lunch, then the Commissioner telephoned Mr. Johnson's office. He was told that Mr. Johnson had left for the day. After various telephone calls Mr. Johnson was located at the Burning Tree Golf Club, but he was too busy to answer the telephone—he was playing golf. Commissioner Layden caught the 5:30 train for Chicago, leaving Mr. Johnson playing golf and the situation up in the air—other than Mr. Johnson's definite statement that the Redskins were to train in Washington, D. C. Shirley Povich, columnist, had, at long last, won his campaign against the Redskins' training in California and playing two charity games, one for the Shriner's Crippled Children's Fund, and one for the United States Army Air Corps Aid Society. The Redskins trained at Georgetown University in the District of Columbia.

Just three months after V-E Day, when the echo of firing over Europe had ceased and one month after V-J Day and the silencing effect on Japan of our atomic bomb, George and I were again in his office, again working on the shows between the halves and again we were interrupted. The tallest gray suit I've ever seen walked in. The suit, itself, was 5 feet 10 inches tall without a head or feet and with its head and feet, it was 6 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches—without shoes. The shoes added another inch, making it 6 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which you have to count because, after all, a nice gray suit like that couldn't walk around without shoes. "Well, I'm back." It was John "The Tree" Adams from Ozark, Arkansas. He was named "The Tree" because of his great height and terrific arm spread.

During his 4-year sojourn at Notre Dame, "The Tree" had made application to join Notre Dame's Marine Unit and

been rejected; the Marine service height limit is 6 feet 4 inches; the Navy's height limit is the same. "They couldn't quite figure out which end of me should hang out of that little hammock—my head or my feet." The Army height limit is 6 feet 6 inches, but regardless of this "The Tree's" draft board constantly threatened. Finally John Adams' pre-physical was brushed aside and one week before the 1945 football season "The Tree" was drafted. Just that day the Army had given "The Tree" his physical examination and just that day he had been rejected—again. "What happened, John?" George asked.

"My vision was bad. I don't see so good."

"Anything else?"

"The Army's pants were too short, or else I was too tall."

"Is that all?"

"They didn't have any shoes big enough for my feet. I guess they didn't want me to fight the war bare-footed."

"What else?"

"Just my teeth. I was 100 per cent 4-F."

Just then Flash Gordon—I mean Steve Bagarus—flashed into the office. He was on a six-week furlough and looking forward to playing his first official league game with the Redskins. "Can I wear a big double Oh on my jersey?" he asked.

"Why do you want a big double Oh?"

"Then when I run out on the field the crowd can yell, 'Oh, Oh!'"

"Why, yes, I don't see any reason why you can't," George answered.

"Thanks a lot," said Flash—I mean Steve Bagarus and flash! he was gone like a flash!

"Mr. Marshall?" "The Tree" was speaking.

"Yes." Then in a voice that sounded like leaves rustling against a soft, southern breeze, "The Tree" said,

"Could you put a big 4-F on my jersey?"

"Why?"



'Oh-Oh!!!' Double-O Steve Bagarus reaches for a high pass. (Abbie Rowe Photo)

“Then when I run on the field, maybe my draft board will leave me alone.”

In Boston, in the pouring rain, the Redskins lost the opening game to the year-old Boston Yanks. That was the day they took the “wrappin’s off” a young half-back named Steve Bagarus, later dubbed “a Sinatra with muscles” by sports-writer Dick McCann.

Still on furlough, Bagarus hadn’t yet played in Washington, D. C. Neither had he played in a National League game despite his flashy showing in the pre-season games of 1944 and 1945. But in Boston in the pouring rain, Bagarus dove through a mud-puddle six feet long to catch a long pass from Sammy Baugh to score his first National League touchdown for the Washington Redskins. On his return to Washington Bagarus received his release from the Army.

By November first, other Redskins began to drift in from all parts of the world. Dick Todd returned from the Navy; Bob DeFruiter from the Army, then Clem Stralka and Ki Aldrich and finally General Eisenhower; but the General had only joined the Redskins as a spectator. It was the game between the Redskins and Giants. A terrific commotion took place across the field under the swing band tepee. I thought Baugh had thrown another touchdown pass when suddenly the crowd went wild. A man in khaki uniform stood up. Football and the football field were forgotten. General “Ike,” Commander of our very own boys, had just returned to the United States and Washington for the first time since giving his command “Cease firing” and quiet had begun to rule on the western front—again.

The Redskins beat every team thereafter, including the Philadelphia Eagles, supposedly the strongest team in the east; played them a return game—and lost. Just about that time, vague rumblings of a new league, known as the All-American Conference, mothered and fathered by Arch Ward



General Eisenhower, fresh home from the war, waves a greeting from his field stand box during the Giants-Redskins game at Griffith Stadium, October 28, 1945. (Nate Fine Photo)

of the Chicago *Tribune* and Don Ameche of Bell Telephone fame, became very important. Fans rallied to the support of the Redskins when threats appeared in the papers—the All-American Conference was going to raid the National League, steal its players and coaches. Then all rumblings were forgotten as the team settled down to win all remaining games of the season and the eastern division championship.

The Rams had brought the first western championship to the city of Cleveland, Ohio, where the World's Championship game was to be played on December 17.

We were asked to bring the brass band and furnish the entertainment between the halves. We decided on a Christmas pageant of Santa Clauses, Santa Claus sleds and a huge Christmas tree that would light up at a given signal.

Four days before the Championship game a painful injury to Sammy Baugh was found to be a broken rib. "But it's a big secret," said George, "be sure you don't even whisper it."

Next morning the story was carried by all the morning papers and that night by all the evening papers. "May I whisper it now?" I asked.

"Yes," said George most graciously.

The team left Friday night for Cleveland. A terrific crowd jammed the Union Station. In addition to the normal amount of travel in and out of over-crowded Washington were the holiday throngs, with tinsel tied packages, trying to get home for Christmas, service men trying to get home forever and the Washington Redskins trying to get to Cleveland for the Championship game.

Our special train pulled out an hour late. On it were the team, coaches, sportswriters, a whole carload of just plain, ordinary fans, a 150 piece brass band, one huge papier mache Christmas tree, a Santa Claus sled, and six Santa Clauses.

Every one who could crowded into the club car to join the team in a drinking orgy of riotous proportions. Coca-Cola after Coca-Cola was downed as we sang,

"Round on the Ends
and High in the Middle
That's O-HI-O,"
and

"On the Banks of the O-HI-O."

This continued until the wee sma' hour of ten o'clock when the team was driven off to bed leaving only the presi-

dent, coaches, sportswriters, a few of us plain, ordinary fans and one table of card sharks.

"I don't like strange people hanging around the team," George stated. "Who's that playing cards with the sportswriters? The one with his back to us?"

"How would I know?" I asked.

"Hey, Shaughnessy! Just stroll nonchalantly to the other end of the car and take a gander at the guy," George suggested. "Then stroll back, but be very subtle about it, he may be someone important."

Shaughnessy strolled to the other end of the car, turned to face the mysterious stranger, stooped over, stared straight into the man's face, looked at George, shook his head, "no he didn't know who he was," straightened up and strolled back—one of the worst performances I've ever seen on stage, screen or in real life. It was George's turn.

He strode down to the card table, "I see you fellows are having a little card game, I see." They ignored him completely. "No gambling though," he suggested. All four shook their heads. George studied the stranger's face for a long time, then demanded to know who he was and what he was doing on the Redskins' train. The mysterious stranger explained he was going to Cleveland for the entertainment between halves. "That still doesn't explain who you are."

The mysterious stranger rose to face George, "I'm one of the six Santa Clauses," he announced with pride. George had failed to recognize him without his beard.

We arrived in Cleveland late Saturday morning. Evidently Ohio song writers never think of Cleveland when writing Ohio songs, because that part of Ohio which is Cleveland is neither round on the ends nor high in the middle—it's flat as Aunt Jemima's flattest pancake, neither is Cleveland "On the Banks of the O-HI-O." It's on the cold shores of Lake Erie and the cold shores of Lake Erie are a far cry from the warm shores of Toot's on 51st Street, New York, N. Y.

A blizzard, which had gripped the city for a week, had, thank Heaven, just left. At intervals tiny atoms of ice crystals were whirled through the air, then laid low to let a bright sun sing out. As we entered the Statler Hotel, the tangy odor of cedar greeted us. A warmth, which can only be described as the Christmas spirit filled the lobby already overflowing with human beings—well, beings if not human. Big beings too, made so by additional overcoats, mufflers, fur-lined galoshes and ear muffs.

Large green wreaths, tied with red satin bows, hung from each window. Green draped the ceilings, mistletoe hung from the crystal chandeliers. A huge white tree glistening with colored lights stood the center of attraction, its vari-colored decorations shining with reflected glory as stringed music played "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town."

The team arrived to surround us as George asked for the room clerk, "You have a suite for Mr. and Mrs. Marshall?" The room clerk scanned the reservation sheet and probably thinking himself too unimportant, called the manager. The manager looked at us and smiled most graciously. "I'm sorry, sir, but there are no reservations for Marshall." George exploded. "Do you mean to tell me you have no reservations for the Washington Redskins?"

"The Washington Redskins?" asked the manager.

"That's the football team that's playing against Waterfield tomorrow," the clerk explained.

"Oh, I see. Yes indeed, we have reservations for the Redskins, we're very proud of having them as our guests. Waterfield has done a great service to Cleveland and the Statler Hotel. Statler Hotels Incorporated will always owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Wat . . ."

"Waterfield is a *great* player," George interrupted. I retired. All this time I had been laboring under the impression that the Washington Redskins were playing the Cleveland Rams for the World's Championship only to learn that the Redskins were really playing a character commonly known

as "Superman" who in Cleveland was addressed by the sacred name of Waterfield.

I don't know whether George's great salesmanship convinced the manager or whether George's admiration for Waterfield did the trick, but very shortly, we were bowed and scraped into a suite of rooms that would have startled even a Statler. Bedroom after bedroom, sitting rooms, baths, etc., all recently painted, decorated and refurnished, the motif—modern, the furniture underslung and low—the kind George simply detests. You can't blame him, he's constantly chinning himself on his knees when he sits down, while getting up is a physical struggle that sometimes lasts for hours.

We entered one of the bedrooms. The bed was so low that a placard hanging over it would, I was sure, read: "LaGuardia slept here." But instead it was a very egotistical, sweeping statement about the superiority of Statler Hotels.

I raised a venetian blind; sunlight, the kind that glistens, streamed in; I opened a window—just a mite; clean, fresh air from Lake Erie blew in to flutter a crisp white curtain. Across the way, against a clear, blue sky a large, white poster displaying a bright, red lobster stated, "Maine Lobsters Flown In Fresh Daily."

George picked up the telephone to ask for room-service. "Good morning," said a cheery voice, "the weather forecast for today is 'Clear and sunny—temperature rising.'" George purred. "This is the kind of hotel I like," he looked for a place to sit, "clean, sunny rooms and cheerful operators," spotted a soft, comfy-looking chair, collapsed three feet higher than he should have, chinned himself on the way down, knocked out three vertebrae, almost broke his neck and that's why George simply detests the type of furniture George simply detests.

By nightfall the lobby was seething. Suburbanites determined on combining Christmas shopping, the championship game and a terrific week-end, had finished their Christmas

shopping, now they were concentrating on the championship game and a terrific week-end.

Blue smoke softened the edges of the colored lights glowing with such brilliance on the white Christmas tree. We forced our way into the crowd. "We'll never get through," I yelled.

"Whatta' you mean 'never get through?'" Since George's first glimpse of me on the screen he has refused to accept the fact that I am made up of more than two dimensions. He turned me sideways, called the old familiar "Griffith runs interference for Marshall" play and shoved me forward.

At the Terrace Room the rope was holding back a large group of optimistic souls. The captain saw us and waved us through. Tables were placed so close together hosts couldn't tell where their tables began and the next person's left off. They were experiencing the same trouble with guests.

Waiting at our table were six sportswriters, three perfectly normal people and George Dixon—my Dream Prince—but I'll say no more. That's another book.

Our guests were staring glassy-eyed at the menus—the way guests usually stare at menus when they are printed in French. George took one look and asked me what I'd like. "I'd love half a broiled lobster, souffle potatoes and a mixed green salad."

"Half a broiled lobster? Here in the middle of Ohio?"

"Yes, they're flown in from Maine."

"Don't be silly, the last lobster that came from Maine came across in a covered wagon."

"Oh, no, you're wrong," I said in a very positive way, "they're flown in fresh daily."

"You're entirely crazy!"

"Pardon me, sir, but madam isn't *entirely* crazy," the captain corrected, "the lobsters are flown in fresh daily."

"Well, that's just fine, then we'll all have lobsters."

"Twelve lobsters?" the captain asked with raised eyebrows.

"We're three shrimp," stated one of the three perfectly normal people.

"Nine lobsters and three shrimp at this table—" the captain was addressing the waiter.

"That's very clever of Corinne," George Marshall said to George Dixon, "How would she know a thing like that?" I gave George (Marshall that is, not Dixon) a condescending smile. I felt very superior.

An odd character, named Dick McCann, actually addressed a whole remark to me, "Do you like football?" he yelled above the noise.

What an amazing question! Hadn't I promised on that lazy, creamy-colored June afternoon in the little town of Armonk, New York, to love, honor and obey pro-football? Wasn't that what the minister was mumbling when George shook me and told me to say, "I do?" I started to tell this to Mr. McCann but for one very good reason I didn't. From the expression of his back he seemed to have picked that particular moment in which to dismiss the fact that I had even been born.

At midnight when I had stood the noise as long as I could, the clatter of dishes, the loud music, the singing of "Hail to the Redskins," when I finally felt as though my eyebrows had been sewn together, I nodded to George and rose. He couldn't of course, understand why I was leaving so early, but was perfectly willing to go. I insisted he stay. At the elevator he left me.

I squeezed in sideways. The door wedged itself shut. The elevator girl backed me into the arms of a perfectly strange man, my chin rested on the broad chest of another. We started up. Far away, the faint strains of the stubborn dance band insisted, "Saturday Night Is the Loneliest Night in the Week."

The jangling of a telephone bell scattered my dreams in every direction. I came out from under blankets, comforters, fur coats and zipper-rugs.

"Good morning," said a cheery voice. "It's nine o'clock.

The weather forecast for today is 'Clear and sunny'—the temperature is Zero."

"That's nice," I thought as I started to snuggle down again under blankets, comforters, fur coats and zipper-rugs. "Clear and sun—Zero—did she say *ZERO*?"

"Well, are you going to sleep all day?" George barged into the room, "How any human being can exist, much less sleep, in an ice-box like this is beyond me." He slammed both windows shut and turned on the heat. It spit at him; he jumped; then became very brave as it settled down to a low steady whistle.

"You're dressed very early this morning."

"Well, I don't want to be late for the game. By the time we eat . . ."

"While you read the papers." I got that dig in.

"I've already read them. They all carry the story of Baugh's injury."

"That's too bad." I started the water in my tub.

"Surely you're not going to take a hot bath *this* morning. It's very bad for your pores—or something," George explained.

"Well, I'm certainly not going to take a *cold* one. I figure that if I take a hot bath now my children and my children's children and their children's children will always be able to say that at least once during the day of December 17, 1945, I was warm. Zero! Do you know that it's actually Zero?"

Around noon the three perfectly normal people arrived; they had mufflers tied over their heads and under their chins, all the clothes they owned and two of Statler's Hotel's Inc. most beautiful blankets around their middles. On top of all that they had a wonderful idea: we were to stuff newspapers inside our clothes. George was all newspapered up when I reached the sitting room. Two sections of the morning paper had been left for me—the front page and the funnies.

"But I don't like funnies, they're never funny."

"You're not going to read them, you're going to wear

them," said one of the three perfectly normal people. "Put the funnies over your chest."

"And here's the front page for your back, it's got Truman on it," George added.

"What's he been doing to get on the front page?" I asked, thinking the remark a humorous one, but apparently I was alone in that opinion.

George stuffed Truman down my back, at least that was a change—he'd been cramming him down my throat long enough. So with Truman down my back, Dick Tracy and B. O. Plenty on my chest we started for the game.

In the hall, opposite the elevator was a full length mirror; what I saw there was unbelievable. At the top of me, sticking out of a jersey helmet was half of a mouth, a nose and two eyes that didn't match—one had an eyebrow, the other hadn't. At the other end, my feet appeared abnormally small, while my knees looked as if they had been sprung.

As I stared at this barrel-like phenomenon, I couldn't help but recall an argument I once heard. "Always remember," my dear father was addressing my dear mother, "Corinne is the last of a long line of gentle nobility—the *flower* of the land," he stated emphatically, emphasizing the word flower.

"She's the last of a long line of seedy nobility, gone to *pot*," Mama stated just as emphatically, emphasizing the word pot.

As I gazed in the full length mirror I disagreed with both statements. There was nothing about my gentility to indicate I had ever been a flower; neither did it appear I had gone to pot. I had gone completely to barrel—nothing less.

Cleveland's Municipal Stadium is located on the edge of Lake Erie. One end of the large stadium, the end facing the lake, is open, purposely so, to allow cool breezes easy access on hot summer nights such as August 7, 1945, when the Redskins played the Rams in a pre-season game. The thermometer registered 100 degrees. On December 17, the same Year of Our

Lord 1945, the thermometer registered 2 degrees below ZERO.

33,000 of the 40,000 ticket-holding fans braved the sub-zero weather wearing fur caps, ear muffs, parkas lined with sheepskin, corduroy pants and heavy boots.

Tiny white crystals swirled to a sudden stop in the tunnel beneath the stadium where we waited for George.

Three brave souls, so red of face I thought three Maine lobsters had flown in on their own, blustered through the main entrance dragging a blanket behind them. Brave Soul No. 1 rescued a bottle from his hip pocket, fondled it a moment, then with all the protocol of a polished diplomat, bowed and passed it to his companions. Brave Soul No. 2 took a large gulp, passed it to Brave Soul No. 3 who did likewise. "'Ray for Rams," they yell weakly. "'Ray for Waterfield!" corrected the bottle's very own owner.

They spread the blanket on the ground among cigarette butts, fragments of hot dogs and dead lily-cups. All three crawled onto it. From somewhere was produced, for Heaven's sake, a radio. They had decided to listen to the game there in the tunnel where it was warm and cozy, they said.

George joined us and we climbed the covered ramps to our box.

Icy gusts of wind, left-overs from the recent blizzard, swept fine bits of frozen snow high in the air and held them there to diffuse an already pale, winter sun. Other stray blasts, roaring through the stadium, blew in resentful spasms against the early arrivals.

A freezing wind stabbed at us. I didn't think I could stand it. One of the three perfectly normal people handed me a program, I was told to wear it across my chest—it would help. So down went a complete roster of Rams and Redskins to join Dick Tracy, B. O. Plenty and Little Orphan Annie, who couldn't feel very much like an orphan by then—not with that large crowd gathering on my chest.

Both teams were on the field practicing. Baugh was in uni-

form, that was encouraging. Piled high at the open end of the stadium and in low rows all around the field were bales of straw just removed from the field where they had been placed to prevent the ground freezing. Hundreds of bales of straw, \$7,000.00 worth to be exact—and that ain't hay.



Players huddle along the sideline, their feet covered with some of the \$7,000 worth of straw that was spread on Cleveland's Municipal Stadium to keep snow off the playing field during the "Arctic Bowl" game—the 1945 World Championship fray between the Redskins and Rams. (*Press Association Photo*)

Across a small aisle from us sat Clark Shaughnessy. In a futile attempt at keeping warm he had on, I am sure, everything he possessed. He looked like Mr. Five-by-five swollen to a good six-and-a-half by six-and-a-half. As a finishing touch he wore a muffler over his head, tied under his chin. His hat, now a size or two too small because of the additional thickness of the muffler, stood up in complete surprise. I am glad Mrs. Shaughnessy wasn't there. There are some things even a wife shouldn't know.

With Shaughnessy were three assistant coaches all with telephones all bound in an absolute maze of telephone wires,

made so by the constant switching of telephones as word came up from the bench and orders were sent down to the bench.

In the box on our right were four bundles with four pairs of eyes, four noses and four upper-lips. Two of the bundles had masculine voices, two sounded feminine. "Look at him," yelled one of the feminine bundles and pointed to a drunk falling off the topmost bale of straw. A policeman ran to his rescue, but the drunk didn't want to be rescued, he wanted to argue and emphasized his argument by punching the policeman in the nose. More policemen started running. Two fuzzy minded individuals, bent on entering the fray, fell over the box rail, and finding they were unable to advance any farther on legs of rubber, started their own fight lying there in the snow. Policeman started running in their direction.

"Do they always drink like this in Cleveland?" I said out loud. "Only when it's 2 below," answered one of the feminine bundles accommodatingly.

The teams left the field. The trumpeters of the Redskin band marched on at the open end of the stadium, holding their trumpets with one hand and their feather head-dresses with the other. At the goal-posts they halted, resting their trumpets on their hips. Burgundy flags with Redskins painted in gold flew from the instruments.

The leader gave a command. With a flare they threw their trumpets to the right, then to the left, then to their lips. The leader blew his whistle. Out came a few pitiful squeaks. The trumpeters looked at each other, not in perfect precision, but in complete astonishment. The trumpets were frozen. The trumpeters marched down the field as the main part of the band made their entrance.

The wind played havoc with the white Indian head-dresses, the white trousers looked yellow against the white snow and I began to feel a vague misgiving deep down in the bottom of my heart, or rather deep down among the list of Rams, Redskins, Dick Tracy, et al.

The first line of bandsmen paused at the goal-posts, waited

for the full assembly, then followed the trumpeters down the field. As always the band marched beautifully. A few unfrozen instruments actually produced "Hail to the Redskins" then swung into "Dixie." George stood.

On an icy patch midway down the field the feet of one of the bandsmen slipped out from under him. The band marched on. The bandsman got up, something was dripping from his hip pocket. I thought of the old gag, "I hope it's blood," but it wasn't. It was a quart of "Old Southern Comfort."

"There's nothing like southern hospitality," George stated, bravely and sat down.

The game was a freak one from beginning to end. Within nine minutes of the start Sammy Baugh, "who can thread a needle with a pass, so they say"—started it. He threw a pass from the end zone, a play he has completed dozens of times, hit the goal-post and the ball bounced back, an automatic safety, scoring two points for the Rams. Washington soon took the lead with a touchdown and a point-after. Baugh, obviously in pain, retired to the bench. The score was 7 to 2 in favor of the Redskins. Waterfield shrugged this off and threw a touchdown pass 38 yards to Jim Benton. The score—Redskins 7, Rams 8. Waterfield tried for the extra point. The ball hit the crossbar. Once in a lifetime will it roll over to the scoring side, but the ball did just that, giving the Rams one more point—the richest one point the Rams will ever see. The score 9 to 7 in favor of the Rams.

In the second half Waterfield passed 44 yards to a touchdown. Baugh, with the greatest passing record of all time, watched from the bench. He had completed two passes in the first half, one for seven yards and one for one yard. Waterfield missed the point-after. The score was 15 to 7 in favor of the Rams.

Twelve minutes later the Redskins scored another touchdown and point-after making the score Rams 15, Redskins 14. The Redskins stopped the Rams' last scoring chance, then

with desperate effort rallied to the Rams' 24-yard line. The Rams' line held.

On fourth down with 4 to go the Redskins lined up for a field-goal. Baugh walked painfully to the center of the field. The team dug in. Baugh and Aguirre held back. A monotonous cadence of drums pleaded, "Block that kick! Block that kick!" The noisy crowd stomped at the cold, cheered and booed.

Baugh kneeling on the hard earth, searched in vain for an ice-free patch of earth on which to place the ball, scraped up a handful of freshly-fallen snow-white crystals, and scattered them over the ground.

The wind skidded to an abrupt stop—sighed and died. The monotonous cadence of drums ceased. A feeling, tight and tense, caught the spectators and silenced them. Every eye focused on one lone figure crouching over the ball there on the 31-yard line. Baugh blew a thin wisp of warm vapor on his fingers, wiped them nervously across his jersey, picked up the ball, placed it end up on the soft, white snow, then tipped it backward at an exact, perfect angle.

Tiny particles of snow, abandoned by an unpredictable wind, began to sift earthward. Aguirre moved forward; the thudding sound of leather smashing against leather filtered through the powdery, white stillness. The ball rose high in the air, then headed hard and true toward the goal-posts and three winning points.

An icy wind, sweeping through the open end of the stadium, raced toward the goal-posts, reached them just as the ball spiralled in between, caught it in its icy breath—and held it. The ball shivered, dropped, just a little, still well within the uprights and a World's Championship, then drifted to the left. The ball staggered—the impetus behind it was dying. The wind gave one last hard shove, drove the ball far to the left, six inches wide of the goal-post, and slapped it hard to the ice-coated ground below. Then, like an evil spirit bent on some ghoulish mission, the wind swept the full length of the

field, screamed with delight at its freakish prank, leaped the grandstand and scuttled away, leaving in its wake a dizzy backwash of whirling snowflakes. The score stood 15 to 14 in favor of Cleveland.

One minute later, the Cleveland Rams became the National Professional Football Champions of 1945.



Ki Aldrich makes a futile dive and Dick Todd pursues in vain as Jim Gillette (24) skates across icy Municipal Stadium field at Cleveland for the Rams' winning touchdown in their 15-14 victory over the Redskins for the World Championship, December 16, 1945. (Press Association Photo)

The train left for Washington immediately after the game carrying with it sportswriters, fans, the band, and some of the team; the remaining players were scattering in all directions, homeward bound for Xmas. We were going to California. Our train was to leave at 1 A.M.



Joe Aguirre (19) misses a 29-yard field goal try in the final minute of the 1945 World Championship game. (*Press Association Photo*)

Just after midnight we followed our bags into an empty elevator. George had an early edition of a morning paper. "Read that," he said. Sportswriter Harry Sheer, writing in retrospect of the Washington-Cleveland game said, "Waterfield . . . signed a three-year contract with owner Dan Reeves an hour before the game. He signed in spite of a week-long attempt by the all-American conference to swing him over to its Cleveland entry—the Browns.

"In fact the Browns created a furore in the Rams' camp by phoning each player Saturday the day before the Championship game."

"Is that cricket?" I asked.

"No, and it isn't football either," George replied.

The deserted lobby held five people, two seated in leather chairs, another leaning over the desk talking quietly to the night clerk and a cleaner at the other end, sweeping. Faint overhead lights picked out the now dark Christmas tree standing like a gray ghost. Beneath it, in neat piles, were brushed broken fragments of vari-colored Christmas tree decorations.

“Whose lights have fled,

Whose garlands dead . . .” I thought.

I waited at the main entrance while George checked out.

The voice of the man talking to the night clerk boomed out. “How are you?” he asked.

“Not so good,” George replied brusquely, walking away. Each of his individual footsteps sounded in the empty lobby.

“Why don’t you say you feel fine?” I suggested as he joined me. “You don’t want anyone to think you are a bad loser.”

“When I lose a World’s Championship I don’t feel so good, no matter what anyone thinks.”

“Who spoke to you, his voice sounded familiar.”

“Flaherty.”

“Flaherty? Which Flaherty?”

“Ray Flaherty. The Redskins’ old coach.”

“Really? What’s he doing here?”

“Trying to get some of the Redskins to jump to the other league, they tell me.”

“I can’t believe it.”

“Bags are all in, sir, and the taxi waiting,” the bellboy announced cheerfully. George tipped him, the revolving door spun.

Outside, the street lay pale and quiet, a long, white ghost deserted except for one dilapidated looking taxi—waiting in silence. There was no wind, no sound, just quiet—the kind of quiet one can almost hear, broken only by the small murmur of heavy snowflakes drifting to the ground.

George helped me into the taxi, then stepped in.

A lone figure carrying a small traveling bag stepped through

the revolving door into the snowy night. "Merry Christmas to yo'all." The southern drawl sounded familiar.

"And a Merry Christmas to you, too," George answered warmly.

The slim figure of Sammy Baugh stepped to the open door of the taxi. "I'm sorry about this afternoon," he said.

I could see George didn't know what to say. "If you're never beaten worse than one point with every break against you, as it was this afternoon, son, I'm satisfied." He quickly changed the subject. "Is it true that a certain half-back wants to jump the Redskins for the other league?"

"Ah shucks, I don't think so," said Sammy "--and if he does what's the difference?" Sammy stopped to think, "I kinda figure it this way, Mr. Marshall, if a football player wants to jump the Redskins--that's just the kind of football player the Redskins don't want."

"And there you have the spirit of the Redskins," I thought as I sat back in the shadow of the taxi. The spirit of good sportsmanship, real leadership and loyalty. The spirit of Baugh, the spirit of the Redskins. The same thing--so closely knit are they. The spirit that urged men on to play their hearts out, there on Fenway Field when no one cared whether they won or lost; the spirit that inspired a young lieutenant's small squad to march a little more courageously as they sang "Hail to the Redskins" there at Guadalcanal. The spirit that lived on in the simple inscription "Redskin Squadron" painted in bright red letters on the bruised side of a big bomber crashed there on the edge of England.

"May I wish you a Merry Christmas too?" I asked Sam.

"Yes Ma'am, thank you."

"--and a Happy New Year? 1946 is just around the corner, you know. A shining new year and a shining new football season. Good luck, Sam."

"A Happy New Year, Sam." George slammed the door. The taxi started.

"Thanks a lot, and a Happy New Year to yo'all," Sam called. Our taxi crept down the narrow, white street.

Thick, white snowflakes, chasing each other to the ground, gathered together, quietly, to descend like a great white curtain and blot out the slim silhouette of Sammy Baugh. We turned to the right.

"1946 is just around the corner," I reminded George. "A shining New Year and a shining new football season. May I wish you a Happy New Year?"

George held my hand very tight. "You know, there are times," he said, "when I think you are the most wonderful squaw a Redskin ever had. Happy New Year, darling."

1946

FOR THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE, 1946 WAS A YEAR crowded with events, momentous in proportion. There was the wholesale release of service men and their return to pro-football, lifting the quality of football and the gate receipts to an all time high; the termination of Elmer Layden's five-year contract; the unanimous approval of Bert Bell as Commissioner of the National Football League; the decision of the Cleveland Rams to move their World's Championship team to Los Angeles, California; the futile attempt of Arch Ward's All-American Conference to wreck the National League by raiding their players and coaches; the sale of George's laundry—"I couldn't get my shirts back," he explained; the photo-finish of the Eastern Division Championship; the John L. Lewis coal strike; the attempt by crooked gamblers to throw the World's Championship game—and Curly Lambeau's marriage.

Love came to Curly Lambeau, coach of the Green Bay Packers, in the late summer of 1945. He met and married Grace Garland, kept the marriage secret for the first half of the 1945 football season, received congratulations for the entire second half, went through Christmas in a dream, greeted the New Year of 1946 with the happiest outlook he had ever had and around the middle of February brought Grace to our house to dine.

Our house in Beverly Hills, started out in life a typical "California Spanish" one; became overgrown with drowsy olive trees, wild jasmine and wisteria that grew until it reached the second floor, then grew until it reached the tile roof, found nothing to cling to, got tired of it all and spread out for a long, long rest.

I bought the house in 1944; engaged a "wrecking crew" and said, "I want to clean up this place." There were 39 trees to be removed, bushes to be thinned out and a tangled maze of overgrown weeds to be rooted up. "You picked the right crew, lady, when you picked us," the foreman informed me. "The last job we done was over there in Bel-Air," he pointed with his thumb. "The man said, 'clean 'er up, boys,' and when he turned around again he had a vacant lot!"

I didn't want a vacant lot and explained so. I wanted to keep the family orchard, the olive trees and the wisteria. I wanted to keep the house, also, but I had all the wrought iron removed, replaced the cement posts with soft looking wooden beams, painted the outside of the house a pale gray, the inside a severe white and moved in my New Mexican ranch house furniture. The old house was entering its second childhood.

Our dining-room is cute and crude and peasanty, with a corner fireplace just large enough to hold logs 12 inches long. The dining table is off-center. "Couldn't we have the table in the middle of the room?" asked George.

"It wouldn't be authentic," I explained.

"Maybe not, but it would be more comfortable."

Following the New Mexican custom, the dining-room is lighted entirely by candles. A small fire burned brightly against a rainy night that night the Lambeaus came to dine. In the soft glow conversation flowed easily; George opened a bottle of wine; the three of them drank to the happiness of the Lambeaus and I served Stella's hot mince pie! There's



"Our dining room is cute and crude and peasanty...." An interior view of Corinne Griffith's Beverly Hills home. (Maynard L. Parker Photo)

just nothing like Stella's hot mince pie on a cold winter's night when the men are lukewarm!

I suggested coffee in the living-room. Grace went upstairs to brush up. I went to the living-room where the maid had a huge brown pot of steaming coffee, large brown and white Mexican cups (no demitasse for us) and a wooden bowl piled high with walnuts, hot roasted in their shells, waiting to fortify us against the storm outside. Bowls of Mexican pottery held enormous purple flowers against a background of severe white walls. The little fire roared and crackled like a song.

Curly entered alone, George had gone on to his room to get some football data. Curly Lambeau is six feet tall, weighs 200 perfectly proportioned pounds—no bulges, if you know what I mean—is one of the kindest men I have ever known, though one of the toughest when necessary; has blue-gray eyes, derives his nickname from a heavy head of dark wavy hair and is (to use Ki Aldrich's vernacular) "a pretty thing."

"Do have some coffee," I suggested as Curly crossed the room. "Thank you. And what a wonderful night." Curly took his cup to sit on the couch opposite the fire. "It's nice of you to have Grace and me. What do you think of her?"

Nothing describes Grace so much as a slim, tall, cool jonquil. "I think she's lovely," I replied.

Curly was gazing into the fire when he said, "Corinne, I think I'm the happiest man in the world." I didn't answer, it was one of those tiny, tight moments in which one must be very still. He was talking half to himself, half to me. "You know this football world is a man's world. It's fierce, exciting, blood and thunder; it's men, men, men all day, day in and day out . . . but days have a habit of getting over with and it's pretty lonesome coming home alone night after night. Oh, I don't mean I haven't friends, wonderful ones, but you're still alone—you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know. I've had some of those nights *since* George and I have been married. Don't let Grace have too many of them."

"I won't. I wouldn't do anything on earth to spoil this." Then he repeated, "I think I'm the happiest man in the world." The conversation died away. The little fire roared on. Outside, on the stone terrace, the rain fell gayly, like a great splattering curtain to shut the world out, leaving just Curly, Curly's happiness and me.

From across the hall the sound of quick footsteps, tripping down the stairs, arrested Curly's attention. He looked toward the open doorway, his eyes still held the dreamy look they wore when he had repeated, "I think I'm the happiest man in the world." He crossed the room to ask very gently, "Who's gorgeous footsteps do I hear?"

"Are you out of your mind?" George snapped back at him as he stomped across the hall. "What's happened to the great Green Bay coach? Has he gone soft?" Then, rubbing his hands in good humor, suggested, "Now, Curly, let's get down to business."

He pulled two small, hard, straightback chairs over to the window against which a cold, hard rain was driving, sat down and looked at Curly. There was a slight squint to the corners of his eyes. Curly sat down to face George, the dreamy look had disappeared, there was a slight squint to the corners of his eyes, also. "Who've you got good enough to trade for Cece Hare?" George asked as they began to exchange squint for squint. The big deal was on.

"Do come in," I said. Grace was standing in the doorway. She had powdered her nose, she had rouged her lips and she had fluffed her hair. She stood there very lovely and very unnoticed. "Sit down here by me, the fire is nice and cozy." Then as I poured her coffee, I asked the obvious question, the one she had answered a hundred times since marrying Curly Lambeau, the one she had been dreading all evening, "Tell me, Grace, how do you think you will like Green Bay?"

Early spring, it seems, is the open season on football players. The All-American Conference began its boastful raid

on the National League. Bob Seymour, Joe Aguirre, Lou Rymkus and Wee Willie Wilkin, Redskin players, jumped to the All-American Conference. The latter part of February, the Redskins' coach, Dudley DeGroot, asked for and was given, almost quicker than immediately, his release to join the All-American Los Angeles Dons. In March the Redskins announced the choice of Turk Edwards as their head coach. Nice, big, loyal, Turk, 15 years with the Redskins. He had always been nice and loyal, but he hadn't always been as big; the longer he stayed with the Redskins the more he expanded. Most people think Turk's big body is full of flesh and bones, but they're wrong; his body has to be that big to carry around all that loyalty. "George Halas has the right system," George Marshall stated, "all his coaches come from the ranks of the Bears' football team. Not a bad idea," and he made Wayne Millner assistant coach to Turk Edwards.

The Chicago *Tribune*'s Arch Ward persuaded Lee Artoe, former Chicago Bear, to jump to the All-American Conference. He also tried to persuade Sid Luckman to jump the Bears for the All-American Conference, but Mr. Luckman, besides being one of the greatest football players of all time, possesses other qualities, one of them is loyalty. He stayed with the Bears. Then Lee Artoe tried to persuade Wilbur Moore to jump the Redskins for the All-American Conference. He sent a "persuader" in the form of a check for \$2,500.00. "I kept it a few days then sent it back," Wilbur told Turk Edwards and Ki Aldrich.

"A check for 2500 whole, round dollars?" Ki gasped.

"Round and oblong," corrected Wilbur.

"A pretty thing," said Ki. "But why did you keep it even a few days?"

"For that very reason," answered Wilbur. "It was 'a pretty thing'!" Some day Wilbur and Ki will expand just like Turk, from sheer loyalty to the Redskins.

Joe Williams of the New York *Mirror* quoted George Marshall on the All-American Conference. "They'll surely start.



Turk Edwards looms large over Cynthia Griffith, one of Corinne's two daughters. Cynthia's arms are full of Demi-tasse Griffith, the French poodle who rules the Griffith-Marshall domicile. The picture was taken during training at San Diego in 1943.

They must start. They've gone too far not to start. How long they'll last is something else. I suppose there is room for two leagues. Maybe three or four. After all, this is a big country. There never will be a dearth of players. But there might be a time when there will be a dearth of customers."

The National League was busy too. George left the house one fine morning in May, called over his shoulder, in that exasperating way that leaves no chance for an answer, "I'll be back around five. If a kid named John Jaffurs calls hang on to him, no matter what happens, don't let him get away," and disappeared.

John Jaffurs played football at Penn State, joined the Army in 1942 and was shipped to Europe in 1944. On December 14, 1944, a dying nation began its last desperate effort, fought in Belgium's snow—the Battle of the Bulge.

The Germans came without warning, in the dark dawn of a wintry day. They came over hills; they came by roads, the same roads they traveled in 1914 and 1940. They came by armored car, tank and parachute; they ripped through a lonely snow-covered ridge, the Schnee Eiffel, like a storm of steel. Our boys were wounded there and our boys died there, under a soft covering of falling snowflakes. That was where they found John Jaffurs, fallen, stemming the tide of Hitler's mechanized army, led by his prize S. S. troopers. The same tide that had swept away our own Eddie Kahn.

Around two o'clock the telephone rang. "May I speak to Mr. Marshall?" a soft voice asked.

"He isn't in. May I ask who is calling?"

"John Jaffurs. He wired me to telephone him."

"Yes, I know, he's very anxious to talk to you. Can you call again after five?"

"I'd be glad to, but I don't think I'll be here. My buddy and I are down from Camp Roberts on leave, but we can't get a room. We'll have to go back tonight."

"Oh, don't do that. If you can't get a room I'm sure Mr.

Marshall will be able to get one for you. He's very influential, he knows just everyone in Beverly Hills."

"That would be wonderful. We want to hear Bing Crosby at six, then we'll call again."

George came home after five. "Did that kid Jaffurs call?"

"Yes, he's in town with his buddy. They were going back to camp, they couldn't find a room."

"Holy Cow...."

"I told him not to worry, you would find one for them."

"Me? Where on earth would I find a room?"

"I told him you knew just everyone in Beverly Hills, that you were very influential."

"Why did you tell him that?"

"Well, you told me not to let him get away, didn't you?"

"Yes, I know, but with whom have I enough influence in Beverly Hills to get a room?"

"If the worst comes to the worst, you might have a little influence with me."

"You?"

"Yes, and I have a nice double bedroom with twin beds and bath."

"Where?"

"Right here. Pamela is away at school, if you'd stop long enough to remember. The only ones occupying her room at the moment are her two baby dolls."

"That's wonderful, but I don't know anything about this boy."

"If he's anything like his voice he's all right," I assured George.

Around ten o'clock that night, two boys in khaki uniforms arrived. One wore a straight neat vari-colored ribbon band on his chest—overseas service. They chatted for a moment, were thrilled by Bing Crosby, thanked me for taking them in and followed George upstairs to Pamela's room.

When George returned he said, "I moved those two dolls off Pamela's bed and put them in a chair. Gosh, but they're

big ones. Look exactly like real babies. I tucked their blanket around them, hope I didn't rumple them."

"I'm sure you didn't. I'm sure you looked very sweet tucking two baby dolls into a baby blue blanket. It's too bad Tim Mara and Art Rooney couldn't have seen you."

The next morning I appeared just long enough to see that the boys had a big whopping breakfast. George had that "talk terms" gleam in his eye. "I hope you both slept well," I said and started to leave.

"I rested beautifully, but I didn't sleep so well," John Jaffurs replied.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Weren't you comfortable?"

"That was the softest bed I've ever been in, but that moonlight shining through the wisteria threw funny shadows on those dolls. I didn't close my eyes all night."

"Because of two dolls?"

"Yes, ma'am. I know it sounds foolish, but every time I turned over, there they were, staring at me." As he spoke he leaned forward. A splash of sunlight struck the varicolored band of his overseas ribbon. "I've been through a lot," he admitted, "but I never had an experience like that." He thought a moment. "They've got the biggest eyes I ever saw. You should have seen the way they kept staring at me."

John Jaffurs signed with the Redskins, as did Jim Peebles, John Lookabaugh, John Steber, Bill Ward, Eddie Saenz, Clyde Ehrhardt, Don Avery, Paul Stenn, Al Couppee, Jacque Jenkins, Jack Jacobs and Jim Youel—13 rookies in all.

On August 24, Tony Atchison of the *Washington Star* said, "George Marshall can warble 'You Belong to Me' whenever he lamps Jim Youel from now on because the one time Iowa ace is returning to the Redskins in a deal sending guard Al Fiorentino to the Cleveland Rams."

"It'll be nice having you with us, Jim," George said very calmly, demonstrating complete self-control. "It'll be nice to be with you," replied Jim Youel, cool as a cucumber.

"Playing on the same team as Sammy Baugh is a great privilege. I admire him more than any football player I know."

Occidental College lay snoozing in the warm California sun on the sloping side of a sleepy hill just outside Pasadena when the middle of August rolled around. Suddenly, without warning, football players from all parts of the United States began to arrive. Coaches with blackboards and charts; men with football equipment, dummies and sleds; trainers with rub-down tables, cotton and liniment. Occidental College rubbed its eyes and woke to a hum of activity never experienced before. Sportswriters, scouts, football experts, know-it-alls, children and dogs were swarming like bees. The Redskins' 1946 training season had begun.

At a series of T parties, rough ones, the Redskins' 13 rookies were introduced to the "old men": Sal Rosato, Al Demao, Steve Bagarus, John Koniszewski, Dick Poillon, Jim Gaffney, John Kovatch, Ed Cifers, Bill Young, Clem Stralka, Bob DeFruiter, Ted Lapka, Frank Akins, Doug Turley, John Adams, Ki Aldrich, Wilbur Moore, Dick Todd and Sammy Baugh. By the way, Occidental College is Bill Henry's Alma Mater; he was swarming too, as were Paul Zimmerman, Dick Hyland and Braven Dyer, all of the Los Angeles *Times*, who swarmed and buzzed until they talked the committee of the Los Angeles Coliseum, U.C.L.A. and U.S.C. into allowing two professional teams, the Washington Redskins and the brand new Los Angeles Rams, to play a game in the Los Angeles Coliseum for the Los Angeles *Times* Charities. It was the first major league, pro-football game ever played there. Unless you count that prehistoric venture of George Halas' and his Chicago Bears way back when his team consisted of 10 dinosaurs and one Red Grange. They played in what was then Exposition Park; they played against 11 other dinosaurs or middle-aged men. It was a contest of the middle ages—so they say.

The Redskins started their pre-season games for 1946 at San Diego. Then their "return engagement" in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum with the Los Angeles Rams, who had beaten them for the World's Championship by the slim margin of 1 point—15 to 14. The Rams won the "return engagement" by an enlarged margin of 2 points, proving what California sunshine will do. The final score was 16 to 14 after our field-goal from the 28-yard line refused to go between the goal posts. It was very embarrassing, because of the sensational field-goal just kicked by Bob DeLaur of the Rams for 43 yards.

That field-goal plus Bob Waterfield's passing and Jim Benton's receiving, plus Sammy Baugh's passing, plus some of the finest football ever seen, started major league pro-football off with a bang in the City of the Angels. It also banged-up a few Redskins, who never were out of the trenches, as far as injuries were concerned, during the entire season of 1946.

In Denver, Colorado, in a pre-season game with Green Bay three more names were added to an already imposing list of injured players. "I don't understand it," Coach Edwards said to Wilbur Moore. "The 4-Fs never broke up like this."

"The 4-Fs never bumped like this," Wilbur explained.

In an exhibition game in Norfolk, Virginia, against the Norfolk Shamrocks, which the Redskins won 56 to 0, two more important Redskins bit the dust. Bill Young and Frank Akins remained "out" for most of the season.

In 1938, George had presented Mr. Roosevelt with a gold pass to the National Football League games. George's close friends began to suspect they would have to be President of the United States to become eligible for a free ticket to a Redskin game. In 1946, George presented President Truman with a gold pass to the National Football League games.



Precedent is set in 1938 as President Roosevelt accepts gold pass to all National League games from George Marshall—the first time in the history of sports, other than baseball, that a president had accepted such a pass. (*Acme Photo*)

It was then that George's close friends realized their suspicions were correct.

In Baltimore, before the Redskins' last pre-season game for 1946, Jim Peebles, John Koniszewski and Clyde Ehrhardt were talking. Jim Peebles, recently discharged from the Army, was carrying some extra weight in his leg—several pieces of shrapnel. "Just keeping it for a souvenir," he said. John Koniszewski had been wounded at Saipan, with the marines. Clyde Ehrhardt had been wounded twice, the last time in



Precedent is maintained in 1946 as President Truman accepts gold pass to all National League games from Bert Bell, National Football League commissioner, as George Marshall looks on. (*Nate Fine Photo*)

Trier, Germany. His citations are the Distinguished Service Cross and the Silver Star. He was holding his burgundy jersey in his hand. On it was a simple white number—31. "To think I'm wearing this—actually wearing it again."

On December 17, 1945, Captain Clyde Ehrhardt lay seriously wounded in an oxygen tent in the 120th General Hospital, England. "He keeps asking for some football game, Redskins—Rams, something, I can't quite understand," a Red Cross nurse told the doctor. "Give him whatever he wants," the doctor answered.

Through a semi-conscious, half-gray, fuzzy dream, Clyde

Ehrhardt listened to a blurred voice on a small radio placed in his oxygen tent. It was the faraway voice of Harry Wismer broadcasting the World's Championship game from Municipal Stadium in Cleveland, Ohio. "I used to play football," Clyde Ehrhardt mumbled slowly, almost indistinctly. "My number was 31," he turned to his nurse, "but I guess my number's up now."

Maybe that was running through his mind as he looked at the burgundy jersey he held in his hand; the one with the simple, white number 31. "And now I'm going to meet the great Chicago Bears socially," he told his teammates. "Come on, boys, let's go."



Clyde Ehrhardt, vigorously sporting the No. 31 he thought he would never wear again, runs Pittsburgh's Bill Dudley to earth.
(Louis Lowery Photo)

One of Washington's more interesting features is the contrast of its old with its new. The charm of Georgetown holds

at bay the onrush of tall, modern buildings. Next to the little, red brick house in which Lincoln died, that night of his assassination, a modern building shoulders its way skyward. The old is taking a terrific shoving around.

Across Lafayette Park, from the White House, stands a little, old, straw-colored church, painted white around its windows, columns and tall steeple—St. John's Episcopal Church, built in 1816, "The Church of the Presidents." Here worshipped Madison, Monroe, John Q. Adams, Jackson, Zachary Taylor, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Fillmore, Buchanan and Arthur. Two blocks north, on the corner of K and 16th Streets and one-half block east of the old Fire Engine Co. No. 1, is Statler's "newest, most modern hotel in the National Capital—air conditioned all year, with individual temperature control in each bedroom. Automobile driveway through the building provides covered lobby entrance." Quite a contrast to the little "Church of the Presidents."

The old brick houses on K Street and Fire Engine Co. No. 1 watched the building of the Statler until it reached its second floor, then settled back on their stone foundations a bit bored. After all, the Statler had no background, no family tree—just a few old potted palms. Suddenly the second-story shades of the old brick houses flew up like raised eyebrows, their front doors gaped wide in open-mouthed shock, the Statler had begun to build *beyond* the second story! It built on and on until it reached the 14th floor! On top of all that Statler Hotels Inc. built the housing for their elevators. Adding insult to injury and another floor to the building. Imagine such insolence!

Knowing nothing of this diabolical feud, we moved into the Statler Hotel on the morning of September 29, the opening day of the 1946 season. We won the game against the Pittsburgh Steelers, 17 to 14, but because Jacque Jenkins' left foot was on the field during Poillon's perfect field-goal, which would have given the Redskins a final score of 17 to 14,

the head-linesman called 12 men on the field, nullifying the 3 points for the field-goal and giving the Redskins a 5-yard penalty. The game ended 14 to 14. I didn't feel any too gay about it, but did the old brick houses on K Street or the old Fire Engine Co. No. 1 care? Not in the slightest. All that night and every night and day thereafter the fire engine and the hook and ladder of old Fire Engine Co. No. 1 would tear out of their front door, turn to the left, scream up K Street, turn left again on 16th Street and roar right under my bed to their destination. The old brick houses on K Street and old Fire Engine Co. No. 1 were avenging themselves on Statler Hotels' "newest, most modern hotel in the National Capital."

Former Secretary of State and Mrs. Byrnes have been Redskin rooters for many years. Before becoming Secretary of State, Mr. Byrnes had never seen the Redskins lose a game in Washington. After becoming Secretary of State he had never seen the Redskins win a game in Washington. He was in Paris at the Paris Conference when the 1946 season opened. After the game George cabled him, "Redskins tied in opening game what do we do now George Redskin Marshall." Next day George received the following: "Thanks for your cable will hasten my return James F. Byrnes."

Before Secretary Byrnes arrived from Europe the Redskins won from Detroit 17 to 16 and from New York 24 to 14 in spite of injuries that continued to plague the team. The Secretary of State arrived in New York and came down to Washington to see the Philadelphia Eagles play in Washington. We were ahead 24 to 0 at the half, but in one of those never-to-be-forgotten games, the Eagles came from behind to beat us 28 to 24. That was the day Secretary of State Byrnes decided to resign his Secretaryship. People have been trying to read all sorts of ominous reasons into his resignation, but the Secretary, Mr. Bernard Baruch and I are the only ones who really know the reason. Mr. Byrnes' Secretaryship was jinxing the Redskins. Besides, it was cramping the Secretary's



Former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes worries with Corinne Griffith through a fretful moment on the field. (Saturday Evening Post Photo by Ollie Atkins)

style. The Secretary of State couldn't very well walk around with a police escort yelling Indian whoopees. What would Mr. Molotov think?

In 1947 The Honorable James F. Byrnes will be right there with the rest of us indulging in all the idiosyncrasies of a Redskin fan. He will be woo, woo, wooing to his heart's content—to say nothing of what Mrs. Byrnes will be doing.

In Pittsburgh the Steelers won 14 to 7. Coach Edwards began to shift his players. Left halfbacks played right half-back; right halfbacks played fullback; left halfbacks played fullback and the injuries continued to play havoc with the team. At one time eight first string men were out of the line-up. With the boys playing entirely out of position the Redskins barely beat the Boston Yanks in a return game 17 to 14. At Chicago the Redskin rookies became heroes in a near-upset of the great Chicago Bears. We were ahead three times, but two bad plays let the Bears romp off with a 24 to 20 win, virtually clinching the Western Division Championship. The next week, November 24, the Redskins were to meet the Philadelphia Eagles, the 28 to 24 victors, in the Eagles' own home town.

As our train pulled out of the Union Station on its way to Philadelphia, I noticed a sharp character from Washington, D. C., seated just outside our drawing-room. Though I had always known this character as Walter Trohan, he is a character of many aliases. People are constantly calling him names other than Walter Trohan. His wife, Carol, poor little thing, was with him. They were reading the Sunday papers.

Just as I started to close our door, he glanced up and caught my eye; he began to bounce—he's the bouncing type. He is, also, one of the advisory coaches of the Redskins football team, which makes him more obnoxious than normal; Carol, poor little thing, grabbed him, but he bounced right into the drawing-room. "Have you heard the one about the two skeletons in the closet?" he asked.

"No-o-o," said George.

"Well, one skeleton turned to the other and said, 'If we had any guts we wouldn't be in here.'" And there you have a thumbnail sketch of Mr. Walter Trohan.

He seated himself, folded the sports section of the *New York Times*, put it in his pocket, ignoring Carol and me, and began to tell George how to run the football team.

This had been going on for a long and boring time, when a large, nice-looking stranger loomed up in the open doorway. He had a newspaper in his hand. "I beg your pardon," he spoke very rapidly, his face was flushed, "my name is Watson. I saw you reading the *New York Times*."

"Why, yes," Trohan snapped back, squinting through his thick glasses. I hoped there wasn't going to be trouble, but trouble comes so quickly in pro-football. "You were reading the sports section," the stranger said heavily.

"That's right," Trohan said, and rose to face the stranger, "What about it?"

"May I have it?" Slowly Trohan took it from his pocket, held it in his hand and said, "I don't know," then sat down again. The moment was tense.

"The *Washington Star* says," Mr. Watson placed his glasses astride his nose, supported himself against the swaying door-jamb and unfolded his paper—"CAUTIOUS UCLANS SMEAR TROJANS IN MUDDY DUET. By Bob Meyers, Associated Press, November 23.' That's yesterday. 'Capitalizing on two tremendous breaks, U.C.L.A. today won the right to play in the Rose Bowl New Year's Day by defeating Southern California 13 to 6 for its ninth straight victory of the 1946 season.' I'll skip the game, that's unimportant, but just listen: 'What was expected to be a passing performance by UCLAN quarterback Ernie Case, one of the best in college ranks, was tossed out the window by a SQUIRMY field and WET ball!' That's the most libelous statement I've ever read in a newspaper! The *Washington Star* should be sued. I refuse to believe it unless I read it in the *New York Times*."

"Here's the *Times*," Trohan spoke a little more kindly. He seemed to feel sorry for Mr. Watson. "Thank you," Mr. Watson snorted, shook out the paper and said, "Now we'll see. 103,000 SEE U.C.L.A. HALT TROJANS, 13-6. Los Angeles, November 23rd. The sloppiest gridiron in Memorial Coliseum football history was the setting for the Pacific Coast Conference clash today. . . . I can't believe it! Why the sod at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum is the most beautiful sod in the world," I thought Mr. Watson was going to break down. "I've seen that sod with the sun slanting low . . ."

"You sound like you are from California," George broke in.

"I am, sir. Do you wish to make anything of it?"

"So am I," I said quickly, pouring oil on the troubled waters of the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum.

"N-n-n-o!"

"Yes! Beverly Hills."

"I can't believe it. Why we're neighbors. I live in Hollywoodland."

"Hollywoodland! My goodness, you've been having a wonderful real estate boom there for the past year, haven't you?"

"Real estate boom? Why, do you know lots that were selling for only \$50.00 a front foot a year ago are selling now for \$250.00 a front foot? The very same lots."

"No. And the very same feet?"

"Yes." Mr. Watson was beaming. "Come with me. I want you to meet Mrs. Watson."

"Yes," said George very agreeably. "Go and meet Mrs. Watson, then we can get back to football."

I met Mrs. Watson. She was perfectly charming, had the most charming slant on California weather and California real estate. She would have charmed me for hours, but the train pulled right through all the charm into Philadelphia. I said good-by.

The station was pure bedlam. A special train and three special coaches, on our train, had just dumped their rabid Redskin rooters on the unsuspecting city of Philadelphia.

It was 12:30. The game was to start at 2 P.M. "That's good," I said, "we can take our time about eating."

"Eat?" screamed Trohan and turned to George. "What a really dreadful woman you married. The Redskins start playing the Philadelphia Eagles in an hour and a half, I've got butterflies in my stomach and she wants to eat."

"I've got butterflies in my stomach, too," admitted George, "but you'll find Corinne is a very determined woman."

"I'd like something to eat too, if you don't mind." Poor little Carol was speaking. "I had breakfast at 7 this morning."

We got into a taxi. George gave his orders. "Now, driver, we'll drive all the way out Broad Street. I want to prove to Mrs. Marshall that there isn't one place to eat in Philadelphia on Sunday. Then after we've done that we can start for the football game and arrive just in time to be late."

"You can't tell me there isn't a place to eat in Philadelphia on Sunday. It's a large city." But as we drove out Broad Street I became discouraged. On one side of the street were automobiles for sale, on the other side, speedboats, Thanksgiving decorations and antiques but no restaurants. After blocks and blocks of fruitless searching we spotted one. The windows were foggy from so much cold air outside and so much steam inside. The coat-racks groaned under an overload of coats and hats, while the place bulged with Salvation Army lads and lassies. "Let's get out of here," George suggested as he piloted me back through the door which hadn't quite closed from letting us in. "I don't feel like joining the Salvation Army this particular Sunday."

"Don't you say anything against the Salvation Army," I warned. "It's my favorite charitable organization. The finest in the world. Just think of the good they did during two world wars with their doughnuts and . . ."

"There she goes again, always talking about food." It was Trohan.

We were herded back into the taxi, started out Broad Street again and, with a little salt, caught by the tail a Horn

and Hardart restaurant just as it was disappearing around the corner.

I started for a table in the rear. George, of course, wanted one in Horn and Hardart's largest front window where the lonely Sunday afternoon loiterers could watch us eat.

Trohan and George hung up their hats and coats. I turned to see what was behind me. A long table held twelve ladies and gentlemen of the Salvation Army. "You can't help admiring them," I told George as he joined us. "Their hat-bands are the same color as the Redskins, burgundy and gold."

Carol and I ordered steak sandwiches, apple pie with cheese and black coffee. "We've only forty-five minutes before the kick-off," Trohan said looking at his watch. "I think I'll have two soft-boiled eggs and a pot of very weak tea."

"I'll have the same," said George.

Philadelphia's lonely Sunday afternoon loiterers began making quite a crowd of themselves as they stood staring into Horn and Hardart's largest front window. They were not interested in Carol and me as we ate our steak sandwiches, apple pie with cheese and black coffee, but they were completely fascinated by two weak members of the weaker sex. They were drinking their very weak tea sip by sip.

We were forced to abandon our taxi a block from Shibe Park. I was sorry because the old taxi had taken on quite a personality or maybe it was just that I had spent so much of my life in it.

The crowd outside the stadium was terrific. Nearly 37,000 people milled around in the streets and in the stands. Lines half a block long stood in front of windows, begging for space that had been sold out weeks in advance; fans determined to reach their seats before the kick-off pushed and shoved their way through other fans, equally determined, whose seats lay in the opposite direction. Vendors screamed their wares; Indian dolls; grotesque looking green tin eagles; small footballs, painted burgundy and gold and green and

white; red feathers and pennants. Others yelled about the superiority of their hot-dogs, peanuts and programs. George, in a spending mood, bought a program—on the cover was the head of the most dilapidated, sad-looking Indian I had ever seen.

A few minutes before the kick-off, we reached our seats. They were directly behind the Redskins' bench, about six rows up. I was delighted. There is something about hanging from the roof, where everyone else seems to want to see a football game, that gives me such a detached feeling. I like being near the team, if for no other reason than that I might need it to settle some of the arguments I get into.

The Redskins won the toss, they would receive. There was a *feeling* in the air. The team was literally bristling. I glanced down at my program, and there he was—that awful, dilapidated, sad-looking Indian. I turned him face down on my knee to ignore him.

The Redskins reserves stood up as their teammates took their places on the field. Then everyone in the stands stood, the drums of the Eagle's band rolled. The Eagles lined up, the whistle blew, the Eagles started forward in a straight line, kicked off and made their first mistake of the afternoon. They kicked to Steve Bagarus, of all people, who returned it 45 yards to the midfield stripe with Dick Todd as his running mate.

Above the hum and buzz of the Eagle fans, from high up in the stands someone yelled "Woo, woo, woo," and beat his hand against his lips. It was repeated at the opposite side of the field, then picked up in all parts of Shibe Park to be echoed and re-echoed. It was the familiar "Indian love call" of 3,500 Redskin fans. They sounded like 35,000.

Redskins and Eagles ran on the field to replace offensive and defensive players. Sammy Baugh, burgundy jersey number 33, was left sitting on the bench with a bruised side. Burgundy jersey number 30 was quarterbacking the team. Rustling programs told of fans searching for his name.

The Redskins went into a huddle, remained immovable for long seconds, then suddenly broke loose; seven men spread out on the line of scrimmage, the quarterback, number 30, quickly took his place directly behind center; three backs stood in a straight line to form the top of the T. Burgundy jersey number 30 stood very straight, he looked calmly across his line to the Eagles' heavy line digging in; to the Eagles' backs waiting to spring; he turned his head from side to side, looked them squarely in the face trying to figure out their defense, he was as cool as a cucumber. Into the still, cold November afternoon, against the waiting hush of 36,633 spectators, a lone clear voice began to call 1-2-3-, the Redskins' backs swung into place, the Eagles' backs shifted with them, 4-5-, the ball was snapped, the line plunged forward—and a star was born.

"YOUEL PASSES REDSKINS TO 27-10 TRIUMPH.

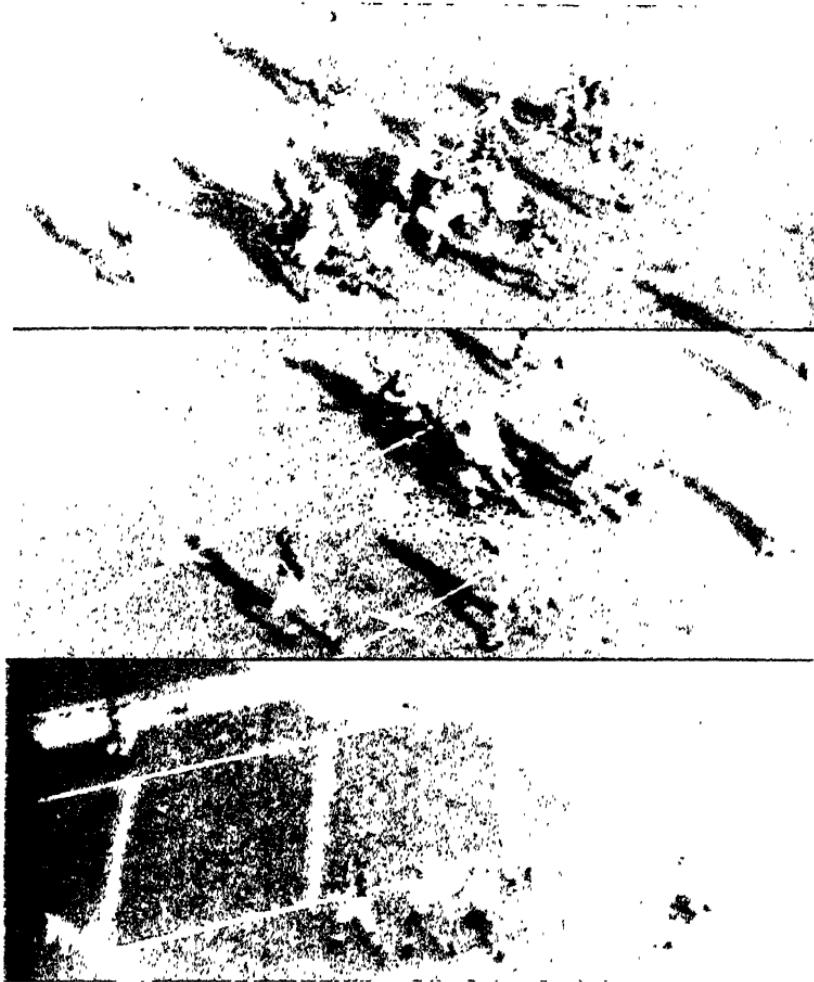
By Al Costello.

"Philadelphia, Nov. 24.—Jim Youel, who has been Sammy Baugh's man Friday all season long, was Washington's big Sunday punch here today as the Redskins thoroughly subdued the Philadelphia Eagles, 27-10, to remain in the thick of things in the mad scramble for the Eastern Division title. A crowd of 36,633 saw the game.

"The goodlooking Youel, late of Iowa and later of the Great Lakes, was a thing of football beauty today. It was he who scored the Redskins' first touchdown on a 36-yard naked reverse to erase a 3-0 Eagle advantage and zoom the Tribe into a lead they never relinquished.

"It was Youel who threw a 23-yard pass to little Eddie Saenz for the Redskins' second touchdown in a play covering 37 yards to account for the score that would have been sufficient.

"And it was Youel who was continually confounding the Eagles' defense with his stellar brand of field generalship that kept the Philadelphians off-balance throughout the fracas as they dropped out of contention for a play-off berth by the pasting.



Snipped from the Redskins' official movies, this sequence shows Jim Youel scoring on his "bootleg" play in the Eagles-Redskins game in Shibe Park, Philadelphia, November 24, 1946. Top: Wilbur Moore has faked a plunge into the middle and is out of sight, snowed under by the pile-up. Dick Poillon (25) is faking a slice off left tackle and Eddie Saenz (99) is faking a cutback through right tackle. Youel, ball tucked under his arm, is setting out around left end, unnoticed. Middle: Too late, the Eagles find they have been fooled, and seven of them pursue Youel. Bottom: Ernie Steele (37), swift-footed Eagle halfback, almost overhauls Youel a few yards from the goal line, but Jim has enough speed left to negotiate the final yardage of a 36-yard touchdown romp. (Eddie Killian

"The victory gave the Redskins their fifth victory against three defeats and a tie, one full game behind the Giants, who virtually eliminated the Pittsburgh Steelers in New York. The Giants' record shows six victories against two defeats and a deadlock.

"But Youel got plenty of assistance. Bob DeFruiter, well once again, was a whale of a pass defense back as the Redskins restricted the league's leading passer, Tommy Thompson, and the ever-dangerous Roy Zimmerman to only 10 completions in 27 attempts, none for touchdowns.

"And Ki Aldrich was something to see...."

Between the halves the Eagles' drum and bugle corps performed in traditional mastery. Two Redskin rooters, carrying a large burgundy colored blanket with Redskins in gold on it, skipped like startled fauns around the gridiron assisted by a Redskin squaw. And 3,500 Redskin fans "woo, woo, wooed" at the top of the stands and the top of their lungs.

The teams came back on the field to begin the second half. The Redskins kicked off to the Eagles; later, the Eagles scored a touchdown and point after, but that was all, brother. The Redskins' line suddenly hardened like cement; the backs were pure perfection; the way John "The Tree" Adams spread he could have covered two village blacksmiths; Poillon had his greatest day; little Eddie Saenz ran like he was stopping Buddy Young on every play and John Jaffurs blocked, tackled and fought as if he were being chased by two baby dolls with the biggest eyes he had ever seen.

Toward the end of the third quarter Thompson and Zimmerman threw caution to the winds and passes all over the place with DeFruiter, Moore and Todd knocking them down as fast as they threw them. Dick Todd finally intercepted one just before the end of the quarter, but he was out of bounds; two football squads piled on top of him. When the debris was cleared away one man wearing a burgundy jersey was lying very still. Doc Bohm, the trainer, rushed from the bench with his little black satchel. Doc Bohm's assistant trainer, Kelly, started looking for his little bag of lemons. Football players

stood around as smelling salts were shoved under the unconscious player's nose; his middle was pulled up and down and dropped with a sickening thud; a blanket was laid over his entire form with the exception of his feet and his face covered with its thickness—just in case he should attempt to breathe again. In other words he was treated as only an unconscious man could be treated. A conscious man would have socked someone in the nose. Doc Bohm's assistant trainer, Kelly, arrived with his little bag of lemons. He has one of the most invidious habits I know. He is constantly rushing up to football players, cramming the open end of half a lemon against their teeth, then squeezing it. Just writing about it sets my teeth on edge. And that is assistant trainer Kelly's whole theory. He firmly believes that a football player with his teeth on edge will fight harder, run faster and score sooner. The only player I have ever known who could stop trainer Kelly in his tracks was Fred Davis of Alabama. The first time Kelly rushed up to Fred to squeeze a lemon against his teeth, Fred Davis simply took out his teeth and handed them to Kelly. If his teeth were going to be on edge, they could be on edge, but they would have to be on edge on the bench. Fred Davis was going to enjoy playing football in spite of assistant trainer Kelly and his invidious habits.

The pile-up had taken place right in front of us, but because the unconscious player's head was our way, it was impossible for me to recognize him. Assistant trainer Kelly squeezed his lemon just as a shot rang out. I thought maybe they were putting the poor thing out of his misery but it was the end of the third quarter. Like a flash everyone left the prostrated form; a man's life meant nothing, a football game was in progress.

Poor thing, he lay there so still and neglected with his feet spread out. Why is it the feet of an unconscious football player always look so detached? They just stick up in spread-eagle fashion, shrugging their shoulders as much as to say, "Who cares? After all, we had nothing to do with it. If the

silly thing wants to lie here like this, it's all right with us, we're going to watch the game!"

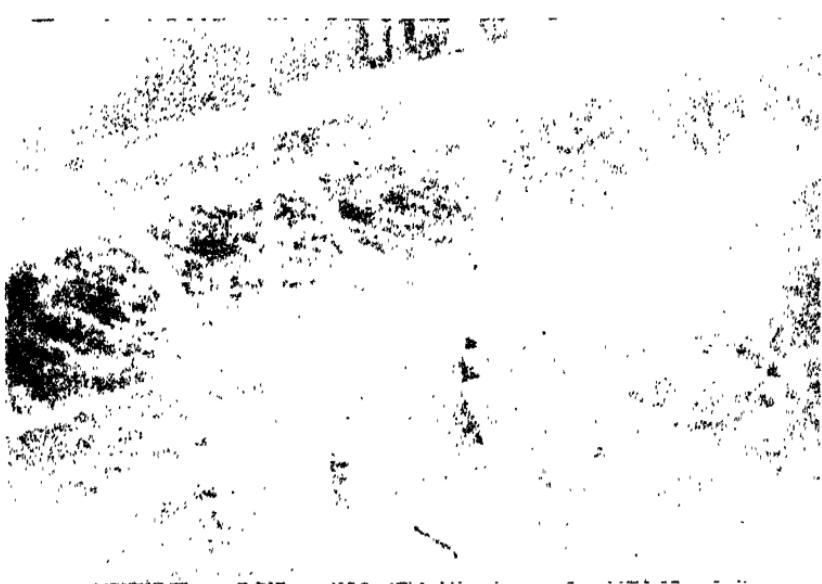
In the cool of the evening, at the beginning of the last period, the effervescent Ki Aldrich grabbed one of Thompson's desperate passes intended for Van Buren and started toward the goal line. I'd like to say he ran for a touchdown, but I can't; he did everything *but* run; he plowed, he charged, he stampeded, he waddled, and practically knocked himself out, for 27 yards. Just before Aldrich crossed the goal line the unconscious figure lying on the ground sat up. The blanket slid to his waist, his back held the white number 41—Dick Todd. "You came to just as Ki waddled over for that touchdown," I told Dick on the train later. "I had to see that, conscious or unconscious," Dick replied.

Baugh ran on the field to hold the ball for Poillon's kick. Ki Aldrich, center, passed the ball, but he was still so excited over his touchdown, the second he had ever made for the Redskins, that he threw the ball 2 feet over Baugh's head, and the point-after away.

Just before the end of the last quarter Baugh ran on the field—bruised side and all. "I've got to celebrate" he told Coach Edwards and piloted the Redskins to another touchdown with 53 yards of straight football—not one pass. The game ended 27 to 10.

On the way back to Washington, Baugh leaned back in his pullman seat and tossed cigars to all and sundry. Of course some of the players were sick at their stomachs a few minutes later, but what did it matter, Mrs. Samuel Adrian Baugh, "the best ranch-hand in all Texas" had just presented Sammy with their third baby boy—four forward passers in one family. Looks as if Mrs. Baugh is out to establish some sort of record that even Sammy can't equal, doesn't it?

On December 1st, Washington was to meet Green Bay in Washington in the Redskins' last home game of the 1946 season. The Christmas spirit was in the air. Shop window



This is the play that made the unconscious Dick Todd sit up and take notice. Top: Fellow-Texan Ki Aldrich intercepts an Eagle pass. Bottom: He stampedes toward the goal on a 27-yard touchdown run that helped the Redskins win, 27-10. (Eddie Killian Photo)

were glittering; toy departments were stuffed with toys for the first time since the war, and live Santa Clauses bounced little children on their knees. Three Christmas cards had arrived from California; one from Atwater Kent, one from Gene Tierney and one from PURDY & FILBERT, Cleaners & Dyers. Our annual between-the-halves Christmas show was to be the most colossal, stupendous, super-Super production we had ever had. Santa Claus was to come out of the sky in a helicopter and Green Bay was a push-over.

"Don't ever sell Curly Lambeau or the Packers short," George warned the team, "the worst thing that can happen to a team is over-confidence." But I sided with the team, "Green Bay was a push-over."

On Saturday afternoon the telephone rang. George was in a dither. "Why on earth do you have to have Santa Claus come out of the sky." I started to answer, but.... "Things aren't tough enough with a three-way tie threatening."

"I..."

"If Pittsburgh wins Sunday and Washington wins Sunday and Los Angeles beats the Giants Sunday a three-way tie would be brought about by Washington defeating New York on the eighth, then we would have to draw for a 'bye' and the play-off would take place the 22nd. I have..."

"Wait a minute, George. You don't sound rational. Get your secretary."

"I don't want my secretary. If Pittsburgh should lose, Washington lose and New York lose on Sunday, Pittsburgh would be out and we could tie New York by winning on the eighth..."

"George! Call Mrs. Raley."

"I don't want Mrs. Raley! If New York should win and Washington win on Sunday, Washington could create a tie by defeating the Giants in New York; the play-off would take place on the 15th and the championship on the 22nd. Tickets have to be prepared, programs set, I'm in the middle

1946

of a telephone conversation with Bert Bell and what happens?"

"I don't know." I got to answer that one.

"Mrs. Raley grabs me, rushes me out to the stadium, the helicopter is ready to land."

"That's wonderful. There's nothing like rehearsals for perfect timing . . ."

"I get back to the office, get Bell back on the 'phone, Mrs. Raley grabs me again, this time the midgets from New York have arrived and are ready for rehearsal, so out I go again . . ."

"More rehearsals? That's even more wonderful."

"I've just gotten back and now the dogs and the dog sled have arrived. You go on out, you can run the dog department. I'm trying to run a football team!"

"I'd love to, and you must admit it's a great Christmas show. With Santa Claus arriving in a helicopter, taking two midgets out of his sack to perform their act on a big toy drum, then driving off in a sled pulled by six big huskies. A great entrance and a great exit. It's practically a happy ending."

Sunday dawned clear and cold with occasional hard gusts of wind. Permission had been granted by Civil Aeronautics to land the helicopter carrying Santa Claus on the field providing there was no danger. The question posing itself, at the moment, was whether the helicopter would be able to land safely unless the wind died down. "I don't know what to do," George stated, "I hate to take the responsibility of telling them to land in case anything should happen."

"And yet, you can't just leave Santa Claus up in the air like that."

General and Mrs. Wedemeyer were to be our guests at the game. "I know what I'll do, I'll telephone the United States Army," I said.

"You'll do what?"

I called Mrs. Wedemeyer, she put the General on the tele-

phone. I explained, "Santa Claus is arriving by helicopter and these gusts of wind are dangerous. Is there any way that the Army could tell us what kind of weather to expect? And oh, General Wedemeyer," I added, "it is a big secret, see that no one tells anyone." The General assured me that the United States Army was pretty good about keeping secrets and he felt sure it would keep the secret about Santa Claus.

The General and Mrs. Wedemeyer picked me up at 1 o'clock at the hotel. Sergeant Alvin Garbs was driving the General's car. George met us at the entrance gate of Griffith Stadium. Sergeant Garbs opened the door of the car and stood at attention as the General stepped out, I stepped out and then Mrs. Wedemeyer. George greeted us. General Alfred C. Wedemeyer, commander in our Chinese theater of operations during the war, gave George his orders. "The U. S. Army reports sharp drop in temperature, wind dying down by 1:30 P.M. Santa Claus operations proceed as planned."

When we arrived at our box the stands were still a dither over the Army-Navy game the day before. "If we'd had our 'time out' we'd have won," someone said. "Sure, with only 5 yards to go."

"Aw, you're crazy. Hamilton never should have sent in that substitute, we only had 3 yards to go. That substitute got us the 5-yard penalty, that put us back on the 8-yard line."

"Sure the Navy could have run it over just three yards . . ."

"Aw, the Navy never could 'a licked the Army. Ain't that so, General?" someone asked.

"We would have won," General Wedemeyer said, "but I would have liked to see Army win with Navy having its 'time out' which I think they were entitled to."

"It was all that Halloran's fault . . ."

"He said he couldn't see the substitute because of the crowd on the field."

"Aw, that's no excuse . . ." Shades of 1939 and the disputed kick! Poor Halloran was in dutch again!

The threat of a three-way tie was adding a motion picture finish to the 1946 season. 1944 National League history was repeating itself, though no one knew it at the time. Should the Giants lose to the Rams while the Redskins were winning their push-over game against Green Bay, they would tie each other for the Eastern Division Championship, to be followed by a game between the Giants and Redskins the following week. Sunday, December 1st, was a very important Sunday. Scouts were sent from Washington to New York to scout the Giants while New York sent their scouts to Washington to scout the Redskins.

Shortly before the end of the first half, with the Green Bay Packers seven ahead, the Redskins almost scored a touchdown. Youel threw to Peebles, it was good for 12 yards and a first down. The next pass was a long one from Youel to Bagarus standing in the end-zone. Bagarus caught it, it wabbled on the tips of his fingers, then dropped to the ground.

No one paid any attention to the 7 points that Green Bay had scored—that was easy to erase, they were such a push-over.

As the wind died down, a frosty tinge crept into the still cold air. I noticed that Sergeant Garbs, sitting across the aisle, had no overcoat; he was sitting on his hands in a futile attempt at keeping them warm. I had two stadium blankets. I was wrapped up in one, Mrs. Wedemeyer in the other, the General had his overcoat. "Your Sergeant has no coat and looks so cold. May I give him my blanket? My coat is very warm," I asked.

"Indeed not," said General Wedemeyer. "Here Al," he called across the aisle as he removed his overcoat. "Take my coat, you look cold."

"Oh, no sir," replied Sergeant Garbs, "I'm really quite warm. You'll be very cold, sir, without it."

"You take my overcoat," the General's voice had the ringing sound of a command. "I can stand the cold better than you." It was a simple, gracious gesture. Mrs. Wedemeyer and I shared our blankets with the General.

I watched him sitting there in the cold frosty air of a December afternoon. Coatless, but perfectly contented—his sergeant was warm.

Warmth crept into my heart, too. It was good to know that our boys in the China theater of operations, fighting against overwhelming odds, had had someone like General Wedemeyer to look after them.

Just before Youel threw to Peebles I felt a "presence" creep in behind me. I turned, quietly, and looked around. There he sat, a strange man, a very definite football type, large, red faced and innocent looking. George, busy on the telephone giving instructions here, orders there, hadn't noticed him. I leaned over, "There's a strange looking character just behind you, don't look now." George turned immediately, to look the man squarely in the face. They both grinned broadly. "Why, Jack, you old dog, where did you come from?" asked George as innocently as a babe in blue. Jack was scouting the Redskins for the New York Giants.

"Just had a week-end off," replied Jack, as innocently as another babe in blue. "Thought I'd run down to Washington and see how things are going."

"Well, why didn't you let me know, you old skallawag," George cooed as he shook Jack's knee affectionately. "We could have had lunch—or something." George remembered me. "By the way, this is Mrs. Marshall. Don't think you've ever met her. This is Mr. Lavelle, Corinne." George turned back to the telephone. He said into the receiver, "Start slowly, then I want a change of pace . . ."

A few seconds later Youel slipped through the Packers' line for a 12-yard gain. George handed the telephone to me. "This should be a complete surprise," I spoke into the mouth-piece, "keep him well covered until you hit the 50-yard line . . ." I stopped talking. I felt as if holes were being burnt through my scalp. I gave the telephone back to George and



George Marshall coaches from the stands by telephone—but not the football team, as Giant Scout Jack Lavelle discovered. (Saturday Evening Post Photo by Ollie Atkins)

turned to look at Mr. Lavelle. He had the most astonished expression I'd ever seen. "Don't you feel well?" I asked.

"Oh, yeh, yeh, my health's all right, I'm just not quite sure about my mind." Poor man. I turned to George again. He was yelling into the telephone, the noise in the stands was terrific. "Give him plenty of time, then boom, open up wide. . . ." I felt a face wedge itself between George and me. It was Mr. Lavelle. He was listening intently. A moment later Youel threw the pass to Peebles. It was good for 12 yards and a first down.

George turned quickly and almost ran into Mr. Lavelle's nose. Mr. Lavelle backed up. I was handed the telephone, but before I could speak Mr. Lavelle's face fell forward again. I hung up the receiver, I was beginning to be worried about Mr. Lavelle. George turned to him. "You're white as a sheet," he said. "Are you sure you're all right?"

"No, I'm not sure," Mr. Lavelle's voice was growing weaker. "When football reaches the stage where a wom . . . I think I'd better go."

"Oh, no," George grabbed Mr. Lavelle. "You mustn't go now, not before the entertainment between the halves. I want you to see the show. This year we're bringing Santa Claus on the field in a helicopter. . . ."

"They'll land right on the 50-yard line, the door will open and Santa Claus will step out, a complete surprise!" I added.

"Is that what you've been talking about on the 'phone?" asked Mr. Lavelle.

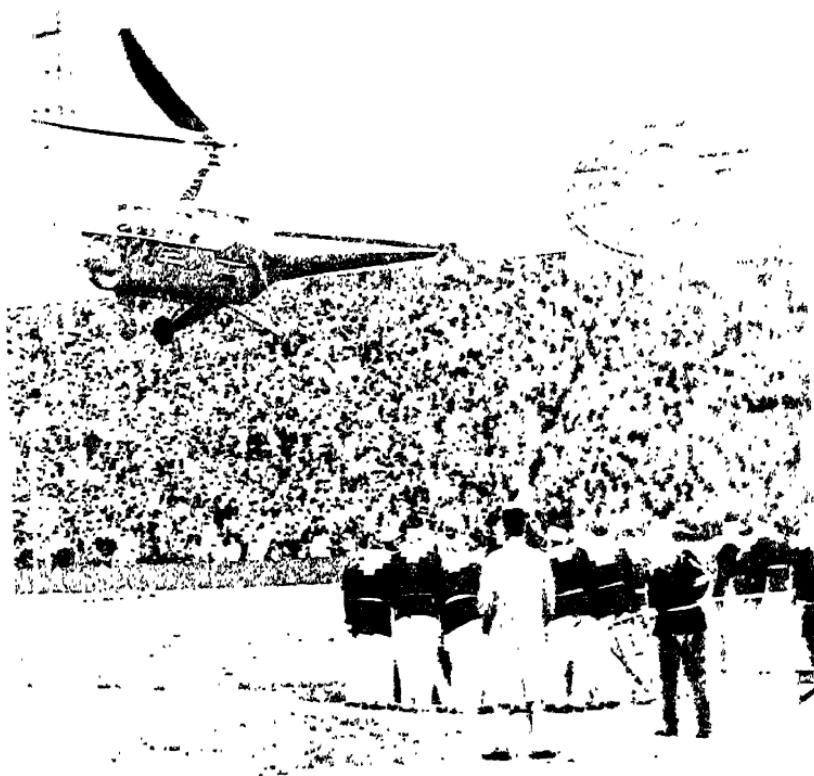
"Why, yes," admitted George. "What did you think we were talking about?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," replied Mr. Lavelle. "But, if you don't mind, I'll run along. I've got something more important to attend to." He rose. "They all told me he coached. . . ." Poor Mr. Lavelle, he was actually muttering to himself.

"By the way," he called over his shoulder, just before his voice was swallowed up by the noise of the crowd, the loud-

speaker and the hot-dog vendors, "give my regards to Santa Claus."

After Santa Claus had arrived by helicopter, after the mid-gets had performed their act on the big toy drum and after



Santa Claus comes to town—in a helicopter and right on the 50-yard line—between halves of the Redskins-Packers game, December 1, 1946, at Griffith Stadium. (Abbie Rowe Photo)

Santa Claus had made his magnificent exit in a sled pulled by six huge huskies while everyone in the stands stood and applauded, after the second half began, the push-over team made another touchdown and point-after. The score was 14 to 0 in favor of Green Bay. In the fourth quarter the Redskins came to life long enough to score a touchdown. With

the point-after the score stood 14 to 7. Another touchdown for Green Bay in the last few seconds of play gave the Packers their third touchdown and a final score of 20 to 7. The Redskins were right, the game was a push-over—for Green Bay.

1946 was V. V. year for the T formation. V for victory and V for vindication. The winner of the Big Nine Conference, Illinois, used the T; the winner of the Southeastern Conference, Georgia, used the T; the winner of the Pacific Coast Conference, U.C.L.A., used the T. Rice University tied for the championship of the Southwestern Conference with the T formation, and the Chicago Bears won the World's Championship with the T. Out of nine major Bowl games, the Rose Bowl, the Sugar Bowl, the Orange Bowl, the Cotton Bowl, the Sun Bowl, the 'Gater Bowl, the Oil Bowl, the Raisin Bowl and the East-West Bowl game, eight were won by teams using the T formation. The ninth was tied by a T formation team and last, but by no means least, two Negro teams, Wiley of Marshall, Texas, and Jacksonville, Florida's A & M, indulged in T for two in their very own Angel Bowl.

In spite of all this and Heaven, too, that same old-fashioned fan, in section Q at Griffith Stadium, continued to yell for the single wing. At the last game of the 1946 season he was still going strong. "Gimme 'at sing'wing" he threatened thickly. Then as the afternoon wore on and Bagarus dropped a touchdown pass, he became maudlin. "I wanna' sing-wing," he sobbed. And as the last spectators filed out of the stadium at the end of the 20 to 7 beating he was down on his knees. Between hiccoughs he pleaded, "I wanna sing'wing. Please gimme 'at sing'wing." He was just that old fashioned.

If the Redskins broke no records for football in 1946, they broke all records for fine weather. It might rain or snow on Saturday or Monday or it might rain or snow in Washington when the team was in Boston, Chicago, or Pittsburgh, but the Redskins football team played eleven football games on eleven consecutive sunny Sunday afternoons. The rains, hav-

ing heard about the beautiful weather in Southern California, had, according to the papers, gone there for the winter.

With Rosato out, with Wilbur Moore out, with Dick Todd out; with DeFruiter, Baugh, Jenkins and Saenz still on the wobbly side, the team trained to New York. Ten thousand Redskin fans trained right along with it.

Around one P.M., December 8, the eleventh consecutive sunny Sunday afternoon, the Pennsylvania station unable to digest ten special trainloads of this species, suddenly disgorged 10,000 Redskin fans onto Seventh Avenue. They had come to New York to watch National Football League history repeat itself.

If the Redskins could win they would tie the Giants for first place and play an additional game for the Eastern Division Championship, just as in 1944. If the Redskins only tied the Giants, the Giants would still win the Eastern Division Championship because of their one game lead, just as in 1944. And if the Giants should win, as they did in 1944 (with a score of 31 to 0) the Redskins would drop to third place; which is exactly what happened. On December 8, 1946, the New York Giants beat the Washington Redskins 31 to 0 to win the Eastern Division Championship. The contending Redskins dropped into third place without so much as a bounce.

The Washington *Daily News*' feature writer, Eddie Cook, said: "ENROUTE TO WASHINGTON—The least said about the Redskins today the better. There are no alibis, gripes or excuses. The Giants today were not the same outfit Washington beat 24-14 earlier in the year. The 31-0 score speaks for itself.

"In a post-game ceremony, a calm and constrained George Marshall, already looking to the future, announced that Wilbur Moore and Ki Aldrich will assume coaching duties next year. Moore will become backfield coach, Aldrich the line coach.

"Moore, one of the greatest backs to wear a Redskin uni-

form, completed his ninth year of pro football yesterday. His 29 years make him a youthful coach but his best active playing days are behind him. . . .

“Although Aldrich is 29 his service in the league is limited to six years because of a wartime hitch in the service. Moore was a great Redskin back in a field of stars that included Baugh, Cliff Battles and Riley Smith; but Aldrich is unquestionably the greatest center in Redskin history. . . .

“Despite the much ballyhooed talk of too many Redskin coaches the coaching staff was the most understaffed in the league. Head Coach Turk Edwards and End Coach Wayne Millner were the only bona fide coaches. Clark Shaughnessy is in an advisory capacity and Marshall insists he isn’t a coach.

“The reason blamed for a poor 5-5-1 season is the list of injuries that have at times almost overwhelmed the team. At no time during the entire year did the Redskins go into a game with a healthy squad. At least one key man was missing. Baugh was shelved, Moore was out twice, DeFruiter missed more than half the season, Todd was out, ditto Bagarus, Bill Young, Paul Stenn, Doug Turley, Frank Akins, Jacque Jenkins, Sal Rosato and so on down the line.

“With the season over most of the players expect to spend another week in Washington. Some will go back to school, others will return to old jobs and still others will hunt jobs. Only a few will remain in town.

“Third place finishes don’t win championships but they made it a run down to the final week. . . .”

As our train rushed through the early December night, the spirits of the team rose. The low ebb of the 31 to 0 trouncing was left behind, somewhere in New York. The team became interested in plans for transportation home, plans for the Christmas holidays, and plans for licking the Giants “next season.”

I was in the drawing room. In another part of the train

George was making the announcement to the sports-writers of the retirement of Wilbur Moore and Ki Aldrich as players, and their assignments as backfield and line coaches for 1947. The buzzer sounded softly. I said "Come in." Coach Edwards opened the door, behind him stood Ki Aldrich. "Come in and sit down, Ki and Turk, this is an unexpected pleasure."

"Mr. Marshall sent us back so Ki could tell you about his two big surprises," Turk explained.

"Two surprises? That's wonderful, let me have the first one first."

"Well," Ki paused long enough to allow the full effect of his pronouncement. "We've adopted a baby."

"Why Ki, how wonderful. Boy? Or girl?"

"Boy. And add him to the 499 other babies I have and it makes an even 500 in all."

"500 babies?"

"That's right, 500 babies." He smiled proudly.

"He runs an orphanage in Ft. Worth during the off-season," Turk explained.

"Oh, I see," I gave Turk a grateful glance. "Is your wife here or in Ft. Worth," I asked Ki, and that's where I made my first mistake.

"My wife is in Ft. Worth. She just couldn't stay away from our big three-year-old. He's a pretty thing."

"Well, thank Heaven, some mothers still feel that way." Ki shuffled through an assortment of small pictures. "Do you like blondes, Mrs. Marshall?"

"Yes, I do." And that's where I made my second mistake.

"Well, here he is. Here's our big three-year-old." He handed me a small snapshot. "His name is W. Redskin."

"What a strange . . ." I glanced at the picture, it was one of a horse, a beautiful palomino. "I thought you meant the baby." He shuffled through again and smiled as he handed me a picture of his baby. "He's the most beautiful baby you

ever saw." Then his face became serious. "My wife is awful fond of him—so am I."

"You mean the baby?"

"No, the horse. We've just bought a mate for W. Redskin." He handed me a snapshot of a very pretty young girl standing beside a horse. "Is that your wife?"

"No, that's the mare."

"Oh."

"Here's a pretty picture of my wife."

"She's lovely," I said.

"She's a pretty thing."

"Your wife?"

"The mare."

"Oh."

"She's got more horse sense than anyone you ever saw."

"The mare?"

"No, my wife."

"Oh." (I didn't seem to be doing so well.)

"She stays out in the barn most of the time."

"You mean the *mare*."

"No, my wife. She's awful fond of that mare." Turk, thank Heaven, broke it up. "Tell Mrs. Marshall the second piece of big news, Ki."

"I've just been made line coach of the W. Redskins."

"You mean the *Washington Redskins*."

"You are absolutely right, Mrs. Marshall."

"Thank Heaven!" I fell back exhausted. George opened the door. "Come on out, Ki, the sportswriters want a statement."

Ki and Turk followed George out into the main part of the car. "You know Roger Treat of the *Washington News*. Don't you, Ki?"

"Yes, sir."

"How about a statement, Ki?" Poor Mr. Treat, I really felt sorry for him. Just before the door closed I heard Ki say, "Do you like blondes, Mr. Treat?"

I don't know whether football games tire football players or not, but they simply wear me out. The physical strain of the 31 to 0 beating plus the mental strain of Ki's conversation had left me limp. I turned out the lights, raised the shades and settled back in that inner calm against which we all should lean, ever so often. Small, lighted houses, framed by the drawing-room windows sped by, a kaleidoscope of gay, warm pictures. Christmas lights, red, blue, white, yellow and green, hung across streets in small towns to give that unreal, close feeling of "Peace on Earth and Good Will toward Men." The buzzer sounded again. "Come in," I called.

The same tall, slim silhouette that had stood in the snow in Cleveland a year ago and called "Merry Christmas" was standing in the doorway. "Come in, Sam, and sit down."

"No thank you, ma'am. I won't bother you. I just stopped by to say 'good-by' and 'Merry Christmas.' "

"Thank you, Sam."

"It's right dark in here for you, Mrs. Marshall."

"Yes, I know. I like it that way, seems quieter."

"I like it quiet, too. Sometimes, out on the ranch, me and my horse just stand still and watch the dust rising from the hooves of the cattle trudging along in the sunset. That's the only way you can tell they are moving. There's not a sound."

"How many head of cattle have you now?"

"About 175 cows and 350 steers."

"My, but you have done well, Sam."

"Well, today finished my tenth season with the Redskins."

"No, I didn't realize it. What a good ten years—five Eastern Division Championships and two World Championships. Congratulations, Sam."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"And did you know that this year I finished ten full years with the Redskins?"

"No, I didn't. You deserve congratulations, too." We shook hands. "And now I'll say 'good-by' Mrs. Marshall and a Merry Christmas to yo'all. I'm flying down to Texas early in the

morning. I haven't seen that fourth forward passer of the Baugh family, yet."

"What a wonderful Christmas you'll have, Sam. Give my best to Mrs. Baugh and a happy Christmas to all of you. And, my goodness, but there are beginning to be lots of you, aren't there?"

"Yes, *ma'am.*" He turned to face the brilliantly lighted coach. "Would anyone ever take his place," I wondered. Then he closed the door. No one that I knew of. No one with one exception. That exception is the unpredictable Samuel Adrian Baugh, himself. He might come back for another ten years and pass the Redskins to five more Eastern Division and two more World's Championships. Who knows? Who knows what 1947 holds? Who knew that at that very moment a cheap gambler calling himself Paris, front, so the newspapers stated, for a notorious gambling ring, was trying to bribe two players to throw the World's Championship game on December 13, one week hence; to rock the sports world to its very foundation and send it reeling through the Christmas holidays singing—instead of Christmas carols—"THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS?"

The pictures in the windows had changed. At the edge of a small town an old farm was stubbornly refusing to be shoved aside. Through an old gate a small car, distinguishable only by its shafts of headlights, was bumping its uncertain way over chuck-holes in an old dirt road. Someone held aloft an oil lantern to guide the car through. Human beings, they were, not more than a hundred yards removed, yet living in an entirely different world; acting out their lives, so far as we were concerned, in strict pantomime.

The farm pictures slid out the right side of their frames. From the left side two squares of black took their places. Near the horizon a pale quarter-moon was bedding itself down for the night. Thin wisps of white fog pulled apart and swept away like stray thoughts flinging themselves into the immensity of space. High overhead a lone star kept watch . . .



Mr. Forward Pass—Sammy Baugh. (*International News Photo*)

so shone the star of Bethlehem, I suppose . . . a long, long time ago . . . 10,000 fans rushing home on 10 special trains . . . buses . . . automobiles . . . airplanes . . . a far cry from Chelsea, Massachusetts, and its handful of spectators on a hot Sunday afternoon ten short years ago . . . and little Heinie, reddest

of all the Redskins . . . such an important little dachshund. . . . I leaned against the cool window pane—a happy medium between the December world, outside, so cold and indifferent and the trainful of footballers inside, so hot and bothered . . . no longer a phenomenal exhibition . . . an established fact—pro-football . . . theater . . . that's what pro-football is . . . theater . . . with audiences of 40, 50 or 60 thousand at one performance; with spectators whose sense of ownership, of love and hate approaches the fanatical, and the football field is its stage; a stage for hero and villain alike; a stage where heart-interest stories are created anew at each performance; a stage where stars are born . . . and a stage where stars descend.

Pro-football is a purifying process, whether the players admit it or not. No man can last unless he has a head, a heart and loyalty. Those who haven't outsmart themselves.

Turk Edwards, fifteen years with the Redskins, had become its head coach. Sammy Baugh was entering his eleventh year with the Redskins. Real stars work hard, save their money and invest it in some good American business. That is, if they are real stars and real Americans.

And when the days of sitting on the bench come around, the real star takes that just as gracefully as he took the cheers and acclaim of the fans in his better years. I know. I was a star, myself, not so long ago and now I'm sitting on the bench. But so long as it's the Redskins' bench, the bench on which have sat such stars as Riley Smith, Cliff Battles, Erny Pinckert, Dick Farman, Andy Farkas, Wayne Millner, Wilbur Moore, Dick Todd, Ki Aldrich, Turk Edwards and Sammy Baugh, it's all right with me. . . .

The door flew open! The lights popped on noisily! It was George, of course. "Holy Cow, what are you doing sitting all alone in the dark?"

"Well, that's better than sitting in the dark with some one, isn't it?" George slammed the door shut.

"I do wish you would stop tip-toeing around, sneaking up on people like that. It's frightening." Then he sat down by

me. "Just saw Baugh, he told me about you two being with the Redskins ten years. What about that? Two ten year stars from the Lone Star State."

"I've told you...."

"Yes, I know. You're a 'Texan by birth. A Louisianian by adoption, a New Yorker by the 10th of December, each year, and a Californian by choice.'"

"That's right."

"You have to give Texas credit though, Texas started you out, you know." He yawned and stretched hard. "Texas has been pretty good to me. It gave me you, Baugh, Aldrich, Todd . . ." he sat up straight, "I've got my eye on a kid named Ruthstrom from Hustrom—I mean Houston, if I can just get him signed up for next year . . ." then he leaned back again. "Getting you and that Baugh . . . that was the tough job . . . never thought I'd get that Baugh signed up . . . much less you . . . nobody thought he'd last ten years . . . nobody thought you'd last ten years either."

"Really?"

"No," he took my hand, "but that's because nobody knew what a real trouper you are." It was nice hearing the vernacular of motion pictures again—for a change. "You had better stop holding my hand, it's becoming a habit with you. You are doing it in every chapter now."

"Yes, I know. The National Football League will think I'm getting soft. Well, then, let's get down to business—but I'm still going to hold your hand—have you any ideas for next year?"

"Ideas for what?"

"The shows between the halves."

"Oh—one or two."

"You'll have to go some to top that Santa Claus coming out of the sky in a helicopter."

"I will."

"That's what I like about you Texans . . ."

"I've told you . . ."

"Yes, I know. You're 'a Texan by birth, a Louisianian . . .'" And so it goes. . . . Some years you win and some years you lose . . . but win, lose or draw there is always the same rush for season tickets in the spring; the same Indian "woo-woos" practiced and perfected in the summer; the same fraternal red feather to be gotten out and placed in the hatband at the first faint tinge of fall; the same thrill of the opening game; the same arguments on street corners—with the final decision that *all* officials are blind; and the same dissenting opinions, accompanied by demonstrations, of two famous Supreme Court Judges over the proper rendition of

"Scalp 'um, swamp 'um, we will
 Take 'um, big score.
Read 'um, weep 'um, touchdown,
 We want heap more.

Fight on, fight on, 'til you have won,
 Sons of Wash-ing-ton.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hail to the Redskins.
 Hail Victory!
Braves on the warpath.
 FIGHT FOR OLD D. C.

Appendix

REDSKIN RECORDS—1937 TO 1947

WORLD CHAMPIONS:

Twice—1937 and 1942.

EASTERN CHAMPIONS:

Five times—1937, 1940, 1942, 1943 and 1945.

LEAGUE LEADERS:

Most First Downs: Two seasons—1937 and 1938.

Most Yardage: Two seasons—1940 and 1945.

Most Yards, Passing: Three seasons—1938, 1940 and 1944.

Most Passes Thrown: Five seasons—1937, 1938, 1941, 1943 and 1944.

Most Passes Completed: Six seasons—1937, 1938, 1941, 1943, 1944 and 1945.

Most Points Scored: One season—1940.

EASTERN LEADERS:

Most First Downs: Eight seasons—1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1944 and 1945.

Most Yardage: Nine seasons—1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945 and 1946.

Most Yards, Passing: Nine seasons—1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944 and 1945.

Most Yards, Rushing: One season—1946.

Most Passes Thrown: Seven seasons—1937, 1938, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944 and 1945.

Most Passes Completed: Seven seasons—1937, 1938, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944 and 1945.

Most Points Scored: Five seasons—1937, 1939, 1940, 1941 and 1942.

TEN-YEAR-WON-AND-LOST RECORD:

Won 73 games, lost 29, tied 6. Percentage: .715.

ATTENDANCE RECORDS:

In their 10-year existence in the National League, the Redskins have played to more spectators than any other professional football team. A total of 4,020,305 fans have paid to see the Redskins perform in 28 different cities in the United States. They have drawn record pro football crowds in the following cities:

Los Angeles, Cal.: 64,877 for Redskins-Rams game, Sept. 6, 1946.

New York, N. Y.: 60,337 for Redskins-Giants game, Dec. 8, 1946.

Baltimore, Md.: 45,580 for Redskins-Bears game, Sept. 22, 1946.

Pittsburgh, Pa.: 38,642 for Redskins-Steelers game, Oct. 25, 1942.

GREATEST SPORTS CHARITY EVENT:

Redskins-Rams game in Los Angeles on Sept. 6, 1946, was sponsored by The Los Angeles Times and netted to The Times Charities, Inc., the sum of \$102,000—greatest amount of cash ever realized for charity from a single sports event in the history of the U. S.

THE REDSKINS' YEAR-BY-YEAR RECORD

1937

Won 8, Lost 3, Tied 0

Sept.	16-13	Giants	3 (H)
Sept.	24-14	Cardinals	21 (H)
Oct.	3-11	Brooklyn	7 (H)
Oct.	10-0	Eagles	14 (H)
Oct.	17-34	Steelers	20 (H)
Oct.	24-10	Eagles	7 (A)
Oct.	31-21	Brooklyn	0 (A)
Nov.	14-13	Steelers	21 (A)
Nov.	21-16	Rams	7 (A)
Nov.	28-14	Packers	6 (H)
Dec.	5-49	Giants	14 (A)

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1938

Won 6, Lost 3, Tied 2

Sept.	11-26	Eagles	23 (A)
Sept.	18-16	Brooklyn	16 (H)
Sept.	25-37	Rams	13 (H)
Oct.	9-7	Giants	10 (H)
Oct.	16-7	Lions	5 (A)
Oct.	23-20	Eagles	14 (H)
Oct.	30-6	Brooklyn	6 (A)
Nov.	6-7	Steelers	0 (A)
Nov.	13-7	Bears	31 (A)
Nov.	27-15	Steelers	0 (H)
Dec.	4-0	Giants	36 (A)

148154**WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP**

Dec. 12-28 Bears 21 (A)

1939

Won 8, Lost 2, Tied 1

Sept.	17—7	Eagles	0 (A)
Oct.	1—0	Giants	0 (H)
Oct.	8—41	Brooklyn	13 (H)
Oct.	15—44	Steelers	14 (H)
Oct.	22—21	Steelers	14 (A)
Oct.	29—14	Packers	24 (A)
Nov.	5—7	Eagles	6 (H)
Nov.	12—42	Brooklyn	0 (A)
Nov.	19—28	Cardinals	7 (H)
Nov.	26—31	Lions	7 (H)
Dec.	3—7	Giants	9 (A)

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1940

Won 9, Lost 2, Tied 0

Sept.	15—24	Brooklyn	17 (H)
Sept.	22—21	Giants	7 (H)
Oct.	6—40	Steelers	10 (A)
Oct.	13—28	Cardinals	21 (H)
Oct.	20—34	Eagles	17 (A)
Oct.	27—20	Lions	14 (A)
Nov.	3—37	Steelers	10 (H)
Nov.	10—14	Brooklyn	16 (A)
Nov.	17—7	Bears	3 (H)
Nov.	24—7	Giants	21 (A)
Dec.	1—13	Eagles	6 (H)

245142

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

Dec. 8—0 Bears 73 (H)

1941

Won 6, Lost 5, Tied 0

Sept.	28—10	Giants	17 (H)
Oct.	5—3	Dodgers	0 (H)
Oct.	12—24	Steelers	20 (A)
Oct.	19—21	Eagles	17 (A)
Oct.	26—17	Rams	13 (H)
Nov.	2—23	Steelers	3 (H)
Nov.	9—7	Brooklyn	13 (A)
Nov.	16—21	Bears	35 (A)
Nov.	23—13	Giants	20 (A)
Nov.	30—17	Packers	22 (H)
Dec.	7—20	Eagles	14 (H)

176

174

1942

Won 10, Lost 1, Tied 0

Sept.	20—28	Steelers	14 (H)
Sept.	27—7	Giants	14 (H)
Oct.	4—14	Eagles	10 (A)
Oct.	11—33	Rams	14 (H)
Oct.	18—21	Brooklyn	10 (A)
Oct.	25—14	Steelers	0 (A)
Nov.	1—30	Eagles	27 (H)
Nov.	8—28	Cardinals	0 (H)
Nov.	15—14	Giants	7 (A)
Nov.	22—23	Brooklyn	3 (H)
Nov.	29—15	Lions	3 (A)

227102

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

Dec. 6—14 Bears 6 (H)

1943

Won 7, Lost 3, Tied 1

Oct.	10-27	Brooklyn	0 (H)
Oct.	17-33	Packers	7 (A)
Oct.	24-13	Cardinals	7 (H)
Oct.	31-48	Dodgers	10 (A)
Nov.	7-14	Phil-Pitts	14 (A)
Nov.	14-42	Lions	20 (H)
Nov.	21-21	Bears	7 (H)
Nov.	28-14	Phil-Pitts	27 (H)
Dec.	5-10	Giants	14 (A)
Dec.	12-7	Giants	31 (H)
*Dec.	19-28	Giants	0 (A)

257137

1944

Won 6, Lost 3, Tied 1

Oct.	8-31	Eagles	31 (A)
Oct.	15-21	Yanks	14 (A)
Oct.	22-17	Brooklyn	14 (H)
Oct.	29-42	Card-Pitt.	20 (H)
Nov.	5-14	Rams	10 (H)
Nov.	12-10	Brooklyn	0 (A)
Nov.	19-7	Eagles	37 (H)
Nov.	26-14	Yanks	7 (H)
Dec.	3-13	Giants	16 (A)
Dec.	10-0	Giants	31 (H)

169184

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

Dec. 26-21 Bears 41 (A)

* Eastern Title Playoff.

1945

Won 8, Lost 2, Tied 0

Oct.	7-20	Yanks	28 (A)
Oct.	14-14	Steelers	0 (A)
Oct.	21-24	Eagles	14 (H)
Oct.	28-24	Giants	14 (A)
Nov.	4-24	Cardinals	21 (H)
Nov.	11-34	Yanks	7 (H)
Nov.	18-28	Bears	21 (H)
Nov.	25-0	Eagles	16 (A)
Dec.	2-24	Steelers	0 (H)
Dec.	9-17	Giants	0 (H)

209121

1946

Won 5, Lost 5, Tied 1

Sept.	29-14	Steelers	14 (H)
Oct.	6-17	Lions	16 (H)
Oct.	13-24	Giants	14 (H)
Oct.	20-14	Yanks	6 (A)
Oct.	27-24	Eagles	28 (H)
Nov.	3-7	Steelers	14 (A)
Nov.	10-17	Yanks	14 (H)
Nov.	17-20	Bears	24 (A)
Nov.	24-27	Eagles	10 (A)
Dec.	1-7	Packers	20 (H)
Dec.	8-0	Giants	31 (A)

171191

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

Dec. 16-14 Rams 15 (A)

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE STANDINGS
1937 to 1946

1937

EAST					WEST				
	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
REDSKINS	8	3	0	.727	Bears	9	1	1	.900
Giants	6	3	2	.667	Packers	7	4	0	.636
Steelers	4	7	0	.364	Lions	7	4	0	.636
Brooklyn	3	7	1	.300	Cardinals	5	5	1	.500
Eagles	2	8	1	.200	Rams	1	10	0	.091

REDSKINS defeated Bears for world championship, 28-21.

1938

EAST					WEST				
	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
Giants	8	2	1	.800	Packers	8	3	0	.727
REDSKINS	6	3	2	.666	Lions	7	4	0	.636
Brooklyn	4	4	3	.500	Bears	6	5	0	.545
Eagles	5	6	0	.455	Rams	4	7	0	.364
Steelers	2	9	0	.182	Cardinals	2	9	0	.182

Giants defeated Packers for world championship, 23-17.

1939

EAST					WEST				
	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
Giants	9	1	1	.900	Packers	9	2	0	.818
REDSKINS	8	2	1	.800	Bears	8	3	0	.727
Brooklyn	4	6	1	.400	Lions	6	5	0	.545
Eagles	1	9	1	.100	Rams	5	5	0	.500
Steelers	1	9	1	.100	Cardinals	1	10	0	.091

Packers defeated Giants for world championship, 27-0.

1940

EAST					WEST				
	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
REDSKINS	9	2	0	.818	Bears	8	3	0	.727
Brooklyn	8	3	0	.727	Packers	6	4	1	.600
Giants	6	4	1	.600	Lions	5	5	1	.500
Steelers	2	7	2	.222	Rams	4	6	1	.400
Eagles	1	10	0	.100	Cardinals	2	7	2	.222

Bears defeated REDSKINS for world championship, 73-0.

1941

EAST					WEST				
	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
Giants	8	3	0	.727	Bears	*10	1	0	.909
Brooklyn	7	4	0	.636	Packers	*10	1	0	.909
REDSKINS	6	5	0	.545	Lions	4	6	1	.400
Eagles	2	8	1	.200	Cardinals	3	7	1	.300
Steelers	1	9	1	.100	Rams	2	9	0	.182

* Bears and Packers tied for Western title; Bears won playoff, 33-14.
Bears defeated Giants for world championship, 37-9.

1942

EAST					WEST				
	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
REDSKINS	10	1	0	.909	Bears	11	0	0	1.000
Steelers	7	4	0	.636	Packers	8	2	1	.800
Giants	5	5	1	.500	Rams	5	6	0	.455
Brooklyn	3	8	0	.273	Cardinals	3	8	0	.273
Eagles	2	9	0	.182	Lions	0	11	0	.000

REDSKINS defeated Bears for world championship, 14-6.

1943

EAST					WEST				
	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
REDSKINS	*6	3	1	.667	Bears	8	1	1	.889
Giants	*6	3	1	.667	Packers	7	2	1	.778
Phil-Pitt	5	4	1	.555	Lions	3	6	1	.333
Brooklyn	2	8	0	.200	Cardinals	0	10	0	.000

* REDSKINS and Giants tied for Eastern title; REDSKINS won playoff, 28-0.
Bears defeated REDSKINS for world championship, 41-21.

1944

EAST					WEST				
	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
Giants	8	1	1	.889	Packers	8	2	0	.800
Eagles	7	1	2	.875	Bears	6	3	1	.667
REDSKINS	6	3	1	.667	Lions	6	3	1	.667
Yanks	2	8	0	.200	Rams	4	6	0	.400
Brooklyn	0	10	0	.000	Card-Pitt	0	10	0	.000

Packers defeated Giants for world championship, 14-7.

1945

	EAST			Pct.		WEST			Pct.
	W	L	T			W	L	T	
REDSKINS	8	2	0	.800	Rams	9	1	0	.900
Eagles	7	3	0	.700	Lions	7	3	0	.700
Giants	3	6	1	.333	Packers	6	4	0	.600
Yanks	3	6	1	.333	Bears	3	7	0	.300
Steelers	2	8	0	.200	Cardinals	1	9	0	.100

Rams defeated REDSKINS for world championship, 15-14.

1946

	EAST			Pct.		WEST			Pct.
	W	L	T			W	L	T	
Giants	7	3	1	.700	Bears	8	2	1	.800
Eagles	6	5	0	.545	Rams	6	4	1	.600
REDSKINS	5	5	1	.500	Packers	6	5	0	.545
Steelers	5	5	1	.500	Cardinals	6	5	0	.545
Yanks	2	8	1	.200	Lions	1	10	0	.091

Bears defeated Giants for world championship.

SAMMY BAUGH'S NATIONAL LEAGUE LIFETIME RECORDS

PASSING

Year	Atts.	Comp.	Pct. Comp.	Yards Gained	Ave. Gain Per Comp.	Touchdown Passes	Longest Gain	Inter- ceptions
1937	171	81	.473	1,127	13.9	7	59	14
1938	128	63	.492	853	13.5	5	60	11
1939	96	53	.552	518	9.7	6	44	9
1940	177	111	.627	1,367	12.3	12	81	10
1941	193	106	.549	1,236	11.6	10	55	19
1942	225	132	.587	1,524	11.5	16	53	11
*1943	260	149	.573	1,953	12.9	24	72	21
1944	146	82	.562	849	10.3	4	71	8
1945	182	128	.703	1,669	13	11	70	4
1946	161	87	.540	1,163	13.3	8	51	17
	1,739	992	.570	12,569	12.3	103	81	124

SAMMY BAUGH'S NATIONAL LEAGUE
LIFETIME RECORDS (Cont'd)

PLAYOFF GAMES

Year	Atts.	Comp.	Pct. Comp.	Yards Gained	Ave. Gain Per Comp.	Touchdown Passes	Longest- Gain
1937	†33	†18	.545	†335	18.6	†3	†77
1940	17	10	.588	102	10.2	0	47
1942	13	5	.384	85	17.0	1	38
1943	12	8	.666	123	15.4	2	25
1945	6	1	.166	1	1.0	0	1
	81	42	.518	646	15.4	6	77

PUNTING

Year	Kicks	Yardage	Ave Per Kick	Longest	Number Blocked
1937					
1938					
1939	26	998	38	69	1
1940	35	1,796	51.3	85	1
1941	30	1,462	48.7	75	0
1942	37	1,725	46.6	74	0
1943	50	2,295	45.9	81	2
1944	44	1,787	40.6	76	1
1945	33	1,429	43.3	57	0
1946	33	1,488	45.1	60	0

* Includes divisional playoff.

† Indicates National Football League record.

‡ Indicates playoff record.

REDSKINS' ALL-TIME ATTENDANCE TOTALS

(Figure in parentheses denotes number of games played.)

YEAR	League Games At Home	League Games On Road	Exhibitions	Playoffs	Total
1937	90,523 (6)	87,519 (5)	*49,500 (8)	15,878	243,420 (20)
1938	111,539 (5)	154,900 (6)	*108,250 (4)	374,689 (15)
1939	140,086 (6)	135,208 (5)	*45,000 (4)	320,294 (15)
1940	169,399 (6)	134,835 (5)	44,717 (3)	36,034	384,985 (15)
1941	178,990 (6)	136,266 (5)	36,668 (3)	351,954 (14)
1942	185,833 (6)	98,275 (5)	137,703 (5)	36,006	457,817 (17)
1943	206,540 (6)	136,853 (5)	103,115 (4)	34,320	480,828 (16)
1944	200,553 (6)	98,342 (4)	134,794 (7)	433,689 (17)
1945	200,469 (6)	106,511 (5)	94,805 (5)	32,178	433,963 (17)
1946	201,401 (6)	192,081 (5)	145,184 (5)	538,666 (16)
Total	1,685,333 (59)	1,280,790 (49)	899,766 (48)	154,416 (5)	4,020,305 (162)

Appendix

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TEAM STATISTICS

	1937	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944	1945	1946	Totals
First Downs	†149	†147	*125	*147	*135	*149	112	*133	*154	*140	1,391
Yards Rushing	*1604	1424	*1693	1402	1097	1521	1085	904	*1708	*1497	13,935
Yards Passing	*1816	†1536	*1795	†1887	*1563	*1600	*1837	†2021	*1838	1613	17,006
Yards Laterals	3	26	2	0	15	0	3	5	3	22	79
Total Yardage	*2923	*2986	*3490	†3289	2675	*3121	*2925	*2930	†3549	*3132	31,020
Pass. Attempts	†222	†248	201	244	†262	*257	†254	†299	*228	221	2,436
Pass. Completed	†99	†114	117	144	†134	*137	†139	†170	†146	112	1,312
Ave. Dist. Punts	38	41	*40	*45	†45.9	†45.3	†43.1	39	†43.3	*44	42.4
Yards Penalties	338	†410	*332	*227	402	*610	*499	545	*672	*842½	5,077
Fumbles	†38	*45	*33	†40	23	26	30	28	*28	36	322
Opp. Yardage	2123	2174	†2116	†2847	2448	†1950	2358	2695	2208	§2451	23,370
Opp. Passes	171	195	*243	†287	229	216	†193	188	209	216	1,931
Opp. Completed	66	†69	90	†125	103	81	†77	84	95	101	790
Redskin Points	*195	148	*242	†245	*176	*227	229	169	209	171	1,911
Opp. Points	120	154	95	142	174	§102	†137	184	†121	191	1,420

* Indicates High in Eastern Division.
† Indicates High in National League.

‡ Indicates low in East Division.
§ Indicates low in National League.

REDSKINS' LARGEST CROWD IN EACH CITY
LEAGUE GAMES

†At Washington:

34,645 vs. Bears, Nov. 21, 1943, regular league game.

36,034 vs. Bears, Dec. 1, 1940, playoff game.

†At New York:

60,337 on Dec. 8, 1946.

At Chicago:

37,536 on Nov. 17, 1946.

At Detroit:

37,071 on Oct. 16, 1938.

†At Pittsburgh:

36,995 on Nov. 3, 1946.

At Philadelphia:

34,669 on Nov. 24, 1946.

At Cleveland:

32,178 on Dec. 16, 1945 (playoff).

At Boston:

22,544 on Oct. 20, 1946.

At Milwaukee (Green Bay):

20,686 on Oct. 29, 1939.

NON-LEAGUE GAMES

†At Los Angeles:

64,877 on Sept. 6, 1946 (Los Angeles Times Charities).

†At Baltimore:

45,580 on Sept. 22, 1946 (Variety Club Welfare Fund).

At Chicago:

74,250 on Aug. 31, 1938 (Chicago Tribune All-Star).

† Indicates record pro football crowd for that city.

